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Mr. Patterson

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HISTORICAL RECORD,

PUBLISHED BY THE

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AT

IOWA CITY,

VOLUMES VII., VIII., AND IX.,
1891-92-93.

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JANUARY, 1891.

No. I.

COL. WILLIAM PATTERSON.

BY SAMUEL M. CLARK, KEOKUK, IOWA.



COL. WILLIAM PATTERSON, who died at his home in Keokuk, October 23d, 1889, came to Iowa in 1836. He was a notable man and took a notable part in Territorial and State affairs. He was born in Wythe County, Virginia, March 9th, 1802. Four years later, in 1806, his father moved to Adair County, Kentucky. From that time on young Patterson was of the pioneer west. He married Eleanor Johnson, April 2d, 1822. In October, 1829, he moved upon a tract of timbered land in Marion County, Missouri, and cleared a farm out of the forest. A winter's work gave him ten acres of ground ready for planting and it yielded him the following summer fifty bushels of corn to the acre. He had at that time a father, step-mother, wife and four children, who all lived in his home, and whom he provided for. All his life long he was an earnest Presbyterian and he made it a matter of his first care wherever he went that there should be Presbyterian preaching. In some autobiographical notes he prepared by request in his old age, he said of this time in his Missouri life: "We had no preaching in the neighborhood except a few Baptists.

That great preacher, Dr. David Nelson, came in 1829. I remember going to the Baptist church and the preacher in his discourse said: 'Well, brethren, I have just found out what that great beast spoken of in the Bible is. It is Dr. Nelson. And his sabbath school and temperance are his two horns.' I attended Dr. Nelson's first camp-meeting, held a few miles from Palmyra, and it was a glorious meeting. When I got on the ground there was only one cabin built. A large congregation had assembled. At the close of the service that evening some of the brethren asked Dr. Nelson to go home with them. He said, 'No, I came to a camp-meeting and intend to stay on the ground.' Some bed clothes were spread on the ground in the cabin and Dr. Nelson and I spent the night there. After we got through talking I remember the Doctor scraping up some chips and making a light; then taking out his bible and studying up his sermon for the next day. And he preached a powerful sermon and a great many confessed Jesus Christ as their only Savior. The meeting lasted several days and at the close there were, I think, sixty or seventy united with the church. This was in the fall of 1832. In 1833 I attended Dr. Nelson's camp-meeting at Capt. Bird's farm, a few miles west of Hannibal. I had sold my farm and was preparing to move to Illinois, but desired to attend the meeting. So I got my wagon loaded and with wife and children went. When we got there a few were already getting ready seats and a stand. I told them the Doctor would not speak from the stand they had made. While we were talking Dr. Nelson came up and tapping me on the shoulder said: 'Brother Patterson, go and fix me a place to preach from. I won't go on that scaffold. I want to be down among the people.' Pointing to Captain Bird's cabin he asked whose it was and when told said, 'the Lord intends to convert that man's soul.' And sure enough before the meeting ended Capt. Bird joined the church and some fifty or sixty others, including my wife and half-sister." In a large historic sense it has been said that people is happy whose

annals are uninteresting; and all his life Col. Patterson cared more for his quiet religious life and church work than for any of the other experiences that came to him in his pioneer and public career. In 1833 he moved with his family to Irish Grove, Sangamon County, Illinois. It was characteristic of him that the first thing he thought about when he got there was that there was no Presbyterian church. Pretty soon he had one there and a stated preacher. In 1836 he sold his Illinois farm and moved to West Point, Lee County, Iowa, then in the Territory of Wisconsin. In the autobiographical notes we have alluded to he said: "In 1837 the West Point church was organized by Rev. Samuel Wilson, of Monmouth, Illinois and Rev. L. G. Bell, of Iowa, with ten members, the first organized Old School Presbyterian church in the Territory of Iowa. I was elected an elder, and James Ewing our pastor. Gov. Lucas was appointed governor of the Territory of Iowa and ordered an election. I was elected to the legislature and the first meeting of that body was in 1838-9 at Burlington. I was several times elected and served in both houses nine years. I was appointed Colonel by Gov. Lucas and commanded by Gen. Brown to raise a regiment armed and equipped to protect our boundary line between Iowa and Missouri. While our legislature was in session I got a resolution passed asking the authorities of Clark County, Mo., to cease hostilities until Congress could establish the true boundary line. With three other members of the legislature I was appointed to take the resolutions and present them to the county judges at Waterloo, Clark County, Mo., who had got Gov. Boggs of Missouri to order out some 10,000 men. There were at that time 700 men under command of Col. Allen at Waterloo, and 1,500 on the march from Palmyra. After a whole day's pleading with the judges the court passed an order that they had no farther business with the militia. So the border war ended and Congress established the line in favor of Iowa." Col. Patterson moved to Keokuk from West Point at a comparatively early day. He was a member of the

State Constitutional Convention that met in Iowa City in 1857 and framed the present Constitution of the State. President Pierce made him postmaster at Keokuk unsolicited and President Buchanan reappointed him. He was several times a member of the city council and three times mayor of Keokuk. In 1864 he was one of the vice-presidents of the National Democratic Convention at Chicago. For many years as head of the packing firm of Patterson & Timberman he was one of the business kings of the Upper Mississippi Valley. He was a man of large body and brain, with little or no education save what his wise and vigorous common sense had drawn from his experience of life. He was a man of great goodness as well as wisdom, and wherever he was men recognized that he was a potential and commanding man. For years before his death the congregation of the Westminster Presbyterian Church in Keokuk, probably the strongest single church society in the State, manifested towards him a filial regard and reverence, which was a beautiful witness of his goodness and wisdom. His life and character were like a granite shaft, simple, strong, imposing, enduring.

Hawkins Taylor, who knew his earlier life better than any one now living, contributes to the RECORD the following:

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 24, 1890.

EDITOR HISTORICAL RECORD:

When a good man dies it is proper that a record of his life should be perpetuated in the records of his country as a pathway to usefulness and honor to the boys and young men growing up to take the place of their elders.

Col. Wm. Patterson, of Keokuk, who on the 23d of October, 1889, passed from this to a better world, was of the truly good men. For more than fifty years he was a citizen of Lee County, and during all that time was honored and respected by all, as an honest, worthy Christian citizen of great per-

sonal popularity, and while not ambitious to hold office he did hold many. He was a member of the House in the first two Legislatures of the Territory of Iowa, and was again a member of the House in the fourth and fifth Assemblies, and was then a member of the Council of the sixth Assembly and again a member of the House in the eighth Assembly; was a member of the Constitutional Convention that framed the present Constitution of the State. He was an alderman of the fourth ward in Keokuk for 1856-7-8 and was mayor of the city since.

Col. Patterson was a Democrat, but as lawmaker he knew no party, and while not a public speaker he always exerted great influence in all the relations of his life, whether in the legislature, convention, church matters, or in business. His whole life was that of activity in business, and his fairness, honesty and levelheadedness, always on the side of good government and good morals, gave him great respect and influence.

It was my good fortune to have known Col. Patterson for more than sixty-five years, and up to 1862 living in the same county with him and for a year or more making his home my home in Missouri. From Missouri we went to Illinois, and from Illinois to Iowa together, settling in West Point, and the first thing done was to build a log school house at West Point, large enough for preaching in on Sundays when a preacher could be had. There was no church organization then (in 1836) in the village. All denominations had the same rights in that school house.

The Presbyterians of West Point, mainly the colony from Illinois, organized a Presbyterian church, the first one organized in the Territory. Col. Patterson was an elder. The old pastor in Illinois was made pastor and given a pleasant parsonage and then was built a comfortable brick church, Col. Patterson being the active spirit and most liberal giver of the needful funds for these good works.

Col. Patterson's ancestors were of the large immigration of Scotch-Irish Presbyterians that settled in Virginia at an early

date, and that contributed so much to the early greatness of that State, and that occupied so conspicuous a place in the Revolution.

When Col. Patterson was a very small boy his father, Capt. Joseph Patterson, moved with his family to Adair County, Kentucky. Capt. Patterson brought considerable means with him. He was a very enterprising citizen and at one time was supposed to be the wealthiest man in the County. He was every body's friend and endorser, and unfortunately, like many other good men of those days, became financially embarrassed, so that when hard times came on, not being able to meet his debts, mostly surety debts, and his friends, that could otherwise have helped him, failing, the Captain still had the good sense to realize his condition, and turned over to his son William, then little more than a boy, all that he had, stipulating that one thousand dollars be paid to his unmarried daughter by his first wife when she married, (he had given the same sum to each of his five other daughters when they had married), and that he and his wife and a young daughter by his second wife (a noble worthy woman) should be cared for during their lives. There was no friend that believed that Billy, boy as he was, could pay the debts, and save anything, but Billy went at it in earnest, and he had no enemies and had the people's confidence, and kind friendship and help. He bought horses on time and drove them South and sold them, made money, and year by year he paid the old debts until they were all paid. The sister married, and she got her dower as stipulated. In the meantime the Colonel married Ellen Johnson, the daughter of his step-mother, who made him a noble helpmate, and from whom he was separated by her death but a few years. During this time he had his father, step-mother and younger sister, and a sister and a brother of his wife to care for.

In 1830 he sold out in Kentucky and moved to Missouri and bought him a farm, and the first thing he did was to build a comfortable home for his father, mother and sister near his

own home. They had a most lovely home and the love and harmony of the two families, while I was an inmate of the house, was a delight to behold.

The Colonel's only brother and his six sisters had moved to Illinois, and in 1833 the Colonel sold out in Missouri and joined his brother and sisters in Irish Grove, Sangamon County, Illinois, and bought him a farm, and there they built a Presbyterian church. But the years 1834-35 proved to be years of great sickness. There were many deaths, and among the number the Colonel's loved step-mother and a brother-in-law. In 1835-6 it was determined among the relatives that a healthier home should be found and early in April, 1836, Col. Patterson, Greene Casey, Alexander H. Walker and myself started for the New Purchase west of the Mississippi, and bought the town quarter section where West Point had just been located, and we all located claims near together. Col. Patterson, having more means than any of us, built and kept a hotel for some time, but there was no liquor sold in that hotel while Col. Patterson kept it. In all Col. Patterson's long life I never heard of his having an angry dispute with any man; nor did I ever hear of his being charged with a discreditable act in business. As a rule it is hardly policy for any man, when old, to give up his property to his children for a life's support, but in the case of Capt. Patterson it was wise. He lived nearly or quite thirty years on his son's bounty, doing no work; but as long as his wife lived they had a separate home to themselves, with all comforts, without work or care, and after the death of his wife he had a room of his own. As an evidence of his freedom and independence, being a Whig, he illuminated his window the night the news was received of the election of Gen. Taylor, although his son was a Democrat.

I am satisfied that there never was one moment of time that the father or mother felt that they were not lovingly treated by the son; and the half-sister was cared for in the same generous noble manner that the Colonel cared for his

own daughters. Col. Patterson was a man of wonderfully even temper. I never, with one exception, saw him in a high state of excitement.

He had been appointed Colonel of the County militia, and during the Missouri and Iowa boundary contest Gov. Lucas had ordered out every available man to at once march to Farmington to defend Iowa's rights. The Governor was for fight, and the Colonel came home from the Legislature Sunday evening, and he sent for me near bed time. I found him walking the room in great agony. He said: "I am ordered to march and take every able-bodied man to the frontier. The snow is now a foot deep and what little corn the people raised is in the field; no wood prepared for winter, and the cabins are poorly prepared to keep out the cold, and no provisions laid in. What will become of the women and children when the men are all gone?"

The County Court of Clark County, Mo., had sent a peace delegation to Burlington, but Gov. Lucas would not meet them and the Legislature cowardly refused to act, but called a mass meeting for the next day (Saturday). The town filled up and patriotism and whiskey ruled the meeting. The peace men had no show.

I urged the Colonel to return to Burlington and try to save his people, but he insisted that it would be useless, and besides he said the Governor would put him under arrest. But, on my urging and his own desire to save the people, he agreed to go if I would go with him. We reached Burlington the next morning just as the Legislature met, and we went to Shep. Leffler's seat and told him what was wanted. He at once drew up a resolution that both houses passed unanimously before 3 P. M., and the Colonel returned home and next day took the resolution to Missouri. The County Court was convened the next morning. They accepted the resolution as satisfactory and peace was restored. The troops of both sides returned home and no man was happier at the result than Col. Patterson.

I have reason to know that no other act of his life gave him more soulfelt pride than his part in saving blood and suffering in the foolish boundary war.

THE NAME OF HAMILTON COUNTY.



THE impression quite generally and very naturally arises that Hamilton County was so named in honor of the great associate — in the field and in the cabinet — of George Washington; and this belief has occasionally found expression in newspaper articles. This is an error, the correction of which I desire to place upon permanent record in these pages. The simple facts of the case are as follows:

Before the adoption of the present State Constitution, we had no such office as that of Lieutenant-Governor. The Senate elected their own presiding officer, and he was simply known as "the President of the Senate." The gentleman who held this position at the last session of the State Legislature in Iowa City was Hon. W. W. Hamilton, who had been elected to the Senate from Dubuque County. The line of "Presidents of the Senate" ended with him, for the new Constitution provided for the election of a Lieutenant-Governor. During that last session a large district up in the northwest corner of the State was represented in the lower house by Hon. W. C. Willson, who still resides at Webster City, as hale and hearty almost as in those old days "befo' de wah." Webster City was then in old Webster County, and Homer was the capital town. Willson went to work to get two counties made by act of the Legislature out of the large one, which was shaped on the old maps something like a boot. He proposed to cut off the toe for the new county. In this work he was greatly aided by Judge Hamilton, who presided over the other branch of the Legislature. The bill passed both houses and was

approved by Gov. J. W. Grimes. In compliment to Judge Hamilton the county was named after him through the effort of Mr. Willson. That is the whole (and the true) story of the naming of that county.

Old Webster County had been established by some previous legislature, by the union of Yell and Riley counties, as they appear on the maps of that period. Some gentlemen opposed the erection of the new county of Hamilton, upon the ground that these frequent changes were hardly necessary; but Willson energetically carried it through, and so the lines remain "unto this day.

Judge W. W. Hamilton was an Englishman, but he had been long in this country. I knew him well from 1857 until his death, many years after the war. I often talked with him about "*his* county," as he sometimes spoke of it, and he was one of the first subscribers to the *Hamilton Freeman*, the paper I founded at Webster City in 1857. He was a gentleman of thorough culture, possessed of wide and varied information — eminently genial and social — and one of the finest presiding officers we have ever had in our State. He was a leading Iowa railroad builder for several years—mainly in constructing the line from Dubuque to Sioux City—in which he was associated with the late Platt Smith.

This, I believe, was the last time that it was attempted to tamper with county lines, or change county seats in the Legislature. The new Constitution provided ways and means for doing this at home.

Judge Hamilton was so excellent a man, he labored so earnestly, so intelligently, so efficiently, in developing the resources of our incipient State, that his memory should not be allowed to perish; nor should it ever be contended that Hamilton County received its name in honor of the great soldier and statesman of our revolutionary days—for the facts were precisely as I have set them forth.

CHARLES ALDRICH.

State Library, December 5, 1890.

BUSHWHACKING IN MISSOURI.

BY CAPT. N. LEVERING, LOS ANGELES, CAL.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 557.]



ON my return to Independence I concluded to locate there. Many years previously the prophet Joe Smith declared it the Zion of the latter day saints — the haven of rest and Paradise of the faithful. He planted a pole on a slight elevation on the temple ground and declared it the center of the world. I felt that if that were true I would have a central location and that in Zion, the home of the blessed, a place that I had never hoped before to reach by land, and then to own a corner lot in Zion,—what an acquisition! And what fool would not want to locate there? But, alas! it has all proved, like its author, a wonderful bug whose surname is hum. Those who had hovered around the prophet in his prophetic days and “were at ease in Zion,” had gone glimmering down the stream of time, leaving a bitter recollection in the minds of the old inhabitants of Jackson county. From what I could gather of their history from the old citizens, many of them were a class similar to the bushwhacking element that were then disturbing the country, and writing their own history in blood and crime. The closing of the war checked in some measure the operations of the bushwhackers, for the time being, which led many to the opinion that bushwhackers had abandoned their occupation for something more honorable, but this was a hope not to be realized; they were only maturing a different plan of operations, which the declaration of peace made necessary and compelled them to act on their own credit and not upon that of either of the armies. They watched carefully the civil authorities to see what action would be taken in their case. Warrants were issued for the arrest of quite a number of them, but the sheriff found it impossible to capture any of them. Occasional depredations were committed by them as if to menace the authorities.

About the first of June, 1866, one of their number, J. Perry, committed some crime in Kansas and escaped to Missouri and was captured in Jackson county and lodged in jail at Independence to await a requisition from the Governor of Kansas. Henry Burgler, an Irishman, was jailor and city marshal at that time. He was a most excellent man and popular officer. When a prisoner passed into his hands he passed into safe keeping. On the evening of the 13th of that month an attempt was made by some fifteen or twenty bushwhackers to release the prisoner before the Kansas authorities could remove him. They were well armed and mounted and quietly rode into the town between the hours of ten and eleven at night, when most of the citizens were quietly reposing. The jailor and family were sleeping in a front room of the jail building — not dreaming that death was near and resting in security. The bushwhackers rode up to the front door and called to the jailor, who on being aroused from sleep responded to the call, supposing it to be some citizen who had business with him, arose and in his night clothes walked to the door, which he opened, when the prison keys were demanded of him. He at once refused and as he closed the door the bushwhackers fired through the door and window of the sleeping apartment, a ball striking Mr. Burgler in the left breast, passing through his heart; he walked into his room and dropped dead. A shot that passed through the window struck his little son, who was enjoying his sleep in bed, inflicting a severe and painful flesh wound in his arm.

The firing aroused those citizens who had not yet retired, many sprang from their beds and seizing their firearms rushed out to ascertain the cause of the alarm. The bushwhackers, anticipating an attack, put spurs to their horses, firing right and left as they galloped out of the town. In passing the "Hickman House," one of the principal hotels, many of the guests had been attracted to the windows by the firing and were conspicuous targets for the outlaws, who poured a heavy fire in upon them, causing them to retire a little quicker than

ordinarily. Fortunately none were hit, but there were several loud calls. The walls of the house somewhat resembled a small-pocked face. Many of the citizens were soon upon the ground, prepared for any emergency, but not in time to capture the bandits, who made good their escape. The night was dark and pursuit would have been fruitless. As soon as the result of their attack was known the most intense excitement prevailed throughout the town; the death of Burgler was a paralytic stroke to the entire community. No one could have been taken away so suddenly whose loss would have been more keenly felt and so generally mourned. For years he had filled the position he occupied with entire satisfaction to all, and was regarded as one that was incorruptible. The day following all business houses of the town were closed. The public buildings as well as many of the private residences were draped in mourning; all seemed to feel that they had lost a brother. His remains were followed to the Catholic cemetery of that place by a very large concourse of mourning friends.

A few days after Burgler's assassination a meeting of the citizens was called to consult as to the best method to bring the assassins to justice, and to protect the town against similar invasions that it seemed probable would occur again. The meeting was taken in charge of by a sectional element of rabid politicians, who were disposed to turn the sad occurrence to political interest and who hooted down every old citizen who attempted to speak, notwithstanding they had more at stake than any other class. Judge Hcvey, an old resident of the town and a leading lawyer, arose in the meeting to offer a resolution that a reward of \$5,000 be offered for the arrest and conviction of the assassins, when he was hooted down by one ex-Lieut. Burns and a few other hair brains who controlled the meeting and were the leading spirits, whose heated zeal overpowered their better judgment, if they possessed any. Burns was the leading spirit of the excited party and was a man well calculated to incite a mob, his impetuous

nature knew no bounds. He declared martial law, the meeting was adjourned and he rushed into the street with a revolver in hand and attempted to press the farmers' horses that he found hitched there into the service, but soon finding that the pressing was not all done by one man or a few blustering specimens of humanity, and that they would most likely get badly pressed themselves, began looking around for another victim on which to display their love of country and leave a brilliant record to a heroic age. Their blood-charged eyes soon fell on a large picture of Dr. Jayne or some other noted medicine man, displayed in the window of a drug store kept by Mr. Peacock, an old citizen; their heated imagination told them that it was the picture of Gen. R. E. Lee. They rushed into the store and peremptorily commanded Mr. Peacock to take down that picture (pointing to it) and gave him to understand that hereafter the flaunting of rebel pictures would not be permitted by a patriotic people. The supposed general withdrew in good order, and another bloodless victory was scored. Acting upon the principle that quick and successive victories lead to fame, their aspirations for another victory beckoned them on to the Independence *Sentinel* office, a democratic journal, denominated by them as the "rebel organ." They made a quick-step march to the office, which they proposed to demolish. Cooler heads and wiser brains, anticipating their movement, met them at the door and demanded them to stop and consider what they were about to do, that their persistence would endanger life and property and involve the community in bloody strife attended with the most serious consequences, that the paper was amenable to the law and the law would look after it. After a round dose of sound advice from personal friends, their bloody fever abated and they began to see themselves as others saw them, and slunk away to their homes to reflect on their indiscretion.

Lieut. Burns at that time practiced law in Independence. Notwithstanding his impetuous and fanatical disposition he was in the general way a man of fine social qualities. He mar-

ried a most estimable young lady; soon after he was accused by some of his brother soldier clients of shortage of money entrusted to his care, when he drifted over into Kansas and was last seen in the vicinity of the Bender family, who it is supposed murdered him.

A call was made on Gov. Fletcher for troops for the protection of the town and surrounding country against further attacks from bushwhackers. The Governor at once shipped arms and ammunition sufficient for one company of cavalry, which he commissioned Capt. Thomas Phelan to raise, with headquarters at Independence. The company was filled in a few days and mustered into service, with orders to hold themselves ready for any emergency that might demand their service, and aid and assist the civil authorities in enforcing law and order. They made many efforts to capture lawless characters, but never succeeded in a single instance as I now remember. Capt. Phelan was a very impulsive character, which soon brought him into disrepute with the citizens of the town. He was too ready to suspicion without cause. At that time I was connected with a mercantile firm doing business under the name of Levering & Van Note. The house frequently received goods by rail and express. Learning one day that the house had just received a small consignment of carefully boxed goods, his suspicions were aroused that the firm was receiving arms and ammunition for bushwhackers. He at once entered the store on a double-quick, expecting to capture an arsenal, and demanded to know what goods we had been receiving. He was shown a box of agricultural implements—indicators of peace. We assured him that we had beaten our swords and spears into plow shares and pruning hooks and were treading the paths of peace. His suspicious and impulsive character was what caused some of the Irish League to attempt his assassination a few years since. After about two month's service, and accomplishing nothing in subduing the lawless, who had friends and hiding places all over the country and were constantly on the alert, it was

thought best by the governor to disband the company. As the military had proved impotent and ineffectual in subjugating or extirpating bushwhacking, the leading citizens of northern and southern proclivities, who had carefully canvassed the situation, seeing that the law and the officials were powerless unless backed up by the people, at once organized what was known as the "Little Blue Township Law and Order Society." The members of the society were pledged to assist the officers of the law in bringing criminals to justice and see that they were justly dealt with. Politics was in no way to be a feature in its principles. All who desired that peace and harmony should prevail were cordially invited to participate. This organization did much to counteract the radical political element, that was endeavoring to turn the acts of the lawless to political account and strengthen their chances for preferment. The openly public insult offered the old citizens at the meeting run by these would-be patriots' and political shysters, was much discussed upon the streets; the old citizens felt that they had been very unkindly dealt with. The more conservative of the northern element were in sympathy with them and were desirous that justice should be done them.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

JUDGE MILLER'S APPOINTMENT TO THE SUPREME COURT.

THE recent death of Justice Miller of the United States Supreme Court at Washington, brings to mind an incident connected with his appointment to office by President Lincoln. It was made during the war, when he was called upon frequently to make military appointments. During the pendency of the appointment, while Gov. Kirkwood was presiding over the affairs of the state, he happened to be in Washington, when he was in-

vited by Senator Harlan, in company with a couple of the representatives from this state, to call upon Mr. Lincoln and urge the appointment of the Justice. In calling upon him, they found him sitting sidewise at his writing table, with his long legs around each other in a grape vine twist, and after a little formal conversation, Mr. Harlan, as spokesman of the callers, said: "We have called Mr. President to see you again in regard to that appointment, as we are anxious that it should be made," to which the Governor added, "It is one that would give great satisfaction to the people of Iowa, and as we think a very fit and proper one to be made."

Thus far no office, nor the name of the man to fill it had been mentioned, Mr. Harlan and those with him, supposing the President knew what office and to what person for it they alluded. Mr. Lincoln, relieving his legs from their accustomed twist, turned around to his table, picked up his pen, and drawing a paper to him as if to make the appointment in compliance with their wishes, said to them, "What is the office and whom do you wish to be placed in it?" Mr. Harlan replied, "We wish to have Mr. Miller of Iowa chosen by you to the vacancy on the Supreme Bench." "Well, well," replied the President, replacing his pen and pushing back his paper, "that is a very important position and I will have to give it serious consideration. I had supposed you wanted me to make some one a Brigadier General for you."

They left without assurance from the President what his choice would be, but in a few days they learned that their wishes in that respect had been gratified, and it proved to be one of the very best appointments Mr. Lincoln made to a civil office.

H. W. LATHROP.

THE SPIRIT LAKE EXPEDITION—1857.



OUR gigantic Civil War has quite obscured the terrible events in northwestern Iowa, in March, 1857, growing out of the massacre by the Sioux Indians of the inhabitants who had just previously settled around Spirit Lake—now so famous a summer resort. We cannot at this time enter upon any statement of the causes which led to that relentless butchery of unoffending men, women and children, or even of the facts themselves. Suffice it to say, that when information of the dire slaughter reached Fort Dodge and Webster City, there was an instantaneous rally of able-bodied men at each place, and an expedition was set on foot for the relief of any who might still have survived and the punishment of the Indians, if they could be found. Fort Dodge furnished two companies (A. and B.) and Webster City one (C). Maj. Wm. Williams was chosen to the command. In fact, he held a commission from Gov. Hempstead, authorizing him to act in any such emergency. How this expedition set out, the sufferings the officers and men endured, what they tried to accomplish, are clearly set forth in the following most interesting address, by Capt. Charles B. Richards, who commanded Co. A. This address was delivered at Webster City on the 12th of August, 1887. At that time a brass tablet was erected in the Court House of Hamilton County in honor of Co. C., whose Captain (J. C. Johnson) was lost and frozen to death on the march. The address of Capt. Richards has never been published. The manuscript from which he read belongs to "the Aldrich Collection" in the Iowa State Library, and has been loaned to us for presentation to our readers. We need not say that it is a document of much historical value.

William E. Burkholder, of Fort Dodge, a brother of Mrs. Gov. C. C. Carpenter, was also frozen to death on the return march. Gov. Grimes urged the Legislature to provide some suitable monument to the memory of Burkholder

and Johnson, but nothing ever came of it. Twelve years afterward their whitened bones were found on the prairie where they perished, by some settler, and identified by their arms, which lay near each skeleton. The relics of Johnson were sent to his mother in Pennsylvania, and Burkholder's were buried at Fort Dodge. Recently his portrait and one of his letters have been added to "the Aldrich Collection;" but no memento of Capt. Johnson has yet been found. Burkholder was a young man of much ability and promise, and possessed most excellent personal qualities. He was elected Treasurer and recorder of Webster county on the day in which he perished on the trackless prairie. The beautiful tablet at Webster City was erected mainly through the efforts of Mr. Chas. Aldrich, and is one of the finest historical monuments in the state. On the occasion of its dedication Gov. William Larrabee, and fully 2,000 people were in attendance. Addresses were delivered by Gov. Larrabee, Mayor McMurray, Captains Richards and Duncombe, Lieut. John Maxwell, Gov. Carpenter, Michael Sweeney and Wm. Laughlin, privates in the expedition, and Charles Aldrich. Upon some future occasion we may recur to this subject and publish some of these addresses. At this time we invite attention to the narrative of Capt Richards:

ADDRESS BY CAPT. CHARLES B. RICHARDS, OF
SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA.

It has been intimated to me by the Chairman of your Committee on Programme that my personal recollections of that memorable march would be acceptable at this time. You have met to-day to formally unveil this beautiful memorial tablet, which is for all time to commemorate the heroic part taken by the citizens of your county in one of the most remarkable marches through untrodden snows, over and across treeless and trackless prairies, in the midst of one of the coldest and most inhospitable winters ever known in this latitude, with only such arms and ammunition as each man happened to own, or could borrow from some neighbor:

without tents, adequate transportation, or commissary supplies.

First let me compliment the authorities of your county who have given the first public recognition of the bravery, heroism, pluck, and endurance, which the men whose names are inscribed on this enduring brass, have ever received. Costly monuments of marble and granite have been reared in many places for far less noble and self-sacrificing public services.

In the latter part of March, 1857, the then frontier town of Fort Dodge was aroused by the arrival of Orlando C. Howe and R. W. Wheelock, two of the pioneer settlers of Spirit Lake on the extreme northern border of the State, and nearly one hundred miles distant, who had just returned from a trip to their claims at the lakes, and related what they had there seen. A meeting of the citizens was at once called at the school house, at which Major William Williams was chairman and myself secretary. Messrs. Howe and Wheelock stated, that on arriving at the lakes near dark three nights before, they had found the houses all deserted; the dead and mutilated bodies of entire families, — men, women and children, — lying around; the cattle killed in the stables, in fact, that the Indians had killed, destroyed, or taken captive every living thing in the settlement, and that the probability was that having accomplished so much here, would follow on up the Des Moines river, and destroy the settlements known to exist there.

As soon as the facts were known it was resolved to call for volunteers to go to the relief of the exposed settlements. Nearly 100 men enrolled their names, and signified their readiness to march. It was here determined to organize the force into two companies, which was done, and the officers selected by the companies. It was also resolved to send a messenger to Webster City, Homer and Border Plains for assistance. The companies "A" and "B," as organized, were as follows: Co. "A." Captain, Chas. B. Richards; Lieutenant, F. A. Stratton; Sergeant, L. K. Wright; Corporal, Solon Mason; Privates, Wm. Burkholder, Geo. W. Brazee, C. C. Carpenter, Angus McBane, Wm. Pollock, Andrew Hood, Geo. B. Sherman, Henry Coree, Julius Conrads, T. D. Crawford, Orlando C. Howe, R. W. Wheelock, B. F. Parmenter, Wm. Deforé, J. H. Dailly, Wm. N. Ford, J. Forney, J. Gates, T. McCally, T. Maher, E. Mahan, L. B. Ridgway, Winton Smith, R. A. Smith, G. P. Smith, O. S. Spencer, C. Stebbins Stancleave,

W. F. Porter, D. Westerfield, and D. O. Keson. The last named was discharged on the third day on account of sore eyes. Co. "B." Captain, John F. Duncombe; 1st Lieutenant, James Lime; 2d Lieutenant, S. E. Stevens; Sergeant, Wm. M. Koons; Corporal, Thos. Calligan; Privates, Jesse Addington, A. E. Burtch, Hiram Benjamin, D. H. Baker, Orlando Rice, Richard Carter, A. E. Crouse, R. F. Carter, M. Cavanaugh, J. Evans, D. S. Howell, Albert Johnson, Robt. McCormick, W. Searls, John White, Wm. Wilson, Washington Williams, Jonas Murray, Daniel Morrissey, G. F. McClure, M. McCarty, A. H. Malcomb, John McFarlane, Gurnsey Smith, F. M. Thatcher, R. Whetstone, John C. Laughley. The last was discharged on the third day on account of sore feet.

The next day was spent in getting together such arms, ammunition, clothing, blankets, and commissary supplies as could be obtained near the end of a severe winter in a frontier town, one hundred and fifty miles from any source of supply. Two teams were engaged to haul the bedding, camp-equipage, and provisions,—one for each company,—and everything made ready to start. The next day in the evening the men, whose names are engraved on this beautiful tablet, arrived from Webster City, and were organized as a separate company, known as Co. "C." All were under the command of Major Wm. Williams. All the preparations which our limited means and resources would permit having been made, we set out on our march the next morning.

The snow being nearly three feet deep, and there being no track, made very hard work for the men who were put ahead to break the road. After six hours' marching we arrived at Badger Creek, six miles from Fort Dodge, and went into camp near some hay stacks, cooking our first meal. But little sleep was obtained by any one, not having learned how to lie close together and make the most of our blankets. All were up and breakfast cooked and eaten soon after daylight, and ready to resume the march. The day was bright and warm, making the snow soft and wet. Many of the men suffered from snow blindness, and the exposed skins of hands or face was burned so as to be very sore. By hard marching and by assisting the teams by means of a long rope, with twenty to thirty men on each rope, we managed to reach Dacotah near night, and went into camp. We had now been out two days,

and to some the romance had worn off. To some walking all day in the wet snow had made their feet so sore that they were unable to walk, much less continue the march; and some were nearly blind from the effects of the bright sun on the snow. Those who were suffering from either cause were discharged. Those who had not lost any Indians quietly remained and did not join the command when the order to march was given by the commanding officer next morning.

The third day was bright and warm, and our way lay across the prairie in the direction of McKnight's Point. Travelling as we were nearly parallel with the west branch of the Des Moines river, we were frequently crossing the heads of small streams and ravines, all of which were level full with the drifted snow.

When one of these was reached the command halted, and all were put in line to tramp a road across. If the depression was not too deep, after going over this several times until the snow was well packed, the teams by the help of the men could cross; but we found several where the ravine was deep and the snow frozen fifteen to twenty feet deep, and on these no amount of tramping we could do would make a road that would bear the teams and wagons, and our only way was to tramp the road as well as we could, separate the horses, lead them over, then convey the loads across, and by fastening our long ropes to the empty wagons drag them through, the snow frequently gathering so deep and hard in front of the wagons, that we would have to shovel it out and then with the teams and men with long ropes drag them across, load up and go on until we found another similar obstruction. Early in the afternoon it became apparent that we would not be able to reach the timber at McKnight's Point. Capt. Duncombe, Lieut. Maxwell and R. W. Wheelock were sent ahead to look out a road, and if possible get to timber and water; they succeeded in reaching the point late in the evening, being assisted by some settlers living there, who hearing their guns came to their assistance, and made beacon fires for any that might still be out. The main body, tired out with the hard day's work, wet and hungry, went into camp when it became so dark that it was impossible to keep our direction, on a ridge where the snow had blown off. Here, in the freezing wet, with such rations as we had, we spent the night, with no camp-fires or

water except from melted snow. As soon as daylight appeared in the morning we started and reached Evans' Claim, and went into camp soon after noon, having made six miles. Here we found Capt. Duncombe and others, who had arrived the previous night, the Captain suffering much from neuralgia and an overdose of medicine taken when exhausted, before getting in the previous night, which proved to be mostly laudanum.

It was determined to go no further that day, but to give the men a rest, and cook up sufficient provisions to last the next day. Here several men turned back being unable to endure the hardships of the march.

The next morning the command started early, and by hard and constant work reached Shippey's at dark. At McCormick's a mile below Shippey's we found McBane, Ex-Gov., C. C. Carpenter, Wm. P. Pollock and Andrew Hood, who joined Co. "A," and went on with us from that point. We also found at Shippey's a part of a load of flour which a Mr. Luce had left some weeks before, having got this far, where the deep snow had rendered it impossible to get his load farther, he had taken what he could haul on a hand sled and gone on to his family at the Lakes. With this we replenished our meagre supplies, and the next day reached the Irish Colony in Palo Alto County, where we were able to get some hay for a bed and sleep under the cattle sheds.

Our teams being nearly worn out we got an ox team here to help us along, and started out in the morning, first having sent an advance guard. Nothing having been heard from the settlement above, it was feared that the Indians had destroyed them, and would follow down the river and reach Mud Lakes at night. About noon that day, the advance saw on the prairie in the distance a number of persons moving slowly, stopping and consulting, evidently having discovered us, each party fearing the other was Indians, until it was discovered that there were women and children in the party and an ox team, when the men at once suspected they were a party of settlers, and went to them and found that they were the sole survivors of the settlement at Springfield, Minnesota, a small settlement on the Des Moines, a few miles north of the state line, which had been attacked by the same band of Indians which had destroyed the entire colony at the Lakes a few days before; and all but this party which had escaped in

the night had been murdered. They were a very dilapidated looking party. First was an ox team with Mr. Thomas and Miss Swanger and Mr. Carver, both wounded in the fight at Springfield, driven by the only able-bodied man in the party. This was followed by Mr. Wm. Church carrying one child and leading another, by the women and children, wet, hungry, cold and nearly exhausted, having been for two nights and nearly two days on the prairie without fire or food except a little raw corn, and I doubt very much if all or any had lived to reach the colony, but for this accidental meeting.

The men at once divided all the cooked rations with the sufferers. The surgeon, Dr. C. A. Bissell, did all in his power to alleviate the suffering of the wounded. On consultation it was determined to go to the nearest timber some two miles distant and camp for the night. The men built good fires, improvised a tent from blankets, and made them as comfortable as possible. The surgeon dressed the wounds, and the party obtained some much needed rest. Not knowing but that the Indians might be in the vicinity, guards were placed in all directions around the camp, which, the night being dark and the men nearly worn out, were changed hourly; with which and keeping up a supply of wood for the fires but little rest was obtained by the men. We sent the rescued party back under charge of the surgeon in the morning, to the Irish Colony, and resumed our march, hoping to overtake the Indians at Springfield, having learned from Mrs. Church, one of the party, that the Wood Bros. store contained many things that would detain the Indians, and that probably they would find whiskey enough to keep them drunk for several days. There was no incident to break the monotony of the march, and on the evening of the next day we arrived at Grangers' Point near the state line, where we found one of the Grangers and a boy occupying a small cabin. They treated us with indifference, in fact we could get but little information from them, and no assistance. They said they had no food, and locked up the cabin, showing the most inhospitable spirit of any pioneers it has ever been my fortune to meet. We did learn from them that the troops from Fort Ridgeley had been down to Springfield two days before, and had sent a detachment over to the Lakes, but had been to only one place up on Spirit Lake, and found one body which they had buried, and then returned to the Fort on

account of the bad weather and roads and a short supply of rations.

From this we determined that pursuit of the Indians would be useless even had it been possible, but we had subsisted for two day on *slap jacks* made from flour and water with neither salt nor anything to make them light, with barely enough ham to grease the pan in which they were fried.

We managed to spend a very uncomfortable night, it taking till very late to cook enough *slap jacks* to go around, and many of the men preferred to lie down and rest to cooking them, but knowing the necessity of eating, I insisted on all my company taking their coffee and slap jacks, and cooked far into the night until all had been supplied.

A consultation of the officers was had during the night, and it was determined to send six or eight men from each company, if they would volunteer, with all the provisions we could spare to the Lakes to make a thorough examination and bury the dead. In the morning the command was all drawn up, and volunteers called for for that purpose. Capt. Johnson of Co. "C," who lost his life on this trip and myself with Lieut. Maxwell of Co. C., Privates, Henry Carse, Wm. Burkholder, Wm. N. Ford, J. H. Dailly, O. C. Howe, Geo. P. Smith, O. S. Spencer, C. Stebbins Stancleave, R. W. Wheelock, R. A. Smith, and B. F. Parmenter of Co. "A;" Jessie Addington, R. McCormick, J. M. Thatcher, W. N. Wilson, James Murray and A. E. Burtch of Co. "B;" with Wm. Laughlin and E. D. Kellogg of Co. "C," volunteered for this trip and constituted the party.

The Spirit Lake detachment having cooked a couple of days rations, and selected such bedding and clothing as could be carried by each man, assisted by my Indian pony, were ready to start by nine in the morning, the main body having started on the return trip an hour before. On coming to the river we found a channel open in the middle and the water very high, but by getting a log across the men were able to get over, but after spending nearly an hour it was found impossible to get the pony across, and as time was important I turned over the command to Capt. Johnson: divided the load on the pony among the men: gave to Wm. Burkholder of my company and one of my intimate personal friends, who with Lieut. Stratton had shared the same blankets with me since starting, my rations and a veil to protect his face and eyes, and

a small shawl, bid him good bye, little thinking it would be forever. He was a young man of rare promise, educated, brave, generous, unselfish. He volunteered for this expedition, knowing that it would be a great personal sacrifice, having been nominated by the Republicans of his county, as their candidate for Treasurer and Recorder, and knowing that his absence during the election might and probably would result in his defeat, but he never gave it a thought. His patriotism and his manhood called, and he went to lay down his young life that he might protect his fellow citizens and their frontier homes from the merciless savage.

Being unable to get the pony across the river, and the entire command having been some two hours on the return march, there was no one to take the pony back. I was obliged to follow and overtake the main body before night, which I did before they left the midday camp. We camped for the night at a trapper's small cabin at Mud Lakes, where we now found the frozen carcasses of some beaver, which we tried to cook to piece out our scanty rations. The excitement and hope of accomplishing some good having ceased, all were anxious to get where they would find food and rest. Many were footsore, and many had entirely worn out their boots, and all were nearly tired out with the constant exposure, poor food, and hard marching through the melting snow and water. I shall always remember the night we spent at this place. Geo. W. Brazee, a young lawyer, a member of my company, had been suffering from tooth-ache, he had thrown away his heavy boots having left them too near the camp fire when wet, shrinking them so that when he found them they were useless. He had put on the only ones he had left, a light pair, and marching all day in the melting snow and water had made his feet so sore that he could only relieve them by cutting holes in many places in the boots. Several of our company built a fire in one corner of the trapper's cabin and spread our blankets on the dirt floor to sleep, but poor Brazee could not get his boots off, and fearing if he cut them so that he could, he would have nothing to keep his feet from the ground, and as the pain in his feet was relieved his tooth reminded him that it needed his attention, and after lying down and trying to sleep, frequently reiterating the fact that he knew he would die, he gets up, goes out and gets a hind quarter of beaver, and begins to roast it over the

coals, and in a half reclining position he spent the entire night roasting and trying to eat from the tough leathery meat, first consigning his painful feet to a warmer climate, and then as his tooth-ache for a time attracted most attention giving us a short lecture on dentistry, and when the tooth would get easy for a short time, he would, with both hands holding on the partially roasted quarter of beaver, get hold with his teeth and try to tear off a piece. The picture by the weird light of the fire was a striking one, and left a lasting impression on my mind.

Whilst the melting of the snow made it much easier for men and teams most of the way, the water ways and creeks were rendered nearly impassable and consumed so much time in crossing that we could only go about the same distance per day as when the snow was deepest. I remember that on leaving Mud Lakes we got along rapidly until we came to Prairie Creek, which showed nicely on top, the snow still being very deep across the narrow ravine through which it ran, except at the point where we had crossed on our way up; here the tramping and shoveling had caused the water to settle, so as to be impassable for either man or teams, and an attempt to cross above or below proved impracticable; and it was necessary with a board from the wagon box to tamp a path and then put the board down, get over the main creek, the snow being hollow and the water under many feet deep. In this way the men were able to cross and carry all the luggage; the long ropes were then taken over, one end first having been fastened to the end of the wagon, and all hands starting on a run dragged the wagons through. We then fastened the rope to the yoke of the oxen and they were dragged through; and when all were over the end of the rope was fastened to the end of the halter on my pony, and pushing him in the men started on the run, and the pony disappeared under the slush and water, and for twenty feet did not come to the surface, but striking the bank he came out shaking his head and snorting, much to the amusement of all parties. The Irish Colony was reached in the evening. Here the officers were all called together to consult as to ways and means to get food to keep the men together until we could reach Fort Dodge. The settlers at the colony were on short rations and could spare nothing. We decided to buy a steer and kill for the party, but we had no money, and the owner

refused to sell without pay. We offered to give the personal obligation of all the officers, and assured them that the State would pay a good price, but this was not satisfactory. We therefore decided to take one *vi et armis*, and detailed several men to kill and dress the steer. They were met by men, women, and children armed with pitchforks to resist the sacrifice, and not being able to convince them either of the necessity of the case, or that they would get pay for the steer, I ordered Lieut. Stratton and a squad of men with loaded guns to go and take the steer, when seeing we were determined and that further resistance would be useless, the hostile party retired. The animal was soon dressed and distributed to the men, and for the first time in ten days they had a full meal.

Here we had hoped that the detachment sent to the lakes might overtake us, but as they did not come we left what meat had not been used for them and resumed our march.

The day was warm until about noon, when a cold rain began, making it dreary and dismal. We found several small creeks and all the ravines full of water, but crossed all without much detention, until we arrived at Cylinder Creek, about twelve or fifteen miles from the colony and two from Shippey, where we expected to camp for the night. This point we reached about three p. m., when we found the bottom on the west side one vast sheet of water, fully half a mile wide. We had become so accustomed to overcoming obstructions, that, after sending two men with poles to wade out as far as possible and ascertain the depth of water, and getting their report, which was, that the men could wade for nearly half a mile in water from three to five feet deep, when they would reach the channel proper of the creek; that this was from 60 to 80 feet wide and very deep with a swift current, we determined to make a boat from our wagon box by caulking the cracks with cotton taken from the comforters, and with this, first stretching a rope across the deep water, we could wade the men out to that point and run them across in the wagon box. Capt. Duncombe selected Gurnsey Smith, a man of great strength and endurance, and I selected Solon Mason from my company, a man of equal courage and strength, who waded, one on each side of the improvised boat, while Capt. Duncombe and myself bailed the water, which found its way in nearly as fast as we could dip it out. When we arrived at the bank of

the creek proper, within some 80 or 100 feet of the farther shore, we took Smith and Maxon in. We stationed two men, who had waded out for that purpose, near the bank where they found a place with not more than $3\frac{1}{2}$ to 4 feet of water, to hold one end of our long rope, whilst we pushed across, uncoiling the rope as we went. When we struck the swift current we were carried rapidly down stream, but by all using our poles managed to get across, but as we struck the further shore where the bank was steep, and a lot of ice piled up, our boat on striking shore shut one corner up like a jack-knife, there being no braces at the corners. Every man jumped for shore, and by getting hold of some willows all got out, Mason losing his overcoat and hat, and all getting wet. When the boat, which had gone under in the collapse, came up it was only separate boards floating down the rapid stream, and our rope was gone. The men who had come out to hold one end could not stand the cold water longer and waded back to the main body. We had hoped to stretch the rope across the deep water and ferry over the men.

About this time the wind suddenly charged to the northwest and began to blow fiercely and very cold, so that our wet clothes began to freeze and stiffen. Capt. Duncombe and myself at once concluded to send Smith and Mason to Shippey for an ox team and load of poles, with which to construct a raft on which to cross the men. We, in the meantime, going up and down the banks of the creek to see if there was any better place to cross by the time they returned. The wind was blowing a gale, and the air full of snow, and the cold becoming intense. Mr. Mason was without overcoat or hat only a handkerchief around his head. The Shippeys at once loaded a wagon with poles and with these, on their arrival we tried to construct a raft, but in the face of that blizzard,—for such it had now become, we could do nothing. By this time it had become so dark that nothing could be seen of the other shore. Neither on account of the rise of the wind could we get any reply to our frequent calls. We were utterly incapable of further exertion. The howling wind and drifting snow was fast obliterating the track. We consulted together and determined that it was as utterly impossible for us to render any assistance to our men as it would have been had they been in mid-ocean, and our only safety lay in getting to Shippey before the darkness and drifting snow made it impossible.

It was terrible with our frozen clothes, and it was near nine o'clock in the evening when we reached the cabin. Here we passed a night which no lapse of time will ever obliterate from my memory. So small was the cabin and so cold, and no other clothes to change we warmed ourselves by the open fire, had some bacon and bread and a cup of coffee, the best thing to revive exhausted nature I have ever found. We had no blankets, but borrowed what the Shippey's could spare from their scanty store, and spent the night some trying to sleep; some drying their clothes by turning first one side to the fire, then the other; all anxious and making frequent visits to the door, hoping the storm would abate, but each time only to find the wind and cold increasing. I well remember finding an old black pipe and some strong plug tobacco, which under the excitement and anxiety I smoked every time I was up, which was most of the time, without feeling any effects from it, which at any other time would have made me sick in two minutes. I remember it seemed as if the light of day would never come. Each man in the command out in this terrible night with neither food, fire, or even the protection of a tent was constantly before me, and what they could and would do to save themselves was ever in my thoughts, but I had great faith in their ability and judgment. I had seen them for the last twelve days tried as few men ever are, with us shrinking from no fear, and full of expedients to meet every demand on their courage, energy, and endurance, and believed they would be equal to this trying occasion, but still had fears. So terrible was the wind and cold and so penetrating the drifting snow, the terrible thought would come that we should find them huddled together in one frozen mass. Again, that finding they could not live where they were, they would try to get back to the Irish Colony and that we should find them scattered on the prairie, each where exhausted nature had succumbed to the fierce wind, the biting cold, and the penetrating snow; but then came the thought that Carpenter, Stratton, and Stevens were there and were fully capable to save the party by their coolness, experience, and good judgment: it was a terrible dream had whilst wide awake and every faculty acute and strained to the highest tension. Thus we passed the night. With early dawn Capt. Duncombe, Smith, Mason and myself started for the creek, the blizzard still at its height, if not increasing. Mason had borrowed an

old coat but his underclothes had not become entirely dry during the night, and the cold penetrating wind soon found its way to his very bones, and so chilled him that he shook as if with ague, and seemed completely dazed, and wanted to lie down. I saw it was impossible for him to go on, and with difficulty got him back to the cabin. Leaving him I went on and overtook the others before they arrived at the creek. It was a hard tramp right in the face of the blizzard, with the drifts many feet deep, and the snow perfectly blinding. On reaching the creek we were unable to see across, or much more than across the channel; the ice had formed across and would bear us near the shore, but in the middle where the current was swiftest, it was very thin and would not bear our weight. We wandered up and down the creek hoping to find a place where we could cross but could not, but did find one or two of the boards from the wagon box we had used as a boat the previous night, with this by lying down flat in the centre of the board, one holding the rope fastened to the party on the board, we tried for an hour to cross the thin ice, but the wind was against us, and we were so cold and numb, that it was impossible, and we were obliged to prevent freezing to return to Shippey's. I know I froze my cheeks so that the scar still remains, whilst lying on the board trying to make my way across. We spent the time till afternoon watching the weather (the thermometer had marked 28 below zero when we started for the creek in the morning) and drying our clothes preparatory to making another effort to reach our men, towards night when we thought the ice would be thick enough to bear our weight by the aid of the boards.

We made the trip about three P. M. again and worked until dark with no better success, and wended our way back to Shippey's, all hope of ever finding any of our party alive having nearly departed, as the storm had, if anything, been constantly increasing all day and the morning showed that it was getting colder, but soon after we had returned Harris Hoover and two of the men came in having traveled several miles up the creek and found a place where they crossed, but not without breaking through the ice and getting wet; but from them we learned that the men were all alive, and having improvised a wind-break by stretching a wagon-sheet and blankets over the wheels of the wagon, had crawled in so thick and close that the animal heat had kept them alive,

although suffering much from hunger and their cramped positions. This news was like a stimulant to us, and we ate our bacon and bread with a relish and obtained some much needed sleep. During the night although still anxious for our Spirit Lake detachment but believing they must have arrived at the Colony before the storm and with some fears that our teamster, Mr. Slawson, an old man then seventy years of age, who from the start had never spared himself nor flinched from his severe duties, and Major Williams then over sixty years of age, who when they saw there was no probability of crossing Cylinder Creek on Saturday night, started back in the face of the storm with one team, for the Colony, and on the skeleton of the wagon, we having used the box as a boat.

At early dawn Monday morning we again started for the creek. The storm had abated, but the cold was intense, the mercury marking 34 degrees below zero. As we came to the creek we saw the men on the other side getting ready to cross. We found the ice even over the current strong enough to bear a team and our loaded wagons which we assisted across, and I found my pony still alive although exposed to all the storm with nothing to break the wind and no food or water for two days and nights. The men all reached Shippey's by 8 o'clock and then had the first food they had eaten since Saturday noon. How they all lived through these two terrible nights wet, cold, and hungry as they were, has always been a wonder to me, and still is. As to how the men spent those two days and nights only those who were there can tell, and to relate their experience, no one can better give all the facts than my friend Ex-Gov. C. C. Carpenter, whose advice and cool deliberate judgment had much to do with saving the lives of the entire party. A detailed and correct report of how the detachment which went to the Lakes can only be made by some of those brave men, who endured that terrible march. And I know of no one so well qualified to relate the incidents from the time I left them at the crossing of the West Fork of the Des Moines as Lieut. Maxwell and Wm. Laughlin whose names are engraved on this tablet. They can tell how, after marching across the divide from the river to the Lakes they visited one cabin after another only to find the dead and mutilated bodies of entire families where they had fallen when shot or brained with a hatchet or club; or the body impaled and slashed with the knife of the heart-

less and cruel savage; how they as best they could collected their families together and buried them; how, tired and hungry, they started on the return march to be met, when far out on the inhospitable prairie, by the relentless blizzard; how they passed that terrible Saturday night, wet, cold, nearly starved, with no shelter from the biting wind or driving snow; how, when all hope was nearly gone, they each made a final effort to reach the timber and shelter; how Capt. Johnson and Wm. Burkholder, differing with others as to the best way to get around a pond, separated, never again to see a friendly face this side eternity; how the survivors, a few at a time, had reached the protecting timber, or dug a hole in a snow drift, and there protected sat out the storm; and the friends who were out from the Colony looking for them found them so exhausted, frozen and dazed as to hardly know these friends when they saw them,—in fact a full recital of all the facts can only be given by those who experienced them.

As soon as the men had eaten their breakfast they started again on the homeward march, leaving all that they could not carry for the teams to bring when they came on. We spent the first night at McKnight's Point, and here Major Williams overtook us; from this point there was but little to do but get to the nearest settlement where food and shelter could be had, and many left the main body and made for the nearest cabins at Dacotah and on the West Fork, a sufficient number remaining with the teams to assist in bad places, and thus we arrived in Fort. Dodge, and for the first time in seventeen days I removed my overcoat and had a night's rest.

We had heard that some of the party that went to the lakes had reached the Irish Colony, and some had come in to the river above, and did not know that any were still missing, and as some were coming in individually, or in small parties for several days, we still hoped that all might have escaped. As soon as it was learned that Capt. Johnson and Wm. Burkholder did not come in, parties were sent out who scoured the country for weeks, but without finding any trace of the missing; and it was years before the bones of these two brave men were found where they had lain down when overcome by the piercing wind and blinding snow of that terrible blizzard, having made a desperate fight for life, and having traveled many miles nearly parallel with the river timber in their vain efforts to reach the settlements.

To Major Wm. Williams, an old man with wonderful powers of endurance and sinews of steel all were attached. He endured all the hardships of the march, and all the exposure and want, the same as any private, with no word of complaint. Geo. B. Sherman of Company "A" was chosen Commissary of the expedition, and a more thankless task, or one requiring more hard work, no one had. To keep a hundred hungry men from eating up all the stores for a two week's trip in three days was almost impossible, but he did his duty and tried to piece out our scanty rations and give each man his just share.

To the entire expedition I have ever had a warm and brotherly feeling, but to Co. "A," from whom I received so many kind words, and particularly to Lieut. Stratton, Angus McBane, Ex-Gov. C. C. Carpenter, Wm. Burkholder, Rodney Smith, to whom I so frequently turned for advice in trying times, who were all so willing and ready to do everything possible for each other and for the success of the expedition, many of whom were then and have been through life my warm personal friends. Men, whose unselfish, generous, energetic, hard working, toiling days and sleepless nights were spent to assist entire strangers, could not be otherwise than good citizens, valuable to the nation, the state, and the community in which they lived.

GOVERNOR KIRKWOOD'S FIRST MEETING WITH PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

EDITOR IOWA HISTORICAL RECORD:

IN compliance with your request I submit an account of my first meeting with Abraham Lincoln. The nomination of Abraham Lincoln by the Republicans in 1860 as the candidate for the Presidency was very favorably received by the great body of the party, although there was some disappointment felt in some of the eastern States, particularly by the friends of Mr. Seward, and to a less extent by the friends of Mr. Chase. But in the West, especially by that

portion of our people whom Mr. Lincoln so aptly afterwards called "the plain people," the feeling of his party friends in his favor was earnest and enthusiastic. His great debate with Mr. Douglas in 1858, and his Cooper Institute speech in 1860 had convinced everybody of his great ability, his thorough understanding of the great questions involved in the pending contest, his conservative views on those questions, his sterling honesty, his candor and his courage. In short, it was thoroughly believed, that although he was not, as the term was then understood, a politician—that he was a statesman in the better sense of the term. After his election two elements of opposition to his administration rapidly developed. Firstly, the secession element, composed of those who had, ever since the days of Nullification, determined upon the dissolution of the Union, and secondly, of those who earnestly sought to force Mr. Lincoln and his friends, through fear, into some compromise which would give to slavery all it contended for.

I had not ever met Mr. Lincoln, nor did I expect to attend his inauguration. But as time passed on I thought it due to him and to the official position I then held in my State, to pay my respects to him before he left his home for Washington. I was further led to do this by the increasing excitement and alarm in the country, growing out of the increasing boldness and power of the secession movement in the South and the increasing efforts of those North and South who clamored for "peace at any price," and it is but candid to say that I desired to form for myself, from a personal interview with Mr. Lincoln, a more satisfactory opinion than I otherwise could of his "equipment" to meet the unexpected and terrible responsibilities that he would probably have to meet.

Accordingly early in January, 1861, I went to Springfield Illinois. I did not expect that I should meet anyone there whom I knew, unless it might be Mr. Hatch, who was then the Secretary of State of Illinois, whom I had met at Chicago at the Republican National Convention in 1860, and with whom I had there formed a slight acquaintance. I did meet

him, either on the evening of my arrival at Springfield or the next morning. He introduced me to Gov. Yates. I told them in general terms the object of my visit, and that I was embarrassed to know when and where I could have an interview with Mr. Lincoln. They told me that he had a room or rooms in the city, at which he attended every day between certain hours, but that his time, on such occasions, was so occupied by his many callers that there was neither time nor opportunity for such an interview as they understood I wanted, and they proposed that at an hour they named they would accompany me to his residence and introduce me to him, and I could have my interview there. I hesitated somewhat about going to his residence, as he might perhaps consider it an intrusion, but they insisted he would not so consider it, and as I was anxious to accomplish my purpose and to return home as soon as possible, I consented to go with them. We started at the time appointed and on our way we saw at some distance before us and coming toward us a tall man of somewhat remarkable appearance. Before we met, either Gov. Yates or Secretary Hatch said, "There is Lincoln now." As we met they shook hands and I was introduced to Mr. Lincoln, and after a short conversation I told him in general terms the purpose of my visit and that at the suggestion of the Governor and Secretary we were on our way to visit him at his residence, as they had informed me there would not be very favorable opportunity for a private conversation with him at his rooms up town. He replied in substance that was all right—that he was going up town on an errand and that the gentlemen with me and myself should go on to his home and he would soon return. As we were about to separate he said to me that if it would suit me as well, he would call on me at my room in the hotel at which I was stopping, and that we would be less liable to interruption there than at his house. I was not then (nor am I now) much acquainted with the etiquette of calls upon or by Presidents or Presidents-elect, and I have since thought that he did not know much more on

that somewhat intricate subject than I did or care any more about it. I gladly assented to his suggestion and we separated, I going to my room at the hotel. Within an hour Mr. Lincoln came to my room and we had a long, and what was to me a very interesting conversation. I cannot of course undertake to give his language or my own. I told him in substance that our Iowa people were very much excited over the condition of the country North and South—that they were devotedly attached to the Union of the States, and would never consent to its dissolution on any terms, that they were not to be frightened into abandoning their principles by bluster and bravado, and that he might depend upon them to sustain him to the utmost of their power in preserving the peace, if that could be fairly done, and in preserving the Union in any event and at whatever cost.

Mr. Lincoln listened with great attention and apparent interest and expressed great satisfaction at what I had said touching the intention of the people of Iowa to give their earnest support to his administration. He proceeded to say that he still had strong hope that a peaceful and safe solution might yet be had of our present troubles—that it seemed to him incredible that any large portion of our people, even in the States threatening secession, could really desire a dissolution of the Union that had done them nothing but good—that his own opinion that Congress had not the power to abolish slavery in the States where it existed was well known before his nomination—that the convention by which he was nominated, with full knowledge of that opinion, had nominated him, and that with full knowledge of both these facts he had been constitutionally elected—that he would not consent to or advise his friends to consent to any bargain or so-called compromise that amounted to a purchase of the constitutional rights growing out of the late election, because the so doing would be an invitation to the defeated party or parties in future elections to pursue the course now being pursued with the hope of achieving like success by like means, thus reducing our Gov-

ernment to the level of Mexico, which was then in a constant state of revolution — that he would bear and forbear much to preserve peace and the integrity of the Union, but if the issue was clearly made between war and a dissolution of the Union, then, how ever much he might regret the necessity, he would use all the constitutional powers of the Government for its preservation, relying on God's justice and the patriotism of the people for success.

It is now about thirty years since I had this interview with Mr. Lincoln, and my life for several years after was a busy one — I therefore do not claim to give his words — only his ideas, nor do I claim that what was said consisted as herein stated of a continued opening statement by me and a continued reply by him — on the contrary the interview was to some extent conversational, although much the greater part of what was said was said by him. He spoke calmly, earnestly and with great feeling. I listened with anxious interest and heard with profound satisfaction.

When he left I went with him to the door of the hotel, and when I returned to the office I found myself an object of considerable attention. It was known that Mr. Lincoln was up stairs with somebody, and when it appeared that I was that body, a good many people about the hotel seemed anxious to learn who I was, and where I had come from.

I left for home with a strong conviction, which never left me, that he was the right man in the right place, and the longer he lived the stronger that conviction grew.

S. J. KIRKWOOD.

Iowa City, January 14, 1891.

LETTERS OF A WAR GOVERNOR.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 566, VOL. VI.]



E continue the executive correspondence during Gov. Kirkwood's war administration, beginning with his congratulatory letter to Lincoln on his election to the Presidency, breathing a prophecy of success which has been more than fulfilled. These letters here published, acknowledging the tender of services by volunteer companies of the State, show that Capt. F. J. Herron and his company, of Dubuque, have the honor of first formally offering their services to the President through Gov. Kirkwood.

EXECUTIVE OFFICE, IOWA, NOV. 15, 1860.

*Hon. Abraham Lincoln,**President of the United States.*

Dear Sir:—Permit me to congratulate you, and I most heartily do, upon the result of the recent Presidential election, and to express the earnest hope, that your administration may prove as useful to our country and as honorable to yourself, as you yourself can desire. Very respectfully,

SAMUEL J. KIRKWOOD.

DES MOINES, IOWA, January 12, 1861.

Hon. James W. Grimes.

Dear Sir:—It really appears to me as if our Southern friends are determined on the destruction of our Government unless they can change its whole basis, and make it a Government for the growth and spread of slavery. The real point of controversy is in regard to slavery in the Territories. On that point I would be willing to go thus far: Restore the question of slavery in our present territories to the position to which it was placed by the compromise measures of 1850 and before passing the Kansas-Nebraska bill, and admit Kansas as a free State at once. The whole country agreed to do this once, and therefore could do so again. As to future acquisitions of territory do either one of two things: 1st, Prohibit future acquisitions except by the vote of two-thirds of each branch of Congress; or, 2d, make the condition of the Territory at the time of its acquisition its permanent condition until admitted as a State.

I think neither of these requires an abandonment of principle or involves disgrace to either party, north or south.

But at all hazards the Union must be honored—the laws must be enforced. What can I do in the premises? Shall I tender the aid of the State to Mr. Buchanan? Some of our people desire an extra session. I do not. My present intention is not to call an extra session until after the 4th of March. If after that time an extra session be necessary to support the Government I

will so far as in me lies see to it that the last fighting man in the State and the last dollar in the treasury are devoted to that object, and our people will sustain me. If such aid is required by Mr. Buchanan, it is at his service. Please consult our delegation, and write me fully such course as you think best to be pursued.

Very truly,

SAMUEL J. KIRKWOOD.

P. S.—Can anything be done in the way of procuring arms for this State beyond the regular quota for the current year? Cannot an arsenal be established and supplied in some northwestern free State?

S. J. K.

EXECUTIVE OFFICE, IOWA, January 22, 1861.

His Excellency, the Governor of the State of Maryland

Sir:—Permit me to tender you my hearty thanks, and those of the people of Iowa, for the patriotic and manly stand you have taken against division and treason.

I am a native of the State of Maryland and I feel a great and I trust an honest pride in knowing that the good old State stands firmly to the Constitution and the Union in these trying days, when so many are disposed to abandon both. This, I am satisfied, is in a great measure due to the bold stand you have taken, and when passion shall have subsided and reason and love of country shall have again assumed the ascendant, your name will stand high on the roll of those whom the people delight to honor. With sentiments of high regard I remain,

Your obedient servant,

SAMUEL J. KIRKWOOD.

EXECUTIVE OFFICE, IOWA, January 22, 1861.

Capt. F. J. Herron, Dubuque, Iowa.

Dear Sir:—I have just mailed to Secretary Holt at Washington City the tender of the services of your company to the President. You and your command have afforded me a great pleasure, for which I heartily thank you and them.

I am pleased and proud to know that the citizens of Iowa do not recognize the heresy that treason can not be punished, rebellion put down, and the Union preserved, by force if nothing but force will avail for those ends.

Very truly,

SAMUEL J. KIRKWOOD.

EXECUTIVE OFFICE, IOWA, January 24, 1861.

Messrs. S. W. Wise, Geo. A. Stone, P. Jericho,

Commanding Mt. Pleasant Guards.

Gentlemen:—I was much gratified on yesterday by the receipt of your letter tendering the services of your company to assist in enforcing the laws of our country and putting down treason and rebellion.

Accept for yourselves and your company my hearty thanks, and my assurance that, should the occasion demand it, your services will be accepted and required.

I am glad and proud to know that the people of Iowa do not so impeach the patriotism and wisdom of our fathers, as to believe that they established a Government which, although strong enough to resist successfully an entire world in arms, was either designedly or ignorantly left so weak as to be at the mercy of rebels and traitors at home. Very respectfully,

SAMUEL J. KIRKWOOD.

EXECUTIVE OFFICE, IOWA, January 26, 1861.

Hon. Joseph Holt, Secretary of War, Washington, D. C.

Dear Sir:—I have the honor to enclose a letter tendering to the President the services of the Governor's Greys, a military company at Dubuque, in this State. The services of other military companies have been tendered directly to me.

While I deeply regret that the perils to which the Union of the States is exposed arise from domestic and not from foreign foes, I feel a great and I think an honest pride in the knowledge that the people of Iowa are possessed of an unyielding devotion to the Union and of a fixed determination that in so far as it depends on them it shall be preserved.

Very respectfully,

SAMUEL J. KIRKWOOD.

EXECUTIVE OFFICE, IOWA, January 26, 1861.

J. S. Mathies, Captain Burlington Rifle Company, Burlington, Iowa.

Dear Sir:—Accept for yourself and the company which you command my thanks for the tender of their services "in case of any public event involving the necessity of arms." Should such event occur, I shall accept the services so gallantly tendered.

I am pleased to know that you and your command believe that the flag of our country is worthy of protection, that the Union of the States is worthy of preservation, and that the men who first upheld the one and established the other did not intend to leave both at the mercy of rebels and traitors. I hope to be in your city about the 1st day of February and will endeavor to see you, and consult with you in reference to arms.

Very respectfully,
SAMUEL J. KIRKWOOD.

THE TERRITORIAL SEAL OF IOWA.

EDITOR HISTORICAL RECORD:



DURING a late visit to the rooms of the Historical Society, Mr. Lathrop, Librarian, showed me the "Great Seal of the Territory of Iowa." I well remember that when it arrived from the hands of Mr. Wagoner, of Pittsburg, the engraver, Secretary Conway brought it to the Governor's office to show it, and how pleased we all were at the appropriateness of the design and the *poetical* description the Secretary had written of it, and which a few days later he communicated to the Legislature.

I have thought you would like for publication and preservation in the RECORD an account of the history of the seal. I have therefore transcribed from the Journals of the Council of

1838 the communications and actions had thereon, which I place at your disposal.

T. S. PARVIN.

RESOLUTION OF THE COUNCIL.

Resolved, That the Secretary of the Territory of Iowa, be and is hereby requested to transmit to this Council, the GREAT SEAL of this Territory, with its impression, for inspection, etc.

LETTER OF THE SECRETARY IN REPLY.

SECRETARY'S OFFICE, November 23, 1838.

To the Honorable J. B. Browne, President of the Legislative Council.

Sir:—The request of the Honorable the Legislative Council, expressed by their resolution, adopted on the 22d inst., was duly transmitted to this Department of the Territorial Government, where it has been very respectfully considered, and with which it affords me peculiar pleasure to comply.

In accordance, therefore, with the request of the Honorable the Legislative Council, the "GREAT SEAL OF THE TERRITORY OF IOWA" is herewith transmitted, for their inspection, accompanied by some impressions on wax and paper.

The DEVICE is believed to be simple; and, with the highest deference to the good taste and sound criticism of the Honorable Council, it is regarded as perfectly expressive of a distinct idea, intimately associated with the history of the delightful country which we have the happiness to inhabit; and for which it is the sacred duty and lofty privilege of the Legislative Authorities to provide wise, equitable, and salutary laws.

The slightest examination of the seal will disclose to the Honorable Council the EAGLE, the proud and appropriate emblem of our national power, bearing, in its beak, an *Indian arrow*, and clutching, in its talons, an *unstrung bow*, and while the idea thus delicately evolved, is so well calculated, to make the eyes glisten with patriotic pride, and cause the heart to beat high with the pulsations of conscious superiority, it nevertheless presents a touching appeal to our manly sensibilities, in contemplating the dreary destiny of a declining race; nor should it fail to admonish us of the immense importance of improving, in every possible point of view, that vast inheritance which it is their peculiar misfortune to undervalue and neglect.

The Honorable the Legislative Council, will pardon the freedom of these reflections, which the occasion elicits, if it does not justify and demand, whilst I have the honor to remain, as heretofore, their very obedient and respectful servant, and yours,

WM. B. CONWAY, *Secretary of the Territory.*

REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE.

The committee on Territories, having had under consideration the communication from the Secretary of the Territory of Iowa, on the subject of the *Great Seal* of the Territory, beg leave to report:—That they have examined said seal, submitted by the Secretary, with its devices. Your committee are of the opinion that its devices are admirably adapted, and appropriate for the Great Seal of this Territory, and would, therefore, submit the following resolution:

Resolved, That the seal submitted to the Council by the Secretary of the Territory, be adopted by the Council as the GREAT SEAL of the "Territory of Iowa."

Which was adopted by the Council.

LETTER FROM PROF. L. F. PARKER.

GRINNELL, NOVEMBER 15, 1890.

Editor Historical Record:

HAVE just closed the October number of the "Papers of the American Historical Association," and am stirred by its articles on the Materials for the History of the Southern Confederacy, and by the desire there expressed for better histories of the South, to inquire if Iowa men, who have lived through our civil war, do not owe themselves and the future more exact reminiscences than they have yet written. Much, very much may well be published; more, vastly more, may be put into historical facilities in manuscript from which the historian of the future may draw materials for trustworthy history.

The "Old War Governor" could give volumes of highest value, his war-secretary could add much more. Could you not induce them to give their last days to the collection and (so far as may now be generous) to the publication of important facts and incidents within their knowledge, the memory of much of which will otherwise die with them? Is not the public and is not the future entitled to just such a legacy from those men and others, whose hands are already faltering and will soon be utterly unable to pen what will be so useful for others to know?

It is not necessary that they should feel burdened by the thought of a formal and full history of their times, if they would but give your readers, or some public library, glimpses of stirring events as they dwell in their retentive memories.

I can only make the suggestion, and I do it all the more earnestly because so much of local history has been written for revenue only, and not to perpetuate the knowledge of what living men have said and done.

L. F. PARKER.

OLD SETTLERS' REUNION POEM.

BY ABEL BEACH, IOWA CITY, IOWA.

DELIVERED BEFORE THE OLD SETTLERS' REUNION OF
JOHNSON COUNTY, AT IOWA CITY, IOWA,
AUGUST 18TH, 1890.

Mr. Beach said: "Being honored by your kind invitation to meet with you here to-day for the purpose of reading a poem to the Old Settlers of Iowa City and Johnson County, I have been rash enough as you see to accept, venturing on your kind indulgence and generous criticism for any wild wandering wherein my Apollo forgets his dignity, or my muse seems to be out of tune. I will only say preliminary that with several good friends I see before me—now beginning to look a little venerable, I came to this new State of Iowa between thirty and forty years ago, before a mile of railroad was completed into its interior, so that I ought to feel quite at home in your midst—if not entirely at ease. But you asked a poem, and I have no right to palm off prosy remarks."

When asked for something new, original, I thought
Whether my friends, forgetting temperance record, sought
An "original package"—popular down East just now—
Or something original from the pen—without a row?
I'll choose the latter anyhow.

Old settlers are not here, I think, to feed surprise
When all that's seen is known—familiar to the eyes,
But if new-comer should disturb our precincts fair
Or tries an innovation strange let him beware,
'Tis dangerous sometimes to dare.
Home of the buffalo, and fairy-land of brave—
Where might was right, and speed the highest art to save,
Here where our camp-fire burns the welkin often rung
With midnight carnival—where exploits wild were sung,
And eagle plumes for token swung.

While some, not all can go back to the days of yore
When gallantly our territorial fathers bore
The brunt of effort and the tug of war,—which they
So much enjoyed that it was labor merged in play,
Yet ever will we bless the day.

America—no doubt reserved for pilgrim band,
By smiling providence ordained a glorious land—
Had heroes to level forests and wild beasts to slay,
Homes to build and foundations of the State to lay,—
Inspired with zeal to work and pray.

With manly might and courage did our fathers toil,
Made desert beauteous as a flower, and blest the soil
With rich fruition. Cities by magic sprung to life,
Nature and art for mastery renewed the strife;—
Progress on every hand was rife.

From Maine to Florida all along the Atlantic shore,
The call of "Westward ho!" was heard, and heard encore;
"Steam has solved the problem, opened up the land;
The Western 'land of promise,'—rich and vast and grand,
Within our grasp is at command."

Charming expanse—ready for tickling with the hoe,
Responding with harvests bountiful where'er we go,
Mesopotamia of the west with untold wealth,
Now brought to light, though ages hidden as by stealth,—
Elysian fields of joy and health.

In those bright days not only are the wants supplied,
But royal sport is with utility allied:
Abundant game for epicurean tastes abound;
Fish, beasts and birds,—the bounding deer pursued by hound—
Here in our prairie home are found.

Before those prairies heard the sound of puffing steam
The rolling stage—remembered well, was heard and seen;
With clouds of dust enclosing messages of love,
Oft bearing joys seraphic as from realms above,
It came as welcome as the dove.

Faith knows its mark when now at length, to greet our eyes,
Fair Iowa dressed in brightest garb before us lies:
Garden and heart of our great western land is seen,
Rivers and lakes and woods and plains of verdant green,
A vista of beauty on beauty's sheen.

Well, for their settlement, the Eastern States came first
In that vast tide of travel which from Europe burst,
Strange paradox howe'er that we whose lot was cast
"Away out West" should still with Yankee lands be classed!
We're under Eastern skies at last.

Old settlers, friends, in our brief time what shall we say
Has been the progress marked in this our IOWA?
Dumbfounded with the query, mute, we pause and stand,

And question back—what progress does she not command?
 She challenges whate'er is grand.

In every corner of the State our prairies teem
 With beauty, life and energy—infused by steam
 Rivers are bridged—improved machinery made to yield
 Crops fabulous from every cultivated field;
 Progression everywhere revealed.

Cities and towns are built, and manufactories reared,
 Churches to heaven look, and schools to homes endeared.
 With youth and beauty decked our State unrivalled grows,
 While nature her best gifts abundantly bestows.
 "Wilderness blossoms as the rose."

Scenes of the former years no doubt are fresh in mind—
 Rich, racy, ludicrous and serious combined.
 The covered wagon, with it's snail pace o'er the plain,—
 Now fording rivers—dodging prairie fires again.—
 Prepared for sunshine, wind or rain.

Right here, in view of these two temples of the past,
 These gorgeous palaces with open doors at last,*
 We find unique reminder of the hardships rife
 In this new land when first engaging in the strife
 And triumphs of our border life.

If true, the "old log cabin" is almost replaced,
 No danger that its memory will be effaced,
 The dandy and the cyclone both are by it warned,
 Wild innovations and tame fashions too are scorned;
 Never, while memory lasts, transformed.

Land agents sharp, surveyors too,—kept on the bound
 For tenants of tents and leaky cabins all around—
 The clash of opposing title, jargon and clash of tongue,—
 The grasp of lucre by old,—of hand and heart by young,
 Gave romance untold and song unsung.

Those sturdy days gave hearts for homes—found anywhere—
 And hands expert—prepared for any fray to share,—
 With tent quick spread, with banner kissing setting sun
 Our Hawkeye, equipped with Bible, plough and unerring gun,
 Was ready for pioneer life begun.

Two mighty rivers untired still wash our fertile shores,
 Give North and South an interchange of wealth and stores;
 Uniting then in one majestic stream they run,
 Visiting realms as rich as any 'neath the sun,
 And help to bind our land in one.

*Pointing to the Log Cabins lately erected by the Old Settlers on the Fair Ground and dedicated to the Old Settlers' Association.

While rivers—silver chains, bind such a golden land,
 Our vast interior lakes give water courses grand;
 Railroads unnumbered, level paths of travel strew;—
 Have wealth untold, and steel for sinews to renew
 The work herculean they do.

Cities, farms perfected, bright homes on every hand,
 Mark the supremacy of this Elysian land,—
 Not only this, but Cupid, too, can reign supreme:
 Reality can here be found to pictured dream,—
 For social life the very cream.

Some grey heads here confess to three and four score years—
 Happy, we trust, in homes our county much endears.
 Some, restless and uneasy, true, made quick retreat;
 But we, with faith unshaken—now again repeat—
 “Iowa City’s hard to beat.”

While many valued institutions bless our town,
 To be the Athens of our State it is laid down;
 And every, citizen, old or young, is proud to see
 The progress of our grand “old University.”
 Exalted may it ever be!

In town and county, some old landmarks were endeared
 By sweet associations,—hallowed and revered,
 Relics like these, I shudder as I see destroyed,
 Their fate howe’er seems sealed; improvement is devoid
 Of sentimental thoughts enjoyed.

For many noble comrades, gone, we drop a tear,
 Moisten the ground whereon they strove and triumphed here;
 An altar to their mem’ries green, with garlands strewed,
 We rear for sacrifice of praise and thanks renewed;—
 A holocaust of gratitude.

Now to the “Old-old Settler”—glorious pioneer—
 We wish bright sunset skies, unfailing faith, good cheer!
 A goodly land you found, a manly part you bore;
 The tide of life has borne you near the golden shore,—
 Conflicts ended and struggles o’er.

DEATHS.

GEN. W. W. BELKNAP died suddenly at Washington City, Oct. 13th, 1890, having been found dead in his bed. He was a pioneer settler of Keokuk, where, before the war, he raised and commanded a military company. At the breaking out of the war he represented Lee county in the lower house of the

Legislature. On the formation of the 15th Iowa, he was appointed by Gov. Kirkwood its first major, and subsequently became successively its Lieutenant Colonel and Colonel. He afterwards was still further promoted to Brigadier General and Brevet Major General of Volunteers. The principal fields of his military career were the campaigns of Shiloh, Corinth, Vicksburg, Atlanta and the Carolinas, and he fought with a rush and a dash which invested himself and his men, who idolized him, with great renown. In many actions he commanded "Crocker's Iowa Brigade"—the 11th, 13th, 15th, and 16th Iowa Vols.—and after the war re-organized it into the Society of the same name, and by his labor, devotion, magnetism and social resources, made its Biennial Reunions models of their kind which have excited imitation and emulation. On the accession of Grant to the Presidency, he appointed Belknap Collector of Internal Revenue at Keokuk, and on the death of Gen. Rawlins in 1869, he made him Secretary of War. At the time of his death Belknap was sixty-one years of age. He is survived by a son by a former marriage, Hugh R. Belknap, a widow, and a beautiful and accomplished daughter, Alice. Gen. Belknap was a man of large and imposing form, and of a most kind and genial disposition. A portrait and short biographical sketch of him were published in the July number of the RECORD for 1885.

NOTES.

J. W. HORNBY, who resides at Los Angeles, California, claims to be the first-born of Iowa City, as we learn from Capt. N. Levering.

THE letter from Prof. L. F. Parker, published in this number, has brought an answer from Gov. Kirkwood, more promptly than the Professor probably hoped.

THE biography and portrait of the late Judge Austin Adams will appear in the next April number of the RECORD.



Austin Adams

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AUSTIN ADAMS.



THE CITIZENS of the Eastern states, during the last century, inherited their environment; those of the Western states chose and formed theirs, as did the emigrants to New England two hundred years ago. The lives of men coming to Iowa show how that has been done in this state.

Seemingly Austin Adams had everything to attract him to the East, particularly to Boston, and when he left the Harvard Law School to come west, his friends prophesied an early return, believing him unfitted, both by taste and culture, for any settlement beyond the Atlantic states. Later in life when he analyzed the motives for his change, he said: "I wanted more liberty, a society with more variety than I had ever seen in the East." He always disliked to be in a valley, or in a small room, or to have a confined view; he wanted a far horizon.

The evening he reached Dubuque and saw the sun set on the hills of Wisconsin, Illinois and Iowa, and the great river linking the far North with the South, saw the possibilities of this great country, he felt that here was to be his life work. No enticement in the form of money or position could ever call him away from that decision.

His ancestors in Essex county, England, who lived high up on the hills of Chums River, were a quiet, strong, restrained, self-directing people. They were not in the path of armies or battles, they were away from religious disputes. From this sturdy stock came Henry Adams and his wife, who, with their family of eight sons and one daughter emigrated to America in 1632, and settled in Braintree, now Quincy, Mass. The son Joseph remained in Braintree, and from him descended Gov. Samuel Adams and President John Adams. Samuel and Thomas removed to Concord, Mass., then in 1654 to Chelmsford, N. H., and from Samuel Adams, through three intervening generations descended Jonas Adams, born in 1758, the grandfather of the subject of this biography. He was a soldier in the Revolutionary War and married Phoebe Hoar, in New Ipswich, N. H. She was a daughter of Benjamin Hoar and Anna Brooks of Concord, Mass. During the first years of their married life, the hardships on the frontier after the war, did much to make the strong character of their children. Two of the sons were Captain Jerry Adams, and Alvin Adams, the founder of the Adams Express Company. Captain Jerry Adams was in the war of 1812. He was a well-to-do farmer, clerk of the school district for many years, and represented his town twice in the legislature; "a man of great integrity and good sense, and had the respect of every one." In 1816 he married Dorcas Austin, daughter of David Austin and Lydia Barker. Their fifth child and oldest son was Austin Adams, born May 24th, 1826, in Andover, Vt.,—"a village, where humanity seemed to borrow the grave, enduring, reticent, and solid qualities that belong to the rocks and hills, which stand in everlasting stillness and strength, ensamples and illustrations of Nature's sternest and most steadfast moods."

His boyhood was spent on the Vermont Hill farm, with an outlook to the illumined east; with a trout brook in a deep glen, with woods near, a maple grove for making sugar, a fruit orchard under his window, melodious with birds; he had

the quiet of the high rocky pasture with the glories of the sky overhead, and views of distant farms for the imagination to play upon—the winding road over far hills to Boston, to the market, and to the world beyond; this situation during the summer, with the district school in winter where in early childhood he listened to older scholars reciting, and learned how his small knowledge was the beginning of a wider outlook—all this gave him a close relationship to Nature with desire for culture. Here his talents were quickened and his ambition for life directed. In the ungraded country school the history, geography and astronomy of the older pupils awakened the young active minds in the primary classes, before they were drilled and confined by their own studies, and took the place to them of travel and lectures. The school had a kind of family life.

In referring to it in later years Judge Adams wrote: "Some of the pleasantest remembrances which I have of the school are those connected with older pupils, the young men and women. They not only assisted me in my studies, but their presence and example afforded me inspiration." The association of the young with superior people he considered most important. At Dartmouth his friendship with Professors Haddock and Samuel Brown he valued above his study of Latin and Greek, for they introduced him to ancient classic culture and were themselves notable examples of its benefits. His walks and talks with them were among his most cherished recollections. It was this experience in the country school and academy life, compared with Dartmouth College years that made Judge Adams such an earnest advocate of co-education in later years.

Facilities for lighting then were poor. Tallow dips, whale oil lamps, and the light from the great fireplace, loaded with logs, were all they had. He had a high-back chair with a hanging candlestick on the right-hand post. The poor light, with small print of the Greek dictionaries, injured his eyesight, which necessitated the use of spectacles at an early age. The

physical inability to see distinctly increased an introspective state of mind and somewhat blunted the observing powers which he himself regretted.

His grand parents secured the school and church on a corner of their farm in 1794. Some of the people came many miles to church, which was not heated even in winter. Between the services the men walked about outside, talking over their affairs, and the women and children crowded into the parsonage, and into their house near by, thus giving them a kind of Sunday party. The noon hour brought care to the Adams household, but the compensating advantages of society. Of the preaching in this church Judge Adams retained only sad and bitter memories. He heard only dogmatic and terrorizing theology. His parents said little about it, but it succeeded in destroying much of the happiness of his childhood. Of the district school he says: "My remembrance of it and what transpired there is pleasant." There was a lyceum where the members took part, even the deserving youngest in some way. Talent was recognized and encouraged. His mother had a low box for him to speak pieces on at four years of age. Each family expected that at least one child should have a college education. The winter he was eight years old his uncle, Franklin Austin, taught and gave him an idea of the unity of knowledge, how geography helped history, mathematics astronomy, how all sciences aided each other. This gave him an enthusiasm for all knowledge, which in after life he saw was a light that many lacked, who in childhood had not had teachers with philosophic and poetic application of generalization.

While Austin Adams' tastes led him to books, his intimate friends were the strong, free-hearted boys who owned cattle and were out-of-door men. He liked fearless, go-ahead people. During his academy life he was considered an excellent wrestler. He could throw those twice his weight. His strength of muscle and cord he attributed to his strong ancestors and his summer work on the farm with scythe, pitchfork

and axe. While preparing for college he taught school in winter and worked on the farm in summer. When he was fourteen he went to Ludlow Academy and afterwards to another academy at Townsend, Vt., where his teacher, Prof. Bunnell, took great pains with his rhetoric, and instructed him in the permanent pleasures of literature. Here they had an Arbor Day. He planted a tree which was named for him in the public park, the reminiscences of which were so pleasant that when in 1886 the Dubuque High School celebrated Arbor Day, he marched with the pupils from school to park, where they planted memorial trees. He thought the public schools were made democratic and educational for the citizens at times to participate with the scholars in exercises, and thus parents and children, the officers of the state and fine society be united in pleasant social and educational associations. When sixteen he taught school where several of the pupils were older than himself. His government was never one of physical force. In one case of insubordination when the pupils were indirectly enlisted with the delinquents, he converted the school into a court and had the subject discussed; whether it was wise to misplace play and destroy advantages for education that were being enjoyed at high prices, and whether the few were justified in destroying for the sake of pleasure the right of the many. In after years the pupils told him that this court was invaluable. It awoke in them a sense of their responsibility to those who sent them. They learned of their rights as individuals in society, and that the good of the greatest number, not the pleasure of the few, was to be sought. After they fully understood the philosophy of the situation they began to work out their own salvation, and he had no further trouble.

After graduation from Dartmouth College, in 1848, he pursued his legal studies during the five years he was principal of an academy at West Randolph, Vt. Here his pupils, many of them preparing for college, others for teaching, were the means of his perfecting his classical studies and training in

him a serene patience. He always had a characteristic courtesy of manner, arising from respect for another's thought, and hearty sympathy with the aspiring and ambitious students.

In 1853 he attended for a short time Harvard Law School, and returned to Woodstock, Vt., where he was admitted to practice law January, 1854. He was examined by Hon. Jacob Collamer, before that time Postmaster General, and formed a partnership with Ex-Governor Coolidge, but soon felt that his work lay in the northwest. He settled in Dubuque, July, 1854. Many parents here urged his opening an academy, as there were no advantages for youth in the higher branches of education. He taught six months with Miss Mary Mann, sister of Horace Mann. In 1855 he became a member of the law firm of Cooley, Blatchley & Adams, but during this year was also active with Rev. Samuel Newbury in holding Teachers' Institutes, working for the establishment of the public school system in Iowa. The history of Dubuque county says: "There was much apathy in regard to education until 1855, from this time a new spirit was infused into the community and the cause of public education was greatly promoted."

He entered heartily as a citizen into the campaign of Fremont in 1856. He was then a member of the law firm of Lovell, Adams & Lovell, Virginia gentlemen. So situated he could see the coming conflict. In one address in 1856, he says: "If the day has come that John C. Fremont or any other man in the country cannot be elected president without that election destroying the government then we have no republican government to-day." Again he says: "This great battle for human rights and human liberty, the presidential campaign of '56, is fast drawing to a close. It will now become a part of the history of the country; committed to the eternal memory of letters." He then pictures the evil that will come from the election of Buchanan, and adds—"but we will place our protest in the record of the history of these days of infamy and political corruption, there shall stand also recorded the immor-

tal principles that this day have been enunciated. Whatever shall be the result of this election the result of this campaign shall be glorious, for it has perfected the organization of a party that has more vitality to-day than all other parties combined."

In a political address he said: "It did not seem possible that in two years a political party in this country should acquire such marvelous strength; but it is not strange, for though this particular organization is new, yet our principles are old" * * * "We stick by the old precedents and the old landmarks not only because they are right and just and proper, but because they are the old precedents and landmarks, whose age is the best evidence in the world of their constitutionality." Austin Adams was a conservative in his habits and methods, but his thought was radical. It was based on the nature of the human soul, and principles underlying social formation and observations on real life about him. Social forms and governmental laws were to be honored if old. "They must have served some use in the training and educating into social order and aided right living, and must not readily, easily, nor by individuals be set aside."

He helped to organize a Young Men's Christian Association in Dubuque in 1857. The year before he delivered an address on "The Study of the Bible as Aiding People to Constitutional Liberty." For three years he had a Bible class of mature persons, while a member and a trustee of the Congregational church, and for two years in the Universalist church. One year he had evenings devoted to the study of physical science in the Young Men's Christian Association. He had the subject of geology, and "unrolled the gospel of the storied world to the youth gathered there."

He wrote: "All science may be regarded as sacred. It reveals the creative energy through which God expresses himself. Dreamy contemplation not founded upon knowledge can not attain to Him. We can not reach Him immediately in his absoluteness, we can only know Him as expressed in actual creation."

During the winter of '54 and '55 he lectured three times to gain a fund for the nucleus of a public library. The books, bought with the money, were kept in his office, and he with his partner, Mr. Blatchley, kept the record of books taken and returned for two years. In 1861 he lectured for the library on "Four Epochs of Great Men." The paper reported it as "a most finished literary production, rich with information, the effort of a cultivated intellect." Three reading classes were the fruit from the discussion it caused.

In May, 1861, there was received by the Young Men's Christian Association in Dubuque, a circular from the Young Men's Christian Association of Richmond, Va., trying to influence "in connection with the Confederacy of the Young Men's Christian Associations" the members and induce northern organizations "as Christians to let them depart in peace" with their plunder of public property. They said their members with their ministry were largely represented in the ranks of their army, etc., etc. Austin Adams, then secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association, sent to them a spirited reply, admirably fitted to the time and the forming of opinion. It was full of statistics and a great deal that tended to open their eyes and inform their understanding. It was very widely copied and particularly valued by Horace Greeley.

On the 8th of September, 1857, Austin Adams was married in Dubuque to Mary K. Newbury, second daughter of the Rev. Samuel and Mrs. Mary Sergeant Newbury. In their home life their aim was, to have some inspiring thought woven into the duties of each day. They recognized that "the ornaments of a house are the friends who frequent it." Their hospitality brought to their home many choice inspiring people. He was fond of the best society and the meeting with congenial friends his delight. His hospitality to another's thought and the tact with which he would aid one to speak better than they realized that they knew, made him sought for as a friend by those who knew more than they could adequately express. Reverent to mind, with admiration for vitality and hope, he aided and encouraged effort and thought.

Their children were Annabel,—Mrs. O. S. Goan,—Eugene, Herbert and Cecilia. He joined with them in their pleasures and aided and encouraged them in industry and tasks—his sunny disposition and exquisite imagination being a great inspiration as well as help. He wrote in an article on Kindergartens: "We cannot make children perfect, but we can place before them such visions that they will be greatly stimulated in working out their own salvation." Purity and sweetness of character shone conspicuously in his home life—his children feeling a greater freedom with him than with their mates. He guided by reason in government, but used no force to compel obedience, allowing each to reap the error of wrong doing.

He wrote: "When a boy I would go any distance to hear an eloquent address. If there was a law suit in the town I was never easy until I found out all about it. Long before I attended a trial, I remember a suit brought for fraud in the sale of a horse." "The law had a perfect fascination for me before I was ten years old, and I think before I ever saw a lawyer or a court."

He frequented the Court House at Woodstock, and delighted in hearing the best legal talent in Vermont. Some of the men kindly remembered the boy after he became a man. His knowledge of motives and his love of justice often led some to think that his protection of the seeming guilty was sentimentality, when it was a deeper and farther sight, than the letter of the law permitted. After a difficult case where he felt the written law hardly gave justice, yet the law not quite flexible enough even to be right, he wrote "Loaded Dice," one verse of which was:

"Could but one search with deeper eyes
God's great stores of private fates,
We oft might see how iron ties
Bind to inward outward states."

His early intuitions and observations of human characters were transformed into settled principles of feeling and action

in his mature years. He greatly lamented the well-meant but unauthorized attempts to subject principles of law to some imagined expediency. Courts he knew had no right to set aside laws upon their own motives of propriety, if they are constitutional, neither could they decide what was not constitutional to be a law. Every unconstitutional law which is made to stand, creates a permanent and mischievous evil by overturning the only safe-guards which we possess against public usurpation. He felt that the courts must prevent the ignorant and impetuous from destroying the stability of the very system that gave ability to advance with safety.

He had that strength of will, courage of conviction, that bore him through many a grave crisis when called to perform a duty imposed on him by the law, but repugnant to his feelings and his wishes. However slow and reluctant he might have reached an opinion, when finally convinced he adhered to his conclusion with great tenacity. He had firmness with his gentle moderation. His natural judicial mind and his pleasure in exact writing made his life after his election to the Supreme bench pleasant and regular.

During the war, 1864, he devoted three months at one time as the secretary of the Sanitary Fair, to raise money for the hospital. He was very active speaking in the two campaigns of Lincoln. He attended the discussion at Galena between Stephen A. Douglas and Abraham Lincoln, and came home remarking: "I have heard the greatest man I ever listened to. He ought to be our next president." With such faith his work was *con amore*.

In 1865 he was elected president of the Board of Education in Dubuque. From that time he gave to the schools and teachers much of his time, strength and learning. His brother-in-law, Hon. P. Robb, followed him as president.

In December, 1865, he, with ten gentlemen, formed a literary club, called "The Round Table." They hired a room, furnished it, and had a large round table in the centre with room to accommodate fifteen. When Wendell Phillips and

R. W. Emerson were in the city, and visited it, they were much pleased and carried back to Boston complimentary accounts of their "find in the West." Austin Adams was president of this club till it disbanded when he went on the bench in 1876. Some of his subjects for conversation were "Sir Walter Scott,—The Real and the Ideal," "Alexander Von Humboldt,—The Natural History and Distribution of Plants," "Henry the VIII—Origin of the Church of England," "Julius Cæsar —The Foundation of Roman Imperialism," "Plato—The Development of the Ideal Theory in Philosophy," "Joseph Story—English and American Jurisprudence Contrasted," "Hugo Grotius—The Ethical Relations of Nations," etc., etc.

When elected to the Supreme Court of Iowa, 1875, he went from the firm of Adams, Robison & Lacy. In 1881 he was re-elected. After retiring from the Supreme bench, in 1887, he formed a partnership with County Attorney Alphons Matthews, and continued in that relation up to the time of his death.

In 1867 he delivered an address before the literary society of Lombard University, Galesburg, Ill., and later the same year at Iowa College, at Grinnell, on "Classical Learning as an Element of Modern Scholarship." He thought the practical materialistic tendencies of a democracy were corrected by the disciplinary effect of classical studies and culture of the imagination. He closed by picturing the great apostle of American democracy, the sage of Monticello, devoting his last energies, having secured the freedom of individuals, to the endowment of the study of the ancients in Virginia's University, and while people honor "the political principles of Jefferson let them not forget the connection which he thought he saw between the full fruition of democratic ideas and the liberality and culture which result from an acquaintance with the art and literature of the polished nations of antiquity." "'Tis far in the depths of history the voice that speaketh clear."

Among his papers were found, after his death, notes pre-

paring a lecture on "Poetry as Adapted to the Mental Needs of the Laboring Man." His idea for reformation was, more means for legitimate pleasure: increase the capacity of mind to observe and enjoy the beauty about you. The liberalizing and refining influence of Walter Scott's novels and poems, and Robert Burns' was a favorite theme.

He never liked to hear tragic or terrorizing tales. He always dwelt on the sunnier phase of life; sought out what led to happiness, especially the power to rise above trouble and unfortunate circumstances. His "Stoic's Dream" is one of his most characteristic poems. It is difficult to conceive of any combination of circumstances in which he himself could have been placed where he would not have found a few rays of hope and some crumbs of comfort and consolation. He had his full share of trials but he never dwelt upon them. His recreation from the drudgery of courts was in the delights of best literature. He read with discrimination, and just what he wanted, then stopped and reflected. "Don't load the mind with what it is not interested in or needs in life." He seldom read all of one book, but had the keen scent to know where choice parts were. Writing was a rest rather than an effort. The sentences were held in mind perfectly as he wished to write them before he took his pen. His lucid and easy style came from the fact that he always knew what the distinct idea was he had to communicate. His prose pieces were not essays but statements of an idea. His poems were to express more briefly than even his short prose pieces what he wished to say. They were written for occasions, for children, or friends. He revised and prepared nothing for publication but the opinions to be found in the bound volumes of Iowa Reports from 1875 to 1887. On those he expended a great deal of strength and careful thought in regard to the precedent which they established.

In 1862 and 1863 he, with a friend, met once a week to practice and drill the mind and enlarge the fund of knowledge. Each would speak on a subject of his own selection, for

fifteen minutes, standing, without notes, or without having before written or committed anything to memory, but with the subject arranged in the mind and what they were to speak on. This was to train the mind in memory and to exactness in thought, to hold the matter in sequence, directed by the will. It increased the fund of knowledge and enlarged his outlook into literature. The subjects were reviews of books and sometimes physical science, which he did not naturally enjoy, only so far as it illustrated metaphysical truths, and he felt the need of a special study of exact material facts. This method he thought an admirable one, and regretted he had not had it when he was less busy and in early life. He heartily recommended it to youth of both sexes as a drill to gain possession of the powers of the mind, and to happiness by subjecting the mind to the will.

Prof. Alfred Stebbins writes of his extemporaneous remarks at this time after this practice. "I recall with great pleasure an address made by Judge Adams before my pupils and teachers in 1862, while I was in charge of the Third Ward and High School of Dubuque. I had not before met him, and I was much impressed with his scholarly appearance, and his benevolent and warm interest in young people and their development. His address was carefully prepared, classical in diction, and profound in insight. It was not only logical but was interpenetrated with warmth, and was listened to with undivided attention by both pupils and teachers. I myself and all present were uplifted and stimulated in the work of education. Judge Adams through his various addresses and personal contact with educators has left an unbounded impress upon the mind and character of this generation, and has been a great force in the evolution of the time."

August 6th, 1879, Judge Adams assisted at the opening of the Lake Park Assembly at Lake Minnetonka. He said,
* * * "This spot, where lately the red man lighted his camp-fire, we have come to consecrate with prayer, song and oratory; to consecrate to social enjoyment, to rest and recrea-

tion from the overwork and strain incident to our advanced civilization; to consecrate to aesthetics, for to its natural beauty are added those of cultivated landscape and architecture. We have to consecrate it to the study of science and literature. We have come to consecrate it to the graces of manner which courts and cities can not monopolize, but which spring up as well in the country and in the wildwood. We have come to consecrate it to the graces of the mind, and finally to the graces of life and spirit, found only in religion."

In August, 1883, Dartmouth College conferred on him the degree of LL. D.

In 1868 The Ladies Literary Society of Iowa College asked a lady who had graduated from Troy Female Seminary in 1857 to address them at their commencement, When the trustees found it out one of them, a congregational minister, told the husband of the lady that they had "had the matter under advisement, and were not yet prepared to allow a woman to occupy the college platform at commencement, but that the invitation was not recalled on personal grounds." Judge Adams took the matter into the newspapers for discussion, as he had addressed the gentlemen's literary society the year before. He wrote July, 1868, "the fact is that no person can be allowed to deliver a literary address before a literary society of young ladies in Iowa College unless such person is of the male gender. Such is the unanimous and magnanimous decision of the faculty. If I mistake not this is a decision that the friends of woman's education, in Iowa, will take notice of. Two years ago the writer attended the commencement of Iowa College. The commencement exercises were listened to by an audience two-thirds of which were ladies. The ladies who read essays from the college platform, were equal in number to the gentlemen who spoke from the same place, and were superior in ability by common consent. As I saw one lady after another step upon the platform and gracefully read a well-written essay, I thought it was the handsomest and most ladylike thing that a lady could do. These

young women had gone through a full course of study and exhibited a maturity of scholarship that was exceedingly gratifying. Nor was it much less gratifying to observe that while they had been absorbed for years in the most exacting studies they had not overlooked the latest fashions and had abated nothing in their good taste in dress. It was easy to predict for them a happy future. Many, it might be presumed, would become the wives of intellectual men, would be surrounded by books, and move in intellectual society. Suppose that ten years later the most accomplished lady of them all should be invited back with her ripened scholarship and higher culture to stand again on the same old platform and read an essay not of ten minutes, but of forty minutes length, the fruit of her advanced studies and deeper experiences, why should the faculty say, 'we are of one opinion about the unadvisability of getting woman orators here?'

Judge Adams was an earnest advocate of the benefit which women would acquire from the study of the law, and the good to society to have women, particularly teachers and mothers, trained and informed by familiarity with the principle and methods adopted to secure justice and peace in the community and state. He always welcomed them to the lecture room when lecturer at the Iowa State University, and was the first chief justice to admit a woman to practice in the Supreme Court of Iowa, and often praised the manner in which she tried a case, at the time she was admitted.

In June, 1886, as chief justice, he presided at the ceremonies of the opening of the new Iowa Supreme Court rooms. His remarks were followed by Judge George G. Wright, Hon. T. S. Parvin, Judge C. C. Cole, John M. Baldwin, Esq., Judge Beck and Hon. Samuel F. Miller, of the United States Supreme Court.

In the memorial exercises for General Grant held in the Public Park, in Dubuque, Judge Adams delivered the eulogy. Several years before when General Grant returned to Galena with his honors from the war and as president of the United

States, Judge Adams was one of the principal speakers. The General expressed to him very warm words of praise on that occasion.

A pupil says of him: "In teaching, his efforts were directed toward training the faculties, disciplining the memory, sharpening the perception, and enlarging the understanding. He would first draw the student out, find where his difficulty lay, and assist him in that particular place. His endeavor was to assist him in securing a distinct, sharply-defined idea of what he had under consideration. In all study he urged having the leading thought not blurred by unessentials: in philosophy the pupil was kept from floating off and dissolving into mysticism by being required to state in exact definite language his understanding of the subject. He studied history by epochs, becoming interested through historical novels, drama, painting, contemporaneous history, the religion, then the politics growing from these elemental forces. The facts learned had a vital relation with each other, one felt they had a picture of that time. In the law school the students called him 'the intensely practical lawyer.' He crystallized a thought by an illustration and laid stress on the application of the principles of law quite as much as on the knowledge of them. This was one of the reasons probably for his great admiration of the Irish: their ability to find the important points in a subject and present them curtly, clearly, and their ability to apply directly to the point what they knew of the work in hand. He also admired their good heartedness and genial dispositions; their songs were his favorites."

One of Judge Adams' leading characteristics was an unusual charitableness to the opinion of others. He could understand the reason for differing beliefs; what were the conditions or state of mind that led to them, and consequently was not harsh in his judgments. He had the faculty of putting himself in another's place and seeing through their eyes, judging from their standpoint and realizing their peculiar difficulties. For

this reason his kindness and forbearance with people's faults were the results of a comprehension of the situation; for this reason he was a good educator. He sympathized with the best that was in one, and thus developed it. He had a cherishing care for budding ideas, which brought them to maturity, and an unlimited faith in your undeveloped resources, that acted like sunshine on your capabilities. His appreciation was most stimulating. While with him you unconsciously grew toward the ideal he had of you. He often seemed to see people quite as much in what they might be as in what they were. A struggling intellect or a striving soul had a peculiar charm for him, for the very reason that it needed assistance. This gave him great enjoyment of the young.

When he was but ten years old his father, when returning from the Legislature, brought his son Watts' "On the Improvement of the Mind;" again, "The New England School Boy;" and his mother later gave him Pope's "Essay on Man." The latter he committed to memory. These books directed his life. Here in the quiet of the Green Mountains he learned of the dignity of life and the worth of the human mind. The event looked forward to by this boy was not the circus but the meeting of Court, seeing the austere men of law adjust society to peace and progress. The instincts of his childhood and his enlightened reason led him to the faith that authority must be divinity, that the human mind must be divine else collected ballots are not authoritative. His whole life was permeated with this faith. He was not a reformer but a meliorator.

He wrote: "Social science in its ideal result will bring every individual to perfection through social effort." To him the various organizations were associations for the betterment of society: these efforts were inspired by religious feeling, but reason directed aims and methods. Among the important factors in society he ranked a well-organized family that had wisdom in the daily conduct of life.

One who knew him intimately writes: "To me his religion

was the most valuable part of the man. It was the main spring of his life. The knowledge of what he really was and believed would have a most beneficial influence. He was the most religious person I ever knew. It would not give a true picture of him that did not show that side of him adequately."

Austin Adams' definition of religion was: "The conscious effort of the finite to realize the Infinite." It was the rebinding of the individual will to what was true and good: the motive force of life. In a circular written in 1871 to aid in forming a society free from sects, but religious, he wrote: "Believing in all that is good in the different forms of religion, but regretting the restrictions that are imposed upon it by limiting it to times and places, and historic names," etc. * * "This society's essential idea should be not antagonism to existing institutions; but the promotion of Absolute Religion, which pervades all the sects, and which is more diffusive than the air we breathe, and older and more modern than the sun. We believe that God is not revealed by the imaginations of men, but in the truths of history, and of the physical and moral world. We are therefore reverently seeking such truth, believing that as we find it we shall find God and that as we find Him He will command our unfeigned worship and love." He could harmonize with Catholic or Protestant, Jew or Gentile or Buddhist, any who had a definite spiritual faith, but with the irreverent, those incapable of perceiving the spirit animating humanity and had no faith in God or man, he found little in common. His philosophy and religion were part of the warp and woof of his life, and were exemplified in every act, but as was characteristic of him, he said very little about it, but insisted on the sacrifice of personal appetite, desire and taste if such came in conflict with the good of society. His rule was: "So act that the immediate motive of thy will can be the motive of every intelligent being," Kant's statement of the basis of morality. The motives which guided him could be the motives of the humblest, poorest man—a rational life

with cheap living. In his home and society his efforts were put forth to secure a suitable environment for such moral happy life, free from fanaticism and ignorant superstition, that would enable one to enter the eternal life of thought and aspiration with energy while in the body. All inventions, travels for knowledge, and efforts of the human mind, interested him, that led to the inheritance, through appreciation, of the earth and its law, order and beauty. To-day was sacred time. His interest in scientific and metaphysical researches, his desire to multiply advantages for culture and to stimulate ambition in progress grew from his earnest religious faith. It was the meeting reverently with minds that gave him power to quicken and inspire them with spirit, which is the testimony of many noble men and women who were his scholars—now scattered from ocean to ocean, from Florida to Oregon. They agree in their testimony that he made life seem worth living, and an integral part of the higher life. He was not one who thought liberality meant indifference to religious belief, but that one should have a definite faith that they could believe and live up to. His love for law shaped his life into methods ethical for the state. Individuals were aided to best life by calling out their highest qualities, and to self-directing action. That liberating of the mind that comes from scholarship and free inquiry, that knowing the right know how to make it prevail.

He stood with reverence before the minds of the students in the law school. He looked upon them as forces working for the salvation of society through the correct administration of law. When asked why he did not compel a certain course and certain things he answered: "The principles are their authority, not I. I strive to have them see how these have been incorporated in these laws."

In 1863 he delivered a Fourth of July address at Manchester, Iowa, and in 1870, July 4th, at Waterloo.

In 1869, when Dubuque very generally celebrated the centennial of Alexander Von Humboldt, he delivered an address.

In 1872 to his exertions was due somewhat the success of

the meeting of the National Scientific Association. Not as a scientist but through correspondence, by the work of weeks spent in preparing arrangements for entertaining the many learned guests in the small city, and in securing churches to hold the meetings. He was peculiarly happy in after-dinner speeches requiring humor, geniality, simplicity with fitness to persons and place. His brevity with lucidity of thought, made his remarks effective and impressive.

Some thoughts as written by Judge Adams in 1869, are here copied to afford an insight to his religious belief:

"That we are moral and responsible beings is attested by our consciousness. If the divine spirit becomes operative in our spirit it is only through a subjective union resulting in a higher freedom. This idea is recognized in the invocation of the poet,

'Come Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove
With all thy quickening powers.'

We sometimes come in contact with a person of so exalted a nature that the noblest impulses of our hearts are quickened and virtue and duty acquire a new attractiveness. We find ourselves elevated to a higher moral plane. We become capable of better thoughts and better deeds. For the time, and perhaps evermore, we live a truer, nobler and freer life. Yet the inspiration thus received involves the will, and it is because we voluntarily choose the higher life that the inspiration is of any value to us. The world is full of these precious influences and how carefully and sacredly we garner and cherish them. How we call into requisition the canvas, the marble, and the granite. How patiently the muse of history broods over the high places of the earth to commit to her immortal page the record of all great thoughts and deeds. And then comes the muse of poetry and over the cold, bold peaks of history throws the bright hues of her imagination. So year by year the world grows richer in all that can elevate, inspire and ennoble. And the world is and evermore shall be elevated, inspired and ennobled. This is our faith. This is our

religion. No one shall set limits to this blessed progression. It is from its very nature illimitable. Now however potent may be the influences in the future, that shall take up each successive generation to a higher and higher plane, who will say that anything of restraint is thereby imposed upon man's moral freedom? And in that other future, where no circling planets measure the revolving years, nor generations come nor go, but where the individual survives the race, who shall presume to estimate the inborn possibilities of the immortal spirit, or explain its laws, as it shall be ever unfolding in that world of life and love?"

During the last year of his life he was greatly interested in what he called the "vitality of mankind," that expressed itself in "Blue Grass Palaces," "Corn Palaces," "Summer Schools," etc. He compared the immense advantages people had now for meeting and exercising their ability and faculties with the first quarter of the century. Newspapers and books had not then introduced to households and harvest festivals the discussions of politics and affairs of state and society. Here in the quiet room, but with wide view, the world of nature became more than ever an interest to him, and many things gave him keen delight which he had never before had leisure to look at so closely, harmonies of color and form, the wonders of natural history, the structure of a bird's feather—the beautiful and true shown in the world of inanimate nature as well as in the world of intellect and thought. This year he more than once said, was the happiest of his life, sustained and soothed by an unfaltering trust in the order and law of the universe. He did not do any business after January, nor go to ride after March, nor leave his room after May, but the powers of his mind were unabated in energy—there was a peace, a serenity and delight in the best literature, and he was able to listen to reading five and six hours a day. The leaves and flowers of the autumn garden were brought into his room, affording pleasure and peace. His family were about him in the evening when he seemed more comfortable,—but the life was closed at four in the morning, 17th of October, 1890.

"While down the ranges of the east
There fell the music of the spheres,"

the long silence came.

"When frail Nature can no more
Then the Spirit strikes the hour;
My servant Death with solving rite
Pours finite into infinite."

A man gentle and bending as a steel spring, but not as a willow. He controlled high spirit and active desires which gave dignity in bearing, and to his language force, sharply directed, but restrained to the end sought, refined but strong. No untoward action ever marred the harmony of his character, no coarse or unseemly expression ever escaped his lips. He was sometimes indignant but never despairing. Regular and temperate in his habits, and an indefatigable worker, by the simplicity of his life and living he proved that the best things could be enjoyed with very little expense, and that all one's energies need not be spent to amass wealth in order to acquire culture or to spend a happy useful life. He found his enjoyment in the quiet of his home, in the rearing of his family, in the entertainment of gifted friends, and in the conscientious performance of his arduous duties. The society of the refined intellectual people of the little city he loved so well, and the picturesque scenery surrounding it were constant sources of delight. Contented and serene, pleasure could only have been increased by having leisure to enjoy what he already had. Malice or misfortune could not injure him, his happiness was in the state of his mind, not exterior conditions. A stormy path only redoubled his vigilance. He had that peace, that passeth the understanding.

ADDRESS.

DELIVERED AT THE DEDICATION OF GEN. N. B. BAKER'S
MONUMENT AT THE CEMETERY IN DES MOINES,
SEPT. 6, 1878, BY HON. S. J. KIRKWOOD.



WE HAVE met to-day to complete a good work—to dedicate a monument erected to perpetuate the memory of our fellow-citizen, Nathaniel B. Baker. The monument has been finished, and stands before us, worthy in its material, in its workmanship, in its beauty, of its purpose. The part that has been assigned to me in the ceremonies of its dedication is to me both grateful and embarrassing—grateful in that it affords me the opportunity to speak in praise of a man whom I knew thoroughly and esteemed highly, and embarrassing in that I can say nothing of him to you, who also knew him well, that will not seem to you as familiar as an oft-told tale.

He came to Iowa in 1856, and settled at Clinton when the site of that now-thriving and beautiful city was an almost unbroken prairie. My personal acquaintance with him began at the eighth session of the General Assembly of our state, he having been elected a member of the House from Clinton county. During that session he became known to me, as to all others with whom he came in contact, as an active, industrious and intelligent legislator, and as a kindly, genial, pleasant gentleman. With the spring of 1861 came the outbreak of the great rebellion. I am but saying what you all know when I say that that event brought to the official position I then held in our state, much of care, labor and responsibility, and that I needed in the office of Adjutant General a man whose earnest devotion to the cause of the Union, whose varied intelligence, whose business capacity, whose unwearied industry and whose untiring energy would tend to lighten that care—lessen that labor, although it could not share that responsibility. Such a man I found in him to whose memory we render honor to-day.

From the time of his appointment as Adjutant General, July 25, 1861, until the close of my official term in January, 1864, my intercourse with him, both official and personal, was close and intimate, and enables me to speak with knowledge of him, both as an officer and a man. In order to give you a fair understanding of his official work I must explain to some extent the difficulties under which the work was done. I think it would be difficult to imagine a people more utterly unprepared for war than were the people of Iowa at the outbreak of the rebellion. We would not, until war was actually begun, believe that our Southern brethren could be guilty of the insane folly of making war upon a government that had never done them anything but good, and so we were almost entirely unprepared to do our part in the conflict. We had men, the material from which soldiers are made, none braver or better, but were without military knowledge and organization. When the requisition from President Lincoln came for the first regiment of Iowa volunteers, the composition and organization of that regiment was a question of anxious and earnest inquiry. Judge Dillon, then of the Supreme Court of Iowa, was consulted and gave his opinion, but with less confidence in its correctness, I think, than he usually had when announcing decisions from the bench. I remember very distinctly the relief felt when it was learned there was living at Marion, in Linn county, a gentleman who had been educated at West Point—General McKean—the hot haste in which a messenger was dispatched to bring him to Davenport, and the hearty satisfaction that followed his arrival. We had no food for our volunteers, no clothing, no arms; our treasury was without money, and if it had been full no part of the money could have been used, for the reason that no appropriation had been made for military purposes. Our state had not then, in the wild excitement and uncertainty of the time, any credit outside its own limits, and we had but little money within the state. But our people had faith in themselves, in each other, and in the good cause. Money, to some extent, was absolutely

essential, and the banks of the state, (we had the old State Bank then) came nobly to the front and furnished all the money they could spare with justice to their depositors and the public. Railroad men and steamboat men and stage men furnished transportation and waited for their pay. Individuals gave their services without pay or waited payment. Two men especially, Hiram Price, of Davenport, and Ezekiel Clark, of Iowa City, rendered good service. They were both men of wealth and had good credit, and they used their money and their credit to the utmost when such service was sorely needed. It was in the midst of these embarrassments that I secured the services of General Baker, and he entered upon the discharge of his duties with earnestness and vigor. He *created* the Adjutant General's Department in Iowa. Before the rebellion it had existed in name only. He made it a reality, gave it form and substance, and made it one of the best, if not the very best, state Adjutant General's office in the United States. His duties were various, arduous and unceasing, and I am speaking to many who know, as well as I, that his attention to them was faithful, intelligent and unremitting. I have already said that during the earlier months of the rebellion the general government was not able to take upon itself its proper duty of *subsisting*, clothing and arming volunteers as they came forward, and that the state authorities were required to do these things so far as possible without means with which to do them. Volunteers often came forward in much greater numbers than called for, and beyond the power of the state authorities to care for them, and they not knowing the difficulties under which the authorities labored, were sometimes indignant at what they supposed to be culpable remissness in not making proper arrangements for their comfort. I was necessarily absent from Davenport much of the time, and consequently the burden of meeting and allaying this natural but still unjust feeling fell upon General Baker, and doubtless many of this audience can yet remember the kindness, the tact, the skill with which he did it. His

labors for the soldiers were untiring, and his pride in them unbounded. During the war and afterward, and until his death, he always spoke of them as "my boys," "my soldiers," and for years before his death they showed their kindly feeling toward him by giving him the familiar name of "Pap Baker."

It does not become me to say what opinion the good people of Iowa have or should have of the work done by the chief executive of Iowa and his staff during that trying time; whether or not they think or should think that work was reasonably well done. But it would be grossly unjust and ungrateful in me if I did not say that whatever of success was achieved was largely due to the ability, energy and devotion of Nathaniel B. Baker.

It is not necessary, before this audience, to speak at length of the personal characteristics of our departed friend. Many of you had the pleasure of a long personal acquaintance with him. I ever found him to be an unflinching friend; frank, genial, generous to a fault, as tender-hearted as a woman, moved often to tears and always ready to divide his last dollar by a tale of distress, especially if told by a soldier or by a soldier's widow or orphan.

I might perhaps properly close here, but the thing we have met here to do suggests some thoughts which I am not willing to leave unspoken. We do honor to the memory of General Baker not so much on account of his private virtues as of his public services, and his public services are especially worthy of commemoration because they aided in maintaining the honor of the old flag and the preservation of the Union. Our civil war naturally and inevitably left behind it angry and bitter feeling, which every right-minded man desires to have soothed and removed as rapidly as it can be done to be thoroughly done. But this bad feeling, this sore on the body politic must be treated somewhat like an ugly sore on the human body, we must guard alike against such treatment as will make the sore permanent and such treatment as will by too

great haste skin the sore over without curing it, leaving it to break out again. It seems to me the tendency of the day is towards the latter error. Instead of frankly and manfully accepting things as they are and must be and making the best we can of them, instead of making proper allowance for natural distrust on the part of the victors and natural bitterness on the part of the vanquished, some of our people seem to desire to ignore the fact that we have ever had a civil war, or to insist that if it shall be remembered at all it shall be only as an unfortunate and foolish quarrel in which both sides were about equally wrong, and neither side especially to blame—that at least each side believed itself to be right and was fighting according to its convictions, and that no blame should attach to him who has convictions and who has the courage to fight for them.

The tendency of this view of affairs is to call in question the wisdom and propriety of such action as ours here to-day, and is in my judgment radically and dangerously wrong. Our veneration for the memory of those who died that our nation might live, and that we and those who are to follow us might enjoy the great good to flow therefrom if we shall preserve what they died for, the affectionate regard we have for their comrades who suffered and fought with them for the same good cause and yet survive among us, our bounden duty to transmit to those who shall soon stand in our places, strong, stately and unimpaired, the goodly fabric thus placed in our hands, and under our care, all these and a thousand tender recollections therewith connected require us, as true men, to see to it, so far as we may, that the sentiment of loyalty to the nation shall be honored and cherished; that the name of Lincoln, and not the name of Davis, shall on the role of our country's patriots stand next to that of Washington, and that the names of Grant and Sherman and Thomas and Sheridan shall be inserted on the roll of the Soldiers of the Republic as worthy of all honor because they fought and fought well for our country, instead of the names of Lee and Johnston and Beauregard, who also fought well, but fought against it.

I have not the time, nor is this the proper occasion for an extended discussion of this subject. I propose to allude briefly to one or two points involved in it. To what extent do a man's convictions justify his actions? All will admit that he who does an act believing it to be right, does not stand on the same plane with him who does the same act, knowing it to be wrong. But if the act be really wrong is he blameless? The men who recently attempted to take the life of the emperor of Germany were not, I apprehend, vulgar assassins who would sell themselves to take the life of anyone for pay. Blinded by passion they believed they were striking a blow for liberty, but were they blameless? In times past thousands of men and women, professed followers of Christ, have been burned at the stake and otherwise done to death by other professed followers of the same Master, because of a difference in belief as to what were the true teachings of that Master. Were not those who did these things acting upon their convictions? And yet were they blameless? The late attempt to destroy the Union has caused the loss of hundreds of thousands of lives, the waste of thousands of millions of money and property. The agony and suffering on the battlefield and in the hospital cannot be thought of without a shudder. The demoralization that has followed in our country, as in all other countries that have passed through such a strain, has affected injuriously our whole people in all their relations—social, moral, business and political—and we are to-day suffering the evil consequences in every part of our broad land. Is nobody to blame for all this? Are those who fought to preserve and those who fought to destroy, both and equally guilty? If so, it is right to say so, but if not so then it is a great and dangerous wrong to say so.

Let me, by way of illustration, point you to Robert E. Lee, of Virginia. He was, in my judgment, the foremost man of the so-called confederacy. Let us consider him in his double relation as a man and as a citizen. As a man he was, if I have read his history aright, a model worthy the study and emulation

of every American youth. Modest, manly, unselfish, honest, truthful, brave, scholarly, he was in social life an exemplar of that much misused term, an accomplished gentleman, but as a citizen of the United States, it is beyond question true, either that this government of ours, which we all profess to love so well, is a base and brutal tyranny unworthy the devotion of any man in any land who loves liberty, and our flag that symbolizes that government is a sham and a lie, or that Robert E. Lee, the citizen, the great captain, (for he was a great captain) was a great political criminal.

I do not speak of these matters to-day to revive animosities that I think all good citizens should wish to be forgotten. My purpose is wholly different. The lesson I wish to impress on all who hear me is this: The best strength and safeguard of a government is the loyalty and devotion of its citizens, and when the citizens of any government have come to ignore or to treat lightly the difference between loyalty and disloyalty, between the efforts of those who did what they could and all they could to destroy that government and the efforts of those who did what they could and all they could to preserve it, they have done that than which nothing can be more dishonoring to the memories of those who died for its preservation or more dangerous to its future safety. I have not time to elaborate this thought. My purpose has been to give a text and not a sermon.

That which we have met to do shows your appreciation of this truth and I feel that I have your full and hearty concurrence when I say that the work we finish here to-day is a good work well done.

BUSHWHACKING IN MISSOURI.

[Continued from page 16, January Number, 1891.]



THE STATE TROOPS were disbanded early in August, without having accomplished anything save the consumption of their rations. The ill feeling engendered at the meeting previously held had not subsided, but was fanned and kept alive by an occasional indiscretion on the part of the two factions. A general feeling of unsafety was prevalent in the community. This state of things continued until about the middle of August, when the executive committee of the "Little Blue Township Law and Order Society" issued the following notice for a public meeting.

LAW AND ORDER!—LET IT REIGN.

The Law and Order Society of Little Blue Township will be addressed at the Court House this evening at 7:30 o'clock, by Capt. J. M. Porter, Major Hickman and others. A general invitation is extended to all, both ladies and gentlemen. Come everybody, and with united efforts let us roll back the elements of discord and let the golden beams of peace and prosperity shine upon us.

BY ORDER OF THE COMMITTEE.

Independence, Missouri, August 15, 1866.

This law and order society was composed of the conservative element of the North and South for the purpose of aiding the officers of the law in the discharge of their duty. The meeting was well attended—the room so crowded that standing room was at a premium. The most intense interest was manifested. Captain J. M. Porter was an ex-union army officer from Illinois. His remarks were of a conservative and conciliatory character. Major Hickman was an ex-confederate officer who carried an empty sleeve, having left one arm with the Yanks. He was a man highly respected and wielded much influence among those who knew him best. His remarks were much the same as those of Captain Porter. A free expression of opinion was called for and freely given by many present. All were desirous for peace and the enforcement of law and order at all hazards. Various suggestions

were offered as to the better way to accomplish the desired object. It was finally agreed that an executive committee of fifteen be appointed to consist of about one-half Northern men and one-half Southern men to adopt such plans or methods as they might agree upon for the suppression of bushwhacking in Jackson county, with full power to carry into execution the same without delay. The following persons were then chosen by the meeting to constitute such executive committee; so far as I now remember they were: of the old citizens, Hon. A. Comingo, Capt. W. Bone, Major Hickman, F. Yager, others not now remembered. Of the new citizens, W. E. Lee, O. F. Myres, Sheriff Williams, Captain D. M. Porter, N. Levering, others not remembered. The day following the committee convened to determine what course of action to take. After some discussion it was unanimously agreed to try the power of moral suasion instead of *vi et armis*. To accomplish anything by this means a personal interview would be necessary. In order to bring this about a committee of two, consisting of Captain Bone and W. E. Lee were selected to interview Robert Hedspeth, a well-to-do farmer, who was regarded as one of the most influential among the Bushwhackers, relative to a general consultation with the band, and secure his co-operation in the action of the committee. Captain Bone and Lee acted with promptness and found Hedspeth quite willing to assist in trying to bring the interview about. The time of meeting was fixed about the first of September, as the band was scattered and it would take several days to notify them. The place of meeting was in a wood pasture on the farm of Hon. Alexander, six miles east of Independence, on the Lexington road, at 10 o'clock, A. M. As the committee were preparing to leave on the morning of the meeting, some of them were approached by rabid partisans and urged not to go for the reason that if bushwhacking was permitted to go on it would make votes for their party at the coming election. This heartless and unprincipled proposition was treated with contempt, as it well deserved. On

arriving at the spot designated for the interview, no one was visible save a denizen of the neighborhood seated on the top of a stake-and-rider fence. As we approached the ground we observed a man about a quarter of a mile distant ride to the top of a hill in the road in front of us, he reined up on the summit of the rise as if to take a cursory view of us, then disappeared in the direction which he came, soon he returned with about twenty other well-armed men, who rode up near where the committee were seated, alighted and tied their horses when the committee advanced toward them and gave them a cordial welcome. They were soon seated when a social chat ensued for some minutes without the least reference to the matter for which we had met, when Sheriff Williams changed the current of the conversation by remarking that it was time for business. He stated the object of the meeting, and that he as sheriff of Jackson county was not there to make any arrests; that he had warrants for some present but that he had agreed not to make any arrests on that occasion; that he with the other members of the committee desired a friendly consultation for the settling of all difficulties and restoring of quiet and harmony to the country. He then said that if those for whom he had warrants would surrender he would guarantee them a fair and impartial trial; those for whom he had no warrants, if they would not return to their homes and be good law-abiding citizens they must flee the country or take their chances in a court of justice. Robert Hedspeth, spokesman for the bushwhackers, followed in reply. He said "so far as he was concerned he had done nothing during the war that he was ashamed of, and that his reason for being in the bush was that he had learned that there was a warrant out for his arrest as a participant in the Lawrence raid, of which he was entirely innocent. He did not propose to be arrested and tried by his enemies—he had no objection to surrendering if he could have the assurance of a fair and impartial trial." In saying this he thought he voiced the sentiments of all of his friends present, to which they assented.

When Comingo, Bone, Lee, Myres, Porter and Levering tendered their legal services to see that they would have impartial trials and that without any expense on their part, the proposition was accepted and they at once surrendered and tendered their services to the sheriff in capturing any of their band who resisted arrest. They were assured by the committee that if they would return to their homes and proved themselves in the future good law-abiding citizens their cases would most likely never be called up in court. They all manifested a willingness to comply. The most lawless and desperate characters of the band were not present on that occasion, hence it was thought best to give them another opportunity. The meeting adjourned to meet in one week from that time at a point six or eight miles southwest from the Alexander farm. Several of the surrendered returned to Independence with the committee, they were seemingly overjoyed at the thought of again enjoying a quiet life at home, they were heartily congratulated by friends on their arrival at Independence for the wise step they had taken. At the next meeting the desperate and most lawless characters failed to put in an appearance; some of them fled the country, and the golden beams of peace and tranquility seemed to be shedding their refulgent rays upon the community, save the extremists, who were howling like wolves when driven back from their prey. They assailed the committee in the most bitter manner; denounced them as rebel sympathizers, who had compromised with bushwhackers, etc. Their partizan journal shot forth vituperated spleen like an adder. The committee acted in good faith and were sustained by all conservatives, who constituted a large majority of the people. These gall venders forcibly reminded me of the philosophic Sambo, who, after receiving a severe reprimand from his master, said: "I tinks masser must feel better after gitin so much trash off of his tomake."

For the space of about two months peace seemed to hover its balmy wings over the community, when the peaceful wave

was ruffled by the return of the skeddaddlers, who urgently insisted upon their old comrades, who had returned to the paths of peace, to return with them to the brush, which they refused to do. Tom Jones and the Cole Younger boys were among the returned. They were desperate characters and their return threw the community into a state of apprehension, while the refusal of the surrendered bushwhackers aroused a feeling of enmity between the two factions of the bushwhacking element, which resulted in a war between them to the knife. There lived at that time in Independence one Jim Crow Chiles, a man of notorious reputation. He belonged to a very good family, possessed considerable property, was a sporting character, a dangerous man, had killed several men in his time, overawed the town officers, and often boasted that he held the d— town under his thumb. It was generally thought and is now believed by the old citizens who knew him best that he was king among the desperadoes and bushwhackers. Yet he essayed differently, as he would at times expose or pretend to expose some contemplated bank or other robbery, for the ostensible purpose, no doubt, of securing public confidence and drawing a veil over his own criminality.

Not long after Tom Jones returned he was made to bite the dust by a ball from a revolver in the hands of Jim Crow Chiles. The circumstances were given in detail by Chiles, as no one was with him at the time. He said he had been notified by a friend that Jones and others were coming to his house on a certain night for the avowed purpose of killing him and taking a valuable horse that he kept in his barn. Chiles then lived in the suburbs north of the business portion of the town. His house was somewhat isolated, the barn some four or five rods to the rear of the house. Early in the evening of the night when Jones and his accomplices were to come, Chiles repaired to the barn with shot-gun and revolvers heavily loaded. He took position up in the hay loft in front of an aperture fronting his house. About 8 o'clock he heard them riding up in the rear

of the barn, in order that they might not be discovered from the house. After reining up under the eave of the barn, where their conversation was distinctly heard by Chiles, Jones said to one, "I'll call him out and you shoot him;" "no," said he, "Jones, I'll call him out and you shoot him." "All right," said Jones, "and you other boys" he added, "get the horse." To approach the house they had to ride around the barn, pass through a small gate in front of the door of the hay loft, directly in front of Chiles. As Jones and his accomplices passed through the gate Jones was in the rear and when in the gate-way he turned around in his saddle and looked directly into the hay loft, when Chiles fired, the horse leaped forward and the rider fell to the ground a lifeless corpse, while his accomplices made their exit without firing a gun. Chiles at once reported the affair to the civil authorities and surrendered himself. The town marshal at once sent out for the body. When it arrived the wagon was driven into a livery stable, where the next morning the corpse of the noted bushwhacker was viewed by many of the citizens as it lay in the wagon, who applauded the manslayer for the act. His family were notified of his death, but no one came near to bedew his grave with a tear. Chiles went through the form of an examination and was discharged on the ground of self defense. Not long after this a young man, Richard Burns, who had surrendered to the committee and who was residing at home with his mother, a very worthy lady, was found dead near a hay stack on a farm adjacent to the town, badly mutilated, the head split open with an ax and the body wrapped in a blanket, an empty flask lying near him. The supposition was that he had been drugged and then brained.

Burns was of an excellent family, he was of a wild and impulsive turn, he had been led astray and away from the parental roof by the bushwhacking fraternity. After his surrender he manifested a disposition to reform, and was regaining the confidence and good will of all who knew him. Facts that have since developed, as I am reliably informed, show

that Chiles was king among the bushwhackers, and that Burns possessed considerable knowledge of his (Chiles) career, and fearing that Burns might leak on him, he acted upon the principle that dead men tell no tales.

It is now believed by the old citizens of Jackson county that the statement made by Chiles relative to the killing of Jones was utterly false. The facts were that Chiles acted as treasurer for Jones and other bushwhackers; that he had in his possession considerable money and plunder belonging to Jones, who had frequently insisted on a settlement; that Chiles resolved on a short settlement, and invited his victim to his house on the night he was killed, knowing full well he would not be prosecuted for the deed. A friend in Kansas City writes me that this latter statement is now believed to be true.

Soon after the death of Jones, Burns, and one or two others, whose names I now can not recall, the Cole Younger boys and others of like character fled the country, and bushwhacking was practically at an end in Jackson county. It was about that time I was riding through the east part of the county, when I had occasion to step into a country store. As I entered the door I noticed a man sitting in front of me that I recognized as one of the bushwhackers that had met the committee. I at once advanced and extended my hand, he replied, "I do not know you, sir." "What," I replied, assuming an air of astonishment, "not know me?" "No, sir," he said. I said, "do you not remember that little conference that was held in Alexander's wood pasture?" "What," he said, at the same time grasping my hand with both of his, "are you one of those fellows?" "Yes," I said. "Well," he said, "I'm glad to meet you, and I tell you that that day's work was the best day's work ever done for Jackson county."

"The wages of sin is death;" a declaration of holy writ that is pregnant with truth and has many times been practically verified, as in the case of Jim Crow Chiles, who, after killing Jones and shooting to death on the street a poor harmless negro, became a terror to the community over which he

exulted with pride. All feared for their lives. This state of things continued for some months, when Mr. Peacock, an old citizen, was elected town marshal. After he had assumed the duties of his office Chiles thought to intimidate him by slapping him in the face with his hand. The marshal not being in a condition for defense and Chiles having the drop on him, was compelled to submit to the insult, but vowed in his heart never again to submit, or be found unprepared to resist. Matters passed along quietly for several weeks, when on a bright Sabbath morning Marshal Peacock was seated in a chair on the sidewalk in front of his brother's drug store, when Jim Crow Chiles and his little son, about twelve years old, came along, halting in front of Marshal Peacock, to whom he (Jim Crow) offered some insulting and tantalizing remark, thinking, no doubt, that he had him completely cowed and that he could abuse him with impunity. The marshal advised him to go on and not fool with him. Chiles laughed at him and was about to offer violence, when Peacock quickly drew his six-shooter and fired, sending a leaden messenger crashing through Chiles' brains. He fell like a beast, falling through the show window of the drug store. Young Chiles, who was a chip from the old block, drew his revolver and shot Marshal Peacock, wounding him severely, but not fatally. The marshal's son, a young man, came to his father's rescue, he fired at young Chiles, the lad returned it, wounding young Peacock seriously, when Peacock fired again, giving young Chiles a mortal wound, from which he died in a few hours. The marshal and his son both recovered after some weeks of confinement to the house. There was general rejoicing over the death of Jim Crow Chiles, some men threw up their hats and otherwise manifested great satisfaction. Chiles had long been a terror to the country, some citizens of the town fearing him moved to other sections of the country for their own safety, but when they heard of the death of "Herod," or worse than a Herod, they returned. I presume the death of no man in Missouri was the occasion of so much

rejoicing as the death of Chiles. Thus ended the career of one of the worst men in the state. With his death and that of Jones and James and the imprisonment of the Cole Youngers and the previous surrender of others to our committee, ended bushwhacking in Jackson county, Missouri.

BULLDOZING A STATE CONVENTION.



AFTER the whig state convention of 1854 nominated James W. Grimes for governor, that party became too weak and disorganized to ever call another state convention, but as there was to be a state election held the following April to choose a register and a commissioner of the Des Moines River Improvement and also a Register for the newly created State Land Office, the whig members of the legislature, then in session at Iowa City, resolved themselves into a state convention in the latter part of February of that year, for the purpose of nominating candidates for these offices.

At that time there was living in Iowa City a certain Dr. W——, who was a very unpopular man at home among his own neighbors, but he had so worked himself into the good graces of the whig members that they put him on the ticket for Register of the State Land Office.

The convention that brought the ticket out was not a very formal one, and it was held in the afternoon after the adjournment of the legislature for that day.

Early in the evening, when it was learned who was on the ticket, three of the citizens of Iowa City—W. Penn Clarke, Harvey W. Fyffe and H. W. Lathrop—feeling that they had got a very weak, malodorous and unpopular candidate on it, in the person of the Doctor, went to work with all the power they were possessed of to get him disnominated, and they worked like beavers building a winter's dam. Every whig

member was seen during the evening, and they all seemed at first unwilling to undertake the task, but they were actually buttonholed and assured that it had to be done. They were informed that his name should never appear as a candidate in the columns of the whig paper published at the capital, his own home.

The result was, the Doctor was induced by his friends to decline, and Anson Hart was put on in his place, and became the first incumbent of that office. J. C. Lockwood and Wm. McKay were the other candidates on the ticket, and all were elected by good majorities.

This is probably the first and only instance in the history of the state, when three men, within twelve hours, reversed the work of a state convention.

Newspaper reporters with their pockets full of "Fabers" were not as plenty then as now, or these facts would have been blazoned before the public long ere this. Till now it has been a part of our unpublished history.

H. W. LATHROP.

A LETTER OF JUDGE MILLER ON HIS APPOINTMENT TO THE UNITED STATES SUPREME COURT.

[In preparing an article on "The State of Iowa" for *Harper's Magazine*, at the request of its publishers, Judge Miller asked Mrs. Grimes for a photograph of Mr. Grimes. With this statement the following correspondence explains itself.

WILLIAM SALTER.]

BURLINGTON, September 3, 1888.

Dear Mr. Salter:

I made the inquiry of Justice Miller about Mr. Grimes' part in the matter of procuring his appointment to the Supreme bench, and send you the answer I have received. The letter I would like to send for in the morning, as I shall want to see it again before writing to Justice Miller.

Very truly yours,

E. S. GRIMES.

August 28, 1888, BLOCK ISLAND, R. I.

My Dear Mrs. Grimes:

I am in receipt of yours of the 23d, and am your debtor for prompt attention to my request.

The photograph will no doubt reach the Harper's editorial rooms in time for use.

I am more than gratified at the opportunity of clearly stating the part which Mr. Grimes, then a senator from Iowa, took in procuring my appointment to the Supreme Court; and I am a little surprised that you should be in any doubt about it, and at the modest manner in which you speak of it.

At the time of my appointment there were then in Congress from Iowa, June, 1862, Senators Harlan and Grimes, and Mr. Wilson, now in the Senate but then in the House of Representatives, and the only member of the House then in Washington.

My appointment was known to depend upon such an arrangement of the Judicial circuits by a bill then pending in Congress, as would include Iowa in a circuit entirely west of the Mississippi river.¹ To this end all three of the gentlemen named contributed their best efforts, but Mr. Wilson, being on the Judiciary committee of the House to which the bill was referred, was especially efficient. As soon as the bill was passed as they desired, Mr. Grimes drew up in his own handwriting a recommendation of my name for one of the two places then vacant on the bench of the Supreme Court, to be laid before the President. This he signed, and assisted by Mr. Harlan, the other Iowa senator, procured twenty-eight (28) out of the thirty-two (32) senators then in Congress to sign it also, the latter number (32) being all that was left of that body after the secession of the Confederate senators.

Mr. Wilson circulated a similar recommendation in the House of Representatives, and it received the signature of over one hundred and twenty (120) members, which was probably three-fourths of those in attendance.

¹ Life of James W. Grimes, p. 213.

I do not know or remember who presented these petitions to the President, but he afterwards said in my presence that no such recommendations for office had ever been made to him.

It is not in good taste for me to attempt to apportion the relative influence of these three gentlemen in securing my appointment, nor do I wish to do so. My warmest gratitude is due to them all.

I had known your husband longer and more intimately than either of the others, and to you, as the only and dearest member of his family left, I shall always feel that tender regard which the facts recited and a long personal friendship have inspired. I am, my dear madam,

Your earnest and devoted friend,

SAM. F. MILLER.

THE STATE TEACHERS' ASSOCIATION IN THE CIVIL WAR.

DURING the civil war all expressions of opinion concerning that contest which were made by the Iowa State Teachers' Association, were intensely Unionist. The first official utterance on that subject was made in its behalf by its president, Superintendent C. C. Nestlerode, of Tipton, and while the State was making up its quota of the first 300,000 volunteers called for by President Lincoln. Inasmuch as neither this first paper can now be found on file, nor the reply to it on the governor's books, I send both for a place in the publication of the State Historical Society.

L. F. PARKER.

TIPTON, IOWA, October 3, 1861.

S. J. Kirkwood, Governor of Iowa.

Dear Sir:—I have read with deep interest your proclamation urging the loyal men of the state to enlist in the service of our country. I address you in behalf of the teachers of Iowa, to assure you that every member of our profession, who is able to bear arms, stands ready to lend a helping hand to

crush this *cursed* rebellion. We have no traitors in our ranks. If one should attempt to enter, may the Almighty *brand* the mark of Cain upon his forehead.

Not a few of our profession responded to the first call of the president; many have since enlisted, and if in your opinion we, who are engaged in school-room duties, can serve our country better by administering *lead* and *steel* to traitors than by guarding the unprotected children of our state and preparing them for future usefulness, you can *draw* for the remainder, and your draft shall not be *dishonored*.

With feelings of high regard and sincere desire for the triumph of the *right*,

I am truly yours,

C. C. NESTLERODE,

President Iowa State Teachers' Association.

DAVENPORT, IOWA, October 10, 1861.

C. C. Nestlerode, President Iowa State Teachers' Association.

Dear Sir:—I am happy to acknowledge the receipt of your noble offer in behalf of the teachers of Iowa, with the accompanying patriotic sentiments. Such sentiments do justice to your heart, and I am sure represent the feelings of those you represent. If we cannot look to the *teachers* of Iowa, with their intelligent and superior means of information, for correct judgment in this war, and all the issues involved, and for *patriotic action* when the necessity occurs, it would be idle to look to the masses.

But as patriotism, alike, burns in the hearts of the intelligent and the ignorant, so at the present unhappy crisis a noble response is being made by *all* our citizens, with but very few exceptions to the country's call. This response in our own state is at this time so hearty that it does not seem necessary now to withdraw from their great field of usefulness the teachers of Iowa.

I shall, however, remember with pleasure your noble and patriotic offer in the name and at the suggestion of the teachers of our state, and if the necessity should arise, would unhesitatingly call upon your services.

I hope you will convey to those whom you represent my kindest regards, with the most respectful consideration for yourself.

Very respectfully,

SAMUEL J. KIRKWOOD,

Governor of Iowa.

JUSTICE SAMUEL F. MILLER.*



THE ANNOUNCEMENT that Justice Miller had been stricken with paralysis was read by all the American people with sincere sorrow. When the news of his death speedily followed, all felt it as a personal bereavement. He was born among the kingly

* Reprinted from the *Unitarian*.

class who by work on farms, in shops and factories, in trade and commerce, in teacher's chair and on judge's bench, have shaped the growth of the American republic. He was proud of his origin among these kingly workers, of his education amid the labors and struggles that are their royal lot, of his kinship with every toiler wherever he may be. He reached the bench of the Supreme Court of the United States without a spot upon his name; on the bench his integrity was as the sun; he was the defender of law and order, of liberty and justice. Surely there was reason why the people everywhere felt him to be their friend, and looked to him with respect and sympathy. Now they mourn that a strong, honorable and honored man has been taken from a place where he could do so much for the defense of human rights.

A short distance north of where the Des Moines river joins the Mississippi, at the foot of the Des Moines Rapids, in the very southeastern corner of the great state of Iowa, in a depression in the mighty bluff which here gives grandeur to the great river's western bank, lies the city of Keokuk. Standing on that bluff just north of the city, one has a view, wider, more varied, more beautiful than can be pictured in words. At the first view it enchanted me. For many years the enchantment has increased in strength. In early days the enthusiastic settlers thought that Keokuk would be the great thoroughfare to the West and Northwest, and gave it the name of "The Gate City." There came rapidly a large population, and the town seethed with the excitements and competitions that belong to a young city on the frontier. As this population was gradually sifted out, and the town settled down to steady work and healthy growth, it happened that there remained an unusually large number of remarkably strong men and women who "were able to stick," and who have since been successful and have become widely known in business, law, statesmanship, literature, the church, the army, and the judiciary.

Among these strong men Justice Miller stood in the front

rank. As justice for many years on the Supreme bench, his position was the most conspicuous of all, but his large ability and his noble character were equalled by not a few of his fellows, some of whom have become known from sea to sea, but others, in more retired pursuits, are appreciated only by the limited circle of friends to whom their virtues and their abilities are manifest. When Justice Miller's appointment to the Supreme bench came, these noble friends in Keokuk were rejoiced, but not surprised. They felt that he was equal to the place, and worthy of it; that it opened to him the noblest field that American life could offer for the exercise of his great powers. They believed that he would honor the bench, honor himself, honor Keokuk. Their faith was well founded. Justice Miller always interpreted law as the friend of justice, of right, of liberty, of humanity. From year to year the American people, and our "kin beyond sea," came to larger appreciation of the great ability and culture which Justice Miller took to the bench, and of his devotion to human rights in all his decisions. His friends in the old home marked his course with pleasure, knew with great delight of the general honor that came to him. In his vacations the Judge often visited his former home for rest and for friendly intercourse with the companions of early days. Such visits kept bright the old friendships. He came with simple cordiality, and entered into their life with hearty sympathy.

A few weeks ago one of the honored men of Keokuk, Judge George W. McCrary, passed to the higher life. His body was brought to the beautiful Unitarian church in that city for burial. On that occasion Judge Miller tried to speak a tribute of love for his departed friend, but strong emotion almost silenced his voice. It was fitting that to the city where as a young man he won an honored place at the bar, where he married his noble wife, where in all parties and sects are many of his early friends, and to the church which he helped to found, from whence the bodies of some of his noblest friends have been borne, and where his own voice has spoken

in affectionate appreciation of those friends, the body of Justice Miller should be brought for the last rites. The remains were accompanied from Washington by the family and a few friends, and by his associates on the bench. All Keokuk was out to express its love and sorrow. Not a tenth of the throng could be accommodated in the church. The casket was covered with flowers sent by friends, by President Harrison and wife, and by institutions and courts far and near. In his address Rev. Robert Hassall, former pastor of the Keokuk Unitarian church, and a warm friend of Judge Miller, spoke with the force and simplicity for which he has been long known. In the course of his remarks he said:

We are all mourners here to-day. We are all bereaved. We have all lost a noble and generous-hearted friend, and the whole country has lost a great expounder of the law, a just and incorruptible judge. He was in the highest sense a teacher and servant of the whole nation, and no word of mine can add to the eulogy he rightly deserved and which he received from the country. But there was one profound sentiment in Justice Miller's character, which, in my estimation, more than any other furnished the basis of his actions, more than any other shaped his course of life, if not his whole career. I refer to that sentiment which made him an emancipationist—an emancipationist in the midst of slavery in Kentucky, an emancipationist when it was not popular and when he was a young man with his future before him to make. This to me is full of significance. I see in it a profound sense of justice. I see in it the early declaration and sway of his conscience. I see in it the rise of his moral nature against a gigantic system of injustice between man and man, sanctioned by law and the usages of ages. With others I can honor sincerely the breadth and greatness and strength of Judge Miller's intellect as a lawyer. But to me there is something grander, something diviner than intellect in the supremacy of that moral sense of his which made him, early in life, an emancipationist. To me it is the key to his character, the key to his politics and even to his religious opinions. This profound moral sense he carried with him to the Supreme bench and through life. It swayed his decisions. We were told of a case in which the technicalities of the law demanded one decision and the real merits of the case demanded another. He swept the technicalities away with a fearless courage that was grand, and then decided for justice. And considering his high position on the Supreme bench, this reverence for justice had far more than a local or individual importance.

It is natural then that the people of Iowa, and of Keokuk especially, should feel proud that they can lay claim to a citizen so distinguished, whose life has been so noble and useful and of such national importance. It is natural, also, that this Unitarian church and society should be proud that it can lay a special claim to him as one of its founders and the author of its articles of incorpora-

tion drawn up in November, 1853. The object was, as he said, to establish a society devoted to the worship of the living God and a school for the education and moral training of youth. We all know that Justice Miller was in no manner sectarian. We all know bigotry was foreign to his nature. He was too broad, too catholic, too generous and too large-hearted for this. Religion to him was thought and sentiment and life. He had his own clear and fixed ideas and convictions. But he knew perfectly well that a man's theology was no measure of his character. He knew that grand souls were often linked with poor theology, and no theology, and that ignoble souls, the meanest characters living, indeed, were sometimes linked with the sublimest declarations of faith. He saw in every communion some of the noblest men and women that God ever made. He was a firm Unitarian, however, believing sincerely in the fatherhood of God, in the brotherhood of man, and the final restoration of all souls to goodness and happiness. For three years he was president of the National Unitarian Conference and heartily sympathized with its objects and labors.

He had a grand intellectual independence and self-reliance without any assumption of superiority. He did not talk piously or make any pretensions to piety in its popular forms. But in his nature there was a profound belief in that religion and in that religion alone which shows itself in true reverence, in justice to man, in doing unto others as we would that they should do unto us, and in charity towards all men.

In his address at the last National Unitarian Conference in October, 1889, held in Philadelphia, Justice Miller said: "It is always one of the regrets of my life that I have not been more fitted and more capable of rendering service to the cause which this Conference represents. But the demands of the public position which I have had the honor of holding for twenty-eight years have been such that I could not give that time and attention to the interests of religious thought represented by this gathering which I would like to have done, and which perhaps might have been expected from the presiding officer of the National Unitarian Conference. Such regrets are vain, however, and the time is past." I quote this not so much to show the Judge's theological affiliations, although it was said in a National Unitarian Conference, but because it indicates to my mind his profound interest in religion as such. He was too large a man to be shut up in a sect. He believed in true religion wherever found, in every sect and land, as a living, vital and grand reality. He believed in it as the product of the deepest and purest and loftiest thoughts and feelings of human nature. He believed in it as the affirmation and emphasis of the eternal and unchangeable moral law, and as the expression of our noblest ideals. This was why he was in that Unitarian Conference. This was why he was a member of this society and a worshiper for years in this church, supporting it by his presence and liberally by his purse. It was his interest in true religion as an inspirer and benefactor of mankind. It was simply another form of that profound moral element in his nature which made him years before an emancipationist, only it was linked with the sentiment of worship and reverence for God.

And now may that God who is the source of all light and life and joy, who

has put this love into our hearts which binds us to one another, who has stretched the glorious heavens above us and the beautiful earth beneath us, and in whom we live and move and have our being, may he give strength and consolation and peace to these sorrowing hearts. God bless them and keep them, filling them with the light of his truth and the influence of his spirit and lifting them out of sadness into the rest and light of a blessed faith in God and immortality.

A great procession followed the remains to the cemetery, made up of people of all classes and conditions, of all parties and creeds. The girls of the public schools had marched ahead and arranged themselves on both sides of the road leading to the main drive-way, where they stood with bowed heads until the procession passed to the grave. After the casket was lowered into the ground the girls marched around the grave and each threw in the wreath or the cluster of flowers that had been brought as a testimonial of love and honor. Rev. Mr. Hassall said:

"I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Write from henceforth blessed are the dead who die in the Lord, even so saith the spirit for they rest from their labors." Beneath this broad arch of heaven and the bright sunlight, and in the beautiful home of the dead among those who have gone before, we bury the body of this departed brother, "dust to dust, ashes to ashes," believing that that which made him so true, so noble and great and useful is not here, but with the blest and immortal. Feeling our sad loss we would bow before the Almighty God with profound submission and humility. We would feel our entire dependence upon that Power which is unsearchable and past finding out. Oh, may our hearts be full of devout gratitude for the countless blessings we have enjoyed. We know that the world is not all dark. We know that there is sunshine beyond the cloud. Help us, Father, to see that sunshine. Help us to open our hearts to the blessed influences which have been given to make our lives noble and useful and happy. May death itself bring to us a deeper life with more tenderness, more charity, more strength for suffering and trial and temptation. May the light of God's truth fill our minds; may the influence of his spirit quicken our souls. And may the love of God and Christ make our lives pure and noble. Amen.

Then the great concourse went slowly to their homes, in sorrow, and yet in joy. For is not Keokuk's greatest name numbered with the Immortals?

O. CLUTE.

Agricultural College, Mich.

DEATHS.

ALBERT MILLER LEA died at Corsicana, Texas, January 30th, 1891, aged 84 years. He was a graduate of the United States military academy at West Point, and under General Fremont supervised the surveys of Iowa, Minnesota, Wisconsin, and a large portion of territory west of the Mississippi. He was a lieutenant in the Second United States Artillery, and later in the Seventh Infantry. He resigned from the army in 1836. An interesting paper from his pen, written for the HISTORICAL RECORD, was published in our last October number.

MRS. JANE CLEMENS died in Keokuk at the home of her son, Orion Clemens, October 27th, 1890. She was born in Columbia, Ky., June 18th, 1803. In 1823 she married John M. Clemens, who died in 1847. She resided successively in Muscatine, Iowa, St. Louis, Mo., Fredonia, N. Y., and lastly in Keokuk, to which city she removed in 1882. Of her seven children three survive her,—Orion, Samuel L. (known to literary fame as Mark Twain) and Mrs. P. Moffitt, of Oakland, California.

NOTES.

THE next number of THE RECORD will contain a portrait and a short biographical sketch of Captain Chas. B. Richards, one of the heroes of the Spirit Lake expedition of 1857 against the Indians.

CAPTAIN N. LEVERING, one of our steadfast and esteemed contributors, belongs to a prolific family, whose members seem to be as the sands of the sea shore, scattered all over the republic. They date their advent in America with the Pilgrims, and are to have a reunion in Ohio the coming summer.





Cha. B. Richards
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IOWA HISTORICAL RECORD

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No. 3.

CAPT. CHARLES B. RICHARDS.



IN the January number THE RECORD gave in full an exceedingly valuable paper from the pen of this gentleman. The reader will no doubt remember that it was an address, then first published, detailing the experience of Mr. Richards, as one of the Captains in the Spirit Lake expedition of 1857. He raised and led Co. A., the commander of the battalion of three companies being Maj. William Williams, then a resident of Fort Dodge. That address is one of the most notable publications that has ever been made in regard to the thrilling experiences of the officers and men of that expedition.

Charles Benedict Richards, the son of Peletiah Richards, was born at Warrensburg, Warren Co., N. Y., August 13th, 1833. His mother was one of the famous Benedict family, that has become historical from the great numbers of clergymen, teachers and jurists which have sprung from it. The genealogical record of the family, as well as that of Mrs. Charles B. Richards, (née Olcott), fills a thick octavo volume, illustrated with fine steel portraits of the more eminent members. These genealogical trees have their roots far back in English history. Six brothers of the Richards family of revolutionary times, were in the Continental army. One of

the six was the grandfather of Capt. Richards. One of these great uncles was under the immediate command of Gen. Washington, at Valley Forge. During the winter of 1778 Washington issued the following order, the original of which after coming safely down to the third generation, was presented to the Aldrich Collection in the Iowa State Library, by Capt. Richards, four or five years ago.

Caleb Gibbs, Esq.,

HEAD QUARTERS, VALLEY FORGE,

Capt. Com'g:

March 9th, 1778.

Sir: Send Lieutenant Livingston and fifty men to Norristown, as an escort to Messrs. Richards, Clymer and Potts, as far as West Chester, and with the enclosed order for the transfer to his command, of the recruits, horses and waggons awaiting there, as escort to Head Quarters.

GEO. WASHINGTON,

Com'r in Ch'f.

Mr. Richards attended school in his boyhood at North Greenville, Glens Falls and Kinderhook. He finally entered the Polytechnic Institute at Troy, from which he graduated in 1854. He studied law with Hon. Joshua A. Spencer of Utica, one of the most eminent men of that day. He was admitted to the bar and practiced again in his native town, but immigrated to Fort Dodge, Iowa, where he settled in 1856. He continued to practice his profession for eight or nine years, with very marked success, but finally drifted into other business enterprises of a general nature. He organized the First National Bank of Fort Dodge, not long after the passage of the law of Congress authorizing those institutions, owning about one-half of the stock. He afterwards became very heavily engaged in the coal business. He was elected prosecuting attorney of Webster County for two years, and also appointed register of the Fort Dodge Land Office. This last position he held for eight years. I have not deemed it necessary to do more than allude to his services and sufferings on the Spirit Lake Expedition, for he has told that episode in his career far better than any one can do it for him.

Capt. Richards removed to California some years ago, and now lives in San Diego. I have had no opportunity to consult

him in the preparation of these brief notes. I write only from recollection, save in the matter of a few dates. But in the year 1877 or '78 his coal business proved disastrous and he lost almost his entire fortune. It was a terrible blow—one from which but very few men ever rally. Capt. Richards was an exception rarely met with. Instead of losing courage, he started out to regain his position in the business world, and it was not long before he was again at the front. He started out for Colorado, where he either discovered or acquired possession of valuable mines. These he was able to put into a joint stock company, which built large reduction works at Pueblo. This enterprise became wonderfully successful, bringing him a large and permanent income. It was so well officered and conducted that his presence was not needed, and he had little more to do, as the story goes, than to receive his large dividends. Just after this good luck came to him, he went to San Diego, where he purchased lots and lands to a large amount. With one of his sons he started a vineyard of raisin grapes and other fruits, which has lately come into successful bearing. It is now understood to be a very profitable investment. One of his three sons was married to a daughter of one of the partners in the great Bancroft publishing house of San Francisco. So that good fortune seems to have smiled upon him from all directions. He was at first said to be worth half a million dollars, but later reports double these figures. Whatever the sum may be, I am sure that he has nobly deserved it, and I believe that none of his old Iowa friends are anything but proud to hear that he so quickly recovered from his heavy losses.

I have known Capt. Richards since the summer of 1857. He is a man of much culture, possessing wide and varied information. His mind is bright and active, his business methods as honorable as they have been successful. Socially, he is one of the pleasantest and most agreeable of men, a fine converser, an abiding friend, a good and true man in every phase of his life. He always completely disarmed his enemies

by his unfailing courtesy and imperturbable good nature. The man who had spoken ill of him was ashamed of himself when he looked into his smiling, pleasant face and felt the hearty grip of his hand. In this respect he was almost the exact counterpart of the late Gov. Reuben E. Fenton, of New York.

Away back, in the old, old days, during the first ten years of his residence in Iowa, Captain Richards was a most enthusiastic politician. "He was," says one of his intimate Fort Dodge friends, "a shrewd manager in a political convention. He knew how, and had the ability to form combinations and influence men. And when he went into a convention to aid a friend, that friend could not ask a truer or more skillful adherent." But as time progressed and business interests—successes, great losses, and surpassing good fortune, came along in such rapid succession, during which the white hairs crowded out the black ones, he seemed wholly to eschew politics, and almost to pity the man who could work himself into a white heat for any new candidate!

In the year 1857, Capt. Richards was married to Miss Mary J. Olcott, of Fort Dodge, a most refined and intelligent lady—the daughter of one of the pioneers of Webster County. They have three sons all grown to manhood, and all meeting with fair success in the battle of life.

In our day the patriotic volunteers in the Spirit Lake Expedition of 1857—both the living and the dead—seem to be scarcely remembered; but that was by far the most thrilling, the most romantic, and most chivalric episode in the early history of Iowa. The time will unquestionably come—though it may be far distant—when the pen of impartial history will make an enduring record of their names and their deeds. At that time no man's services will be accorded a higher meed of praise than those of Captain Charles B. Richards.

CHARLES ALDRICH.

Iowa State Library, Feb. 18th, 1891.

HENRY DODGE.

IV.

COLONEL U. S. DRAGOONS, 1833-6.

PART I. FIRST U. S. MILITARY EXPEDITION TO THE INDIAN COUNTRY,
WEST OF ARKANSAS AND MISSOURI, IN 1834.

THE removal of the Winnebagoes from the Rock river country to the territory north and west of the Wisconsin river, which Colonel Dodge had accomplished peacefully in the summer of 1833, opened a large portion of what is now Southern Wisconsin to settlement. The same year, the removal of the Sacs and Foxes on the first day of June from the west bank of the Mississippi opened to settlement from and after that day a portion of what now constitutes the State of Iowa. In the fall of the same year, by treaty with the Pottawattamies, September 26th, all of their lands lying along the western shore of Lake Michigan, and between that lake and the country lately held by the Winnebagoes, were ceded to the United States; and the Pottawattamies were subsequently removed to what is now Southwestern Iowa. These events were consequent upon the Black Hawk war. The prowess and valor of Col. Dodge in that war were universally recognized as having powerfully contributed to those events. They opened to civilization a savage wilderness which has since become one of the most fertile and prosperous regions of the United States.

Col. Dodge's skill and bravery in these services marked him as a fit leader to carry the authority and power of the Nation over vaster and more remote regions and among still wilder and fiercer tribes. The want of a dragoon corps had long been felt in the army for the better protection of the frontiers. In quiet times, military posts at strategical points, garrisoned by infantry, exerted a restraining influence over the Indians; but when disturbances arose, a mounted force was

needed to overtake marauding parties, or carry on offensive operations against savage foes who were the fleetest horsemen in the world. A portion of the country traversed by the Expedition is now a part of the Territory of Oklahoma.

The rendezvous of the regiment was first at Jefferson Barracks, near St. Louis; subsequently, near Fort Gibson, in the Cherokee country west of Arkansas Territory; afterwards, at Fort Leavenworth. A number of officers and men of the battalion of mounted rangers were transferred to it; also several officers of the regular army, among whom were Lt. Col. Stephen W. Kearney, Major Richard B. Mason, Captains Edwin V. Sumner, David Hunter, Lts. Philip St. George Cooke and Jefferson Davis. Lt. Col. Kearney was appointed to superintend the recruiting of the regiment, under orders "to recruit healthy, respectable men, native citizens, not under twenty, nor over thirty-five years of age, whose size, figure and early pursuits may best qualify them for mounted soldiers." The organization of the regiment was delayed by the difficulty of obtaining proper clothing, arms and equipments. Five companies were mounted in the fall of 1833. The horses were the finest the country could afford. Each company had horses of a separate color, bay, brown, roan, etc., making a striking show on parade. The following extracts from Col. Dodge's military correspondence are taken from his Order Book, which is preserved in the Aldrich Collection of the Iowa State Library:¹

To Col. R. Jones, Adj. Gen'l. U. S. Army, Washington.

JEFFERSON BARRACKS, August 28, 1833.

After the removal of the Winnebago Indians on Rock river, and the apprehension of the murderers who have been committed to the guard-house at Fort Winnebago, I left the northwestern frontier to repair to Fort Gibson. On my arrival at St. Louis I waited on Governor Stokes, one of the Commissioners (appointed to visit and examine the country west of the Mississippi set apart for the emigrating Indians); he informed me that one of the Commis-

¹ It has been a hobby of mine, though perhaps it is a truism, not a hobby, that the true life of a man is in his letters. Not only for the interest of a biography, but for arriving at the inside of things, the publication of letters is the true method. Biographers varnish, they assign motives, they conjecture feelings; but contemporary letters are facts.

JOHN H. NEWMAN.

sioners was at Fort Leavenworth, and that they intended to repair to Fort Gibson. I proposed to Gov. Stokes to send Capt. Duncan's Company of rangers as an escort to accompany them, and that I would cross the country from St. Louis to Ft. Gibson, and meet them at that place and aid them with the rangers now in service, to carry into effect the views of the Government. Gov. Stokes remarked that the rangers had been discharged, and that to hold a treaty with the Pawnees would require an imposing military force. Three companies of rangers having been previously discharged, I conceived it would be useless to repair in person to that place, as I would have no command. I have sent an express to Ft. Gibson, ordering the ranging officers to repair to this place to report for duty. Col. Arbuckle (the commanding officer at that post) not permitting the officers to leave without orders after the discharge of the companies, I proposed to Gen. Atkinson to discharge Capt. Duncan's Company, who had recently returned from a march of 800 miles on our southwestern frontier, as his horses would not be in a situation to render proper service for the residue of the time for which he was enlisted.

For me to pretend to form an opinion as to the qualifications of the officers to be transferred from the Rangers to the Dragoons would be a task of great responsibility and delicacy; I would advise as the better course, to transfer all for the present; their qualifications could be better known when in service with the old officers of the regiment of Dragoons.

I wish the regiment to be efficient and useful to the country; and taking a part of the officers from the regular army, who understand the first principles of their profession, and uniting them with the Ranging officers, who understand the woods' service, would promote the good of the service. The sooner the determination of the Hon. Secretary of War on this subject the better for the good of the service. Permit me to call the attention of the General in Chief to the absolute necessity of ordering the clothing and arms intended for the use of the Dragoons. There are four companies at this post, and Capt. Sumner is daily expected with an additional company.¹ The recruits are much in want of their clothing, and it is important we should have our arms, that the Dragoons may be drilled at target-shooting, as well as to fire with precision on horseback.

To Col. R. Jones, Adj. Gen'l, U. S. Army, Washington.

HEADQUARTERS U. S. DRAGOONS.

CAMP JACKSON, NEAR FT. GIBSON, Dec. 25, 1833.

On my arrival at this place (14th inst.), I found no arrangements had been made for furnishing the Dragoons under my command with rations or corn for the horses. On consulting Col. Arbuckle, I thought it advisable to remain

¹ The Buffalo Journal, New York, spoke of Capt. Sumner's detachment, as they passed through that city, as "the finest looking raw recruits we ever saw, all of a good English education and correct habits, selected from the northern and western counties of the State. Such youth, with such a commander, who permits the performance of no menial service from any member of his detachment, who fares as they fare, must prove useful and an ornament to the service."—*Niles' Register*, August 24, 1833.

in the immediate vicinity of this post. Col. Arbuckle has made a purchase of 8,000 bushels of corn. The cane is abundant. The horses are in good order. I am preparing my quarters for the winter. After their completion I will have the Dragoons drilled both on foot and horseback, and feel confident they will be prepared for any service required of them early in the spring.

Let me call the attention of the General in chief, as well as the Hon. Secretary of War, to the necessity of ordering a purchase of two hundred and fifty mules for pack animals. As there may be some difficulty in getting such mules as the Dragoon service may require, it would be desirable that orders should be given for the purchase of them as early as possible. If this detachment of the regiment is to take up their line of march early in the spring, no time should be lost in making the necessary preparations. The efficiency of the corps will greatly depend upon the means of transportation furnished by the Government.

Permit me to call the attention of the General in chief to a subject of much interest with the Junior officers of this detachment. The brevet Lieutenants contend they have a right to rank the 2nd Lieutenants lately appointed in this corps. This question of the rank should be settled as early as possible. I would respectfully suggest the propriety of attaching to this corps a surgeon, of skill, with one or two assistants.

To Col. M. Arbuckle.

CAMP JACKSON, Jan. 8, 1834.

Permit me to say that the failure on the part of those who have contracted with you for the delivery of the 8,000 bushels of corn to fulfil their engagements is a serious injury to the Dragoon horses. From necessity I have been obliged to put the horses in the cane-brakes, and with all the vigilance and care that can be taken, from the inclement state of the season there will be a loss of many of them.

To Capt. George Vashon, U. S. Agent for the Cherokees.

CAMP JACKSON, Jan. 24, 1834.

The severity of the winter and the want of forage for the Dragoon horses forced me to place them in the cane to subsist them. A number have strayed away; I am informed there are several in the settlements of the Cherokees and in their possession. I have detached an officer and a party of men in pursuit of them. It is my wish to maintain the most friendly relations towards the Cherokees, unless an improper course on their part obliges me to pursue a different course. Will you have the goodness to address letters to the principal chiefs of the Cherokees on this subject? I hope they will use their influence to recover the horses. The Indians who find them shall be paid liberally for their trouble. I am anxious to recover as many as early as possible, to prevent their becoming poor and unfit for service early in the season.

To Col. R. Jones, Adj. General, U. S. Army.

CAMP JACKSON, Feb. 2, 1834.

The first week in January the weather became extremely cold, twelve degrees below zero. Grand river, about one hundred yards in width, was frozen six inches thick. The navigation of the river being stopped prevented

the delivery of corn, and I was obliged to have the horses placed in the cane. Previous to the change in the weather I had them confined, and fed on corn, and had cane cut for them. This freezing weather continued for several days, which partially killed the cane, and I fear unless a supply of corn can be procured many of the horses will not survive the winter.

I would respectfully suggest the propriety of ordering Captain Boone and Captain Ford detached to take the command of Companies C and E, at present commanded by first Lieutenants. Capt. Boone is a first rate officer for the woods' service. He commanded a Company of U. S. Rangers under my command in 1812. He is a good woodsman, and would be valuable on an expedition, and has a good knowledge of the southwestern frontier. Captain Ford served on this frontier last year. I consider him a good officer and well suited to the woods' service.

The individuals with whom Col. Arbuckle contracted for corn, I fear cannot be depended on. If I find I cannot procure corn here, I will, if possible, make a purchase of corn in Washington County, Arkansas Ty., and scatter the Dragoon horses in different parts of the county.

Instructions to Capt. E. V. Sumner.

CAMP JACKSON, Feb. 5, 1834.

Capt. Wharton having waived his rank as the Senior Captain for detached service, Capt. Sumner, of the U. S. Dragoons, will proceed with as little delay as possible to Washington Co., A. T., to procure corn and forage for the Dragoon horses, the quantity of the corn to be purchased not to exceed 5,000 bushels. Capt. Sumner will, if possible, make arrangements to procure a central position, where the largest quantity of corn can be purchased, and where the horses can be fed and groomed.

To Col. R. Jones, Adj. General U. S. Army.

CAMP JACKSON, Feb. 15, 1834.

I find there is a diversity of opinion between the U. S. Commissioners and Col. Arbuckle as to the contemplated tour of the Dragoons this season, and I conceive it a duty I owe the country as well as the corps I command to briefly present my views to the General in Chief, and which I hope will be laid before the Hon'l Secretary of War.

The Dragoons on their contemplated tour should not be accompanied by infantry. The failure of the expedition last season from this post, and the loss of one of Capt. Boone's Rangers, was to be attributed to the slow march of the infantry. Had a forced march been made by the Rangers in pursuit of the Pawnee Picts, they could have been overtaken, more especially as it was supposed their families were with them; and I think it would be a dangerous experiment to attempt with light boats the navigation of small rivers, heretofore unknown, with supplies for the Dragoons. The necessary supplies of every kind should be transported by mules, to enable the corps to march with that celerity of movement necessary to ensure success with a body of light troops.

It is a matter of first importance that guides should be procured who have a perfect knowledge of the country, with interpreters for the different nations of Indians with whom we may have intercourse. Twenty Osages should be

procured as buffalo hunters, to enable me to subsist my command until the Dragoons learn to shoot buffaloes. There are few men in this command that ever saw a buffalo, or would be able to subsist themselves by hunting. The greatest difficulty attending a march through the Indian country will be in subsisting my command on the buffalo. I would respectfully suggest the propriety of permitting the command to separate by detachments, should it become necessary to do so to subsist them, to meet at some point agreed on.

The anxiety I had to place the corps in a situation to be serviceable to the country was the reason I recommended the marching the five companies now under my command from Jefferson Barracks to this place. I was strongly impressed with the belief our horses would be in a better situation to sustain themselves on the grass of the prairies, than to march them from Jefferson Barracks in the spring, when the roads were bad, and the waters high, and forage scarce. I am still of the opinion that movement was a proper one, and that the Dragoon horses will be better able to perform the contemplated march than if they had remained at Jefferson Barracks. The month of January has been unusually inclement; the freezing weather killing the cane was unknown in this country heretofore. A favorable change in the weather, and a supply of corn having arrived, the horses are now recruiting fast, and will be in good order in one month from this time.

I would respectfully suggest the propriety of making Fort Leavenworth the head-quarters of the regiment. This post presents many advantages: steamboats could transport the necessary supplies to this place early in the spring, forage can be procured cheap on the frontiers of the State of Missouri, protection would be afforded the frontier inhabitants of this State, and this would be the proper point to furnish the necessary escort for the protection of our trade to the Mexican States.

I would submit for the consideration of the General in chief whether this regiment of Dragoons would not better afford protection to the different exposed frontiers of the United States, by being divided in three parts. Three companies would be sufficient on this frontier to keep the Indians in a state of peace with each other, as well as those who may emigrate to this country hereafter, as there is stationed at Fort Gibson a regiment of infantry, with the exception of one company, that could act with the Dragoons in case of emergency. A part of the regiment should be placed on the northwestern frontier to be located at some convenient point on the Mississippi, where supplies can be procured by water. A display of the force would prevent the Indians from intruding on the whites, as well as the whites from intruding on the Indians, and by ranging the country in the direction of Lake Traverse on the upper Mississippi would afford protection to our traders on that frontier, and might be the means of keeping peace between the Sioux and the Chippewas, two powerful rival nations of Indians. Should the Winnebagoes have to remove to the Neutral country ceded to them by the U. S. at the treaty holden at Fort Armstrong [Art II], in 1832, they will be located between the Sacs and Foxes and the Sioux. The country belonging to the Winnebagoes, north of the Wisconsin river is barren of game, and I am convinced the Winnebagoes will have to occupy their country west of the Mississippi for hunting purposes. It will

require, I have no doubt, a mounted force to keep those different nations of Indians at peace with each other, and it would be impossible to prevent the Menominees east of the Mississippi from participating in the war should it be commenced. From the present feeling among the different nations of Indians on our northwestern frontier, there is more danger to be apprehended from them at this time than from the Indians on this frontier, who appear peaceably disposed towards each other, and, from the great distance the Pawnee Picts and Camanches live from this frontier as well as their dread of our friendly Indians, but little danger is to be feared.

That part of the regiment of Dragoons posted at Fort Leavenworth would be able to range the country in the direction of the Rocky Mountains, and return in the fall to that place, and should there be war among the Indians the regiment could be concentrated in a short time by making a forced march. Should a part of the Dragoons be wintered at Fort Leavenworth, would not the good of the service be promoted, and a considerable expense be saved the Government, to order that part of the Sixth infantry, now stationed at that place to Jefferson Barracks, and permit the Dragoons to occupy their quarters next winter?

I respectfully submit my views to the General in chief on the various subjects connected with this communication with great delicacy, knowing their importance to our frontier people as well as the friendly Indians to whom the Government is pledged to afford protection.

*To Brigadier Gen'l. H. Leavenworth, Commanding Left Wing,
Western Department.*

CAMP JACKSON, May 3, 1834.

The success of the contemplated expedition into the Indian country will depend greatly on procuring guides who have a perfect knowledge of the country over which the regiment may march. The Osages are the native Indians of the country, and have a more general knowledge of the country in the direction of the Pawnee Picts than the emigrant Indians. A few interpreters will be necessary who understand the tongues of the different nations of Indians. There will be required at least twenty Indians for buffalo hunters. Col. Choteau, who has lived many years in the Osage country advised that a chief of the Osages called Black Dog should be employed to take the command of the party that might be engaged on this service. The subsisting a regiment on the buffalo alone is a new experiment, and it will be necessary that large supplies of buffalo meat should be procured where buffaloes are plenty, to guard against contingencies. Should the Dragoons be in pursuit of an Indian enemy, and be taken out of the range of the buffalo, unless they had large supplies they might be obliged to return without effecting the object of the Government, and it would be a part of the policy of an Indian enemy to retreat before the pursuing Dragoons, to take them out of the range of the buffalo.

Instructions to Capt. Clifton Wharton.

CAMP JACKSON, May 9, 1834.

Brig. Gen'l. Leavenworth having ordered a company from this regiment for the protection of the traders from Missouri to Santa Fe, Capt. Wharton is

ordered on the service with his company. On his march he will afford the caravans all the aid and assistance in his power. He will preserve the utmost harmony between his command and the traders, and defend them against attacks of the hostile Indians. He will guard against surprise by keeping his spies in advance and on his flank and rear, that he may have due notice of the approach of hostile Indians, and have time to prepare his men for action, and should Capt. Wharton meet the hostile Indians in battle, he will charge them, if possible to do so, as the best possible plan of defeating them.

In consequence of the late arrivals of the companies from Jefferson Barracks, the Dragoons did not take up their line of march to the Pawnee Pict country until June 15th. They then numbered about five hundred men. A Journal of the campaign was made under Col. Dodge's instructions by Lt. T. B. Wheelock, from which the following summary is taken:

Four bands of friendly Indians were associated with the expedition, eleven Osages, eight Cherokees, six Delawares, and seven Senecas, to act as guides, hunters, and interpreters, also to promote for their respective tribes friendly relations with the wild Indians. A Frenchman, a famous hunter, who had lived nearly all his life among the Osages, had those of that band in charge. With them were two Indian girls, one a Kiowa, fifteen years of age, who had been captured by the Osages, the other a Pawnee, about eighteen years of age, taken by the Osages some years before. By the restoration of these captive girls it was hoped to conciliate their people. The chief of the Cherokee party was famous for personal beauty, and for some daring adventures against the Osages. George Catlin, portrait painter, joined the expedition.

The command marched west and southwest a distance of two hundred miles the first two weeks, crossing the Canadian river half a mile below the mouth of Little river, and encamped on the Washita, June 29th. They met and killed the first buffalo on the 27th of June; the next day they passed a herd of thirty or forty, and killed six of them. They crossed the Washita on the 3rd and 4th of July, fixing a platform upon two canoes for the purpose. The shores were miry, and several horses were lost in crossing. Many horses were also disabled by heat and exposure and want of good grazing. By sickness among the men, the force was reduced one half, and Gen. Leavenworth ordered its re-organization with six companies, each consisting of forty-two, rank and file. Gen. Leavenworth had intended to go with the expedition to the Pawnee Pict villages, but changed his determination, and sent Col. Dodge with the command. They passed through the rough and broken country of the Cross Timbers, July 10th-13th, and then entered the well-watered country of the Grand Prairie, where they encountered large herds of buffalo and of wild horses. On the 14th of July they met a party of Camanches; Col. Dodge ordered a white flag hoisted; in the party was a Spaniard who had been taken captive by the Camanches, early in life. He came upon full gallop, bearing a white flag upon his lance, and was kindly received by Col.

Dodge. Gradually the whole band, about forty in number, came and shook hands. They rode good horses, were armed with bows and arrows and lances, and carried shields of buffalo hide. On inquiry where their village was, they answered, "two days' journey," and offered to conduct Col. Dodge thither. He told them that the President, the great American Captain, had sent him to shake hands with them; that he wished to establish peace between them and the red brethren around them, to send traders among them, and that they should be forever friends. The Camanches, Kiowas, and Pawnee Picts¹ (called the Toyash by the Camanches), were allies. On reaching the Camanche camp, a hundred mounted Camanches came out to welcome Col. Dodge. They shook hands with the Osages and the other Indians of the expedition. The camp contained two hundred skin lodges; herds of horses, in all not less than three thousand, were grazing around; some of the officers purchased wild horses; a blanket or butcher-knife was equivalent to a horse. A chain of peaks, rising about two thousand feet above the prairie were in sight; south and west behind them, the Toyash villages. The road thither was rough and rocky; wild horses, bears, and deer in abundance; no buffalo.

On the 21st of July the command reached the Toyash village. It was situated upon the bank of a branch of Red river, a perpendicular bluff of rocks six hundred feet high rising immediately back of the village. About sixty Indians came out to meet Col. Dodge; most of them were naked save a garment of dressed deer-skin, or red cloth, about the middle; they were armed with bows and arrows. One of them proved to be an uncle of the Pawnee girl, and he embraced her and shed tears of joy. The village contained near two hundred lodges, made of poles fixed firmly in the earth, fastened at the top, and thatched with prairie grass and corn stalks. There were no defences. Most of the officers visited the lodges and were hospitably entertained; dishes of green corn and beans, dressed with buffalo fat, afforded excellent fare, with water-melons and wild plums for dessert.

On the 22nd, 23rd, and 24th of July, Col. Dodge held a Council with the Toyash, Camanches, and Kiowa chiefs and warriors, and explained to them that he came among them in friendship, that the great American chief wanted to be at peace with all the red men, and to have all the red men at peace with one another, and not shed each other's blood, as they had done. In exchange for the Pawnee girl, he obtained the surrender of a white boy, seven years of age, who was brought to him entirely naked. His name was Matthew Wright Martin. He was a son of Judge Martin, of Arkansas, and had accompanied his father on a hunting excursion in which they were waylaid by Indians, the father murdered, and the boy carried off captive. Some had proposed to kill him also, but one of the Indians took his part, and took care of him. For this act of humanity Col. Dodge gave a rifle to that particular Indian, and caused the little boy to present to him a pistol with his own hand, Col. Dodge also obtained the surrender of a black boy, who had been captured by the Indians.

¹The Pawnee Picts were entirely distinct from the Pawnees who occupied the country of the Platte from the Missouri river to the Rocky Mountains.

A few months before, the Osages had murdered a number of Kiowa women and children, whilst the men were absent hunting. The Kiowa girl, now with the expedition, had been taken captive at that time. The Camanche chief offered a Spanish girl in exchange for her, which Col. Dodge declined. On the second day of the Council a band of Kiowas came rushing on horseback into camp, their rage against the Osages kindled to a great pitch, their bows strung and quivers filled with arrows. Col. Dodge gradually quieted them. On the third day a larger band of Kiowas rode up, presenting an imposing appearance; one chief wearing a Spanish red cloth mantle, with a prodigious array of feathers: another wearing a perfectly white hunting shirt, of dressed deer skin, fringed, and bound with beads, and a cloth mantle of blue and crimson. Col. Dodge presented the girl to her father, saying that the President had purchased her of the Osages, and had sent him to restore her to her people; it was an act of friendship, and he refused to take a present in return which her father offered. An uncle of the girl threw his arms around Col. Dodge and with tears invoked blessings upon him. The women came in succession and embraced the girl.

The leader of the Osage band said: "We came for peace; dogs fight; we wish to be friends; we shake hands. We look on Col. Dodge as our father. We wish you to visit our people, to see how we live since the white men have been our friends." An Osage youth said: "My father was once a wild Indian; I was sent to the white man's school; was taught to read and write; the white men instructed us how to build houses, to raise cattle, and live like white men. Your buffalo will be gone in a few years. Our great father will give you cattle, and teach you how to live without buffalo."

The pipes having made their rounds, Col. Dodge presented the chiefs with guns and pistols, and said: "I am glad to see together the great chief of the Camanches, the chiefs of the Kiowa and Toyash people, and the American officers. We have been strangers until now. You and the Indians who came with us have long been at war with each other. It is the wish of our great captain to promote a permanent good understanding among you all. I want some of you to go with me that you may see our country."

On the 25th of July the expedition commenced the return march, several of the Camanches, Kiowas and Toyash with them, and reached Fort Gibson late in the evening of the 15th of August, having taken a more direct route than in going out. Immense herds of buffalo were encountered; on the evening of August 1st, a herd came rushing upon the camp, but the mounted sentinels succeeded in diverting their course; on the 6th of August herds broke and rebroke through the command. The heat was excessive; the beds of many creeks entirely dry; some days no water from morning till the halt for the night, and the hot breezes were so burning that one turned from them as from the chill blasts of winter. Most of the horses were disabled; there were hardly ten in good condition, at the end of the march. The men presented a sorry figure, hardly one that looked like service; a number were carried on litters; many were literally half naked; a great number on the sick list.¹

¹American State Papers, Military Affairs, V. 362, 373-382.

Col. Dodge, under date of Fort Gibson, August 18, 1834, stated the following additional particulars in his report to the Adjutant General:

There is no doubt of the Pawnee Picts having murdered Judge Martin. It is with pleasure, I can say to you, we have his promising little boy with us. I heard the fate of the man Abby. The Camanche chief states that the Texas Camanches took him, and carried him over Red river, and killed him. The Camanches, Kiowas, and Pawnee Picts, I have no doubt, are the Indians who rob and kill our Sante Fe traders. The head-chief of the Pawnee Picts, with three others are with me, and fifteen Kiowas, including their principal chief. The Kiowas are a brave war-like tribe, and I have no doubt from their wealthy appearance, they are the principal perpetrators of the robberies. The present favorable impression made on their minds by the delivery of one of their people must have a good effect. I have no hesitation in saying that the road is now clear to make peace with these tribes, and that a valuable trade may be opened on this frontier.

The expedition has given me a knowledge of the country occupied by the Camanches and Kiowas, who live within the limits of the territory of the United States, and from what I have seen I have no doubt a permanent peace will be established between the United States and those tribes, as well as the different nations of Indians whom the Government is pledged to protect by treaty. I regret the terms of time for which the United States Commissioners were appointed to treat with the different nations has expired. The death of Gen. Leavenworth¹ places me in a delicate situation in relation to the Pawnee Picts and Kiowas. I will assume the responsibility of assembling the different nations, and hold a council with them, and endeavor to conciliate their differences. I have made presents of a few guns to the principal Indians, and will necessarily have to make some small presents in merchandize; The presents will be inconsiderable, and I trust will be paid for by the Government. Gen. Leavenworth was desirous to have sent the Indians to Washington, should they be found.

The great distance I had to march my horses, passing by the mouth of the False Washita, to reach the country of the Pawnee Picts, was a serious injury to them; the distance from this post to the Pawnee Pict village would not exceed two hundred and fifty miles; the distance marched was at least four hundred and fifty miles. The Dragoon horses that marched from Jefferson Barracks must have travelled at least thirteen hundred miles, to have made the tour contemplated by the Government. The troops should have left this post by the first of May, at which time, the grass would have sustained the Dragoon horses.

By returning by this post I will be able to procure grain to recruit the public horses, which will enable them to reach the Des Moines² and Fort Leaven-

¹ Died at Cross Timbers, July 21, 1834.

² Camp Des Moines was a new post on the Upper Mississippi, established at the head of the Des Moines Rapids, upon the site of the present town of

worth. Enclosed you will receive the talks held at different times with the Indians. This has been a most arduous campaign on both men and horses. I trust the course I have taken will meet the approbation of the Government. It gives me great pleasure to say I have had the undivided support of the officers who accompanied me on the expedition, and that the Dragoons have done their duty.

To Major General E. P. Gaines, Commanding Western Department, U. S. A.

FORT GIBSON, Sept. 7, 1834.

A council was convened on the 1st inst., at this place between the different nations of friendly Indians on this frontier and the Pawnee Picts and Kiowas. This council closed on the 4th inst. I have no doubt if the Government appoints Commissioners to meet the Pawnee Picts, Kiowas and Camanches in the buffalo country next spring, that a lasting peace can be made between the United States, and these Indians, as well as with the different tribes on this frontier, with whom they have hitherto been in a state of war.

I have made the Pawnee Picts and Kiowas a small amount in presents consisting of thirteen guns to the chiefs and principal men of those nations and about two hundred and fifty dollars in merchandise and tobacco. The making a few presents is indispensably necessary; it is well known to all who are acquainted with Indian character that in meeting Indians entirely strangers, a few presents to enable the officers of the Government to form an acquaintance with them has uniformly been the custom and usage in our Indian relations.

On the 5th inst, the Kiowas and Pawnee Picts started back to their yillages. I sent a small detachment of Dragoons to escort them out of the settlements, and I have engaged a small party of Cherokees under the direction of a confidential leader to accompany these wild Indians through the Cross Timbers, which is about one hundred miles from this place.

Three companies under Lt. Col. Kearney, marched from this place for the Des Moines, on the Mississippi on the 3d inst, where they are to be wintered in the Sac country. Three companies of Dragoons commanded by Major Mason were under order of the General in chief to be located at or near Fort Gibson. I directed the Major to select such a position as would be most conducive to the health of his men, having an eye to foraging his horses. His detachment is located about twenty miles above this post on the Arkansas river, where there is building timber for the erection of huts and stables for the winter. I ordered Capt. Wharton's company of Dragoons to march for Fort Leavenworth on the 4th inst, and Capt. Hunter will march on to-morrow with three companies. The health of this place is bad. There is now on the sick list one hundred and twenty-seven Dragoons; a number have died since my return from the expedition, and I fear from present appearances many more will not survive this month.

During the march to the Pawnee Pict towns, many of the horses gave out, and were left behind; a number were lost with the detachment left at the False

Montrose, Lee Co., Iowa. Barracks, stables and other buildings for three companies of Dragoons were erected there in 1834.

Washita by the order of General Leavenworth. Mounted troops going into the Indian country should leave the settlements as early as the first of May. They could make their tour to any part of the Indian country within the limits of the territory of the United States, on our southwestern frontier, and return by the first of July; they would avoid the heat of the weather and the flies of the prairies.

To Major General E. P. Gaines, Commanding Western Dept. U. S. Army
FORT GIBSON, Sept. 13, 1834.

On the 8th inst, Black Dog and Tally, two of the principal chiefs of one of the Osage bands, arrived at this place with about one hundred Osages. They stated that they had been informed of the council, and had come to see what had been done, and to be paid for a Pawnee woman obtained from them by Gen. Leavenworth, for which he was to pay them two hundred dollars. This woman I had exchanged for the son of Mrs. Martin, at the Pawnee village. The nature of Gen. Leavenworth's engagements, I was not acquainted with. Major Armstrong had returned to his agency, and I was obliged to make some arrangements with these Indians. Had I not paid them for this woman they would have returned home discontented. I had but a few days started the Pawnees home, and the Osages threatened, unless I paid for this woman, they would have her or another in her place. I have paid the Indians on my own responsibility, the sum of two hundred dollars in merchandise; they returned to their villages yesterday. The officer who was sent in charge of Mrs. Martin's son returned yesterday evening, and reported the delivery of him to his mother.

One of the Pawnee Picts lost his horse after his arrival at this place; I procured a horse from Lt. Collins, United States Quartermaster, for him to return home on. I leave to-morrow for Fort Leavenworth; the sick are mending.

To Gen. R. Jones, Adj't. Gen'l. U. S. Army.

HEADQUARTERS U. S. DRAGOONS, FORT LEAVENWORTH, Oct. 20, 1834.

A number of men will have to be recruited to complete the companies of this regiment, and I would respectfully recommend to the General in chief that the recruits should be made, if possible, from the western states; the western men are better acquainted with the management and care of horses than the eastern, which is a matter of great importance in the Dragoon service. Instructions should be given the recruiting officers to be particular that no deception is practiced on the men by the recruiting sergeants; there has been much discontent evinced among the men on that subject, and I have no doubt it has been the cause of many desertions.

On my arrival at this military post, I expected stables would have been built for the Dragoon horses. Orders have been given by the Quartermaster General for the erection of stables at the Des Moines, on the Mississippi, as well as Fort Gibson. Finding that no orders had been given for building stables for the four companies under my immediate command by the Quartermaster, I ordered the commanding officers of companies to build temporary stables. The men of part of these companies refused to work, saying that orders had been given for building stables, where detachments of the regiment

were located, and that they had been told by the officers who recruited them, they would have nothing to do but to take care of their horses and perform military duties; this spirit of insubordination I have to contend with. The first duty of a soldier is to obey his orders, and I am determined this work shall be done for the preservation of the horses. I regret however, that this feeling exists, more particularly as the men built their quarters last winter, and have performed hard service during the summer. I shall pursue a steady and determined course with the insubordinate men until they are brought to a proper sense of duty.

To Lt. Col. Kearney, Commanding detachment at Des Moines.

FORT LEAVENWORTH, Oct. 21, 1834.

I received your favor of the 26th ult., informing me of your arrival at the Des Moines. You are in a healthy climate. I hope the officers and men of your command will recover their health in a short time. Your horses must have been taken good care of, to be recruited on so long a march. I expected the necessary buildings for your command would have been in a state of readiness on your arrival, and that they would be comfortable and convenient. The officers and men of the corps after the privation they encountered last winter and summer had a right to expect that good quarters would be erected for them for the approaching winter.

Lieut. Simonton, who is attached to Capt. Boone's company, has recently arrived with a party of emigrating Indians.

*To Major Gen'l. E. P. Gaines, Commanding Western Department,
U. S. Army, Memphis, Tennessee.*

Ft. LEAVENWORTH, Oct. 21, 1834.

I had the honor to receive your communication of the 15th ult., by the last mail. It is a source of great gratification to me that my conduct on the late expedition to the Pawnee Pict country has met your approbation, more especially as the approval has been made by a General distinguished in the service of his country. My journal taken by an intelligent officer will give you the most satisfactory information I have in my power to communicate. Could an engineer have accompanied the expedition, much useful information could have been obtained as to the topography of the country I marched over. My time was so occupied that I had not a moment to attend to any other duties not connected with the march of the troops.

You are desirous to ascertain the number of the different nations of Indians with whom I had intercourse.

From the best information I could get, the Pawnee Picts are from three to five hundred warriors; they inhabit the country on the Red river, live in villages, and raise corn.

The Kiowas are a roving nation of Indians, that follow the buffalo, and have no fixed residence; they range the country from the Rocky mountains to the Canadian, a large tributary of the Arkansas; they eat the meat of the buffalo without cooking, when they have no time to make fire; they are a brave, war-like people, unless I am deceived in them; their number may be estimated from five to eight hundred warriors.

The Camanches are a numerous nation of Indians divided in different bands. The band I met occupy the country from the head of the Arkansas river to the Canadian river, they follow the buffalo and wild horses, and have no fixed place of residence; they live in large lodges of an oval form that will contain twelve or fourteen persons; they speak with great confidence of their power, and that they defeat the Spaniards in all their engagements with them. The Camanches appear to me to be a jealous people. I have no doubt it is their wish to be at peace with the United States. They are under the impression that their goods and supplies of every kind can be purchased much cheaper from the Americans than from the Spaniards. The strength of the band I met with is supposed to be from eight hundred to one thousand warriors. Neither the Camanches or Kiowas raise corn.

I fully agree with you in your views in relation to the policy that should be pursued towards the Indians on our extensive frontier. Philanthropy and humanity as well as sound policy points out the course you have mentioned as the true one. It is the only policy that will help the condition of the Indians, and save them from ruin and destruction.

Be assured I will use every exertion in my power to be ready to take the field when my services may be required. The Dragoon horses are improving, and the health of the men is much improved.

To Col. F. W. Armstrong, U. S. Superintendent of the Southwestern Indians.

FORT LEAVENWORTH, Oct. 24, 1834.

You are no doubt apprized that the Osage Indian that committed the murder on the blacksmith within your superintendency is at this post in the guard-house. This was a most aggravated case of murder, as I have been informed. Major Choteau has no doubt reported to you the particulars. Considering I had nothing to do with him except as to his safe keeping, I will send him under an escort of Dragoons to wherever you may direct. He will no doubt have to be tried in the Territory of Arkansas, as the crime was committed within the limits of that jurisdiction. The Osages want a lesson, and I think this Indian would be a proper subject to make an example of from what I have heard.

I have received a letter from General Gaines in answer to my official report of the expedition to the Pawnee Pict country, which is entirely satisfactory; he stated he had forwarded my communication to the President who was then at the Hermitage.

Should the Government approve the course we have recommended, and convene the Indians in the buffalo country in the spring, I think we will be associated to hold treaty with them. I will write to my friends in Congress as well as to the Secretary of War. I want to see western men who are well qualified, to fill the offices in the west, and let the eastern gentlemen remain where they are in the east.

To Brigadier Gen'l. Henry Atkinson,

Commanding Right Wing, Western Department.

FORT LEAVENWORTH, Nov. 3, 1834.

Should the Indians residing east of the Mississippi be all concentrated on

this frontier, it will require a mounted force constantly in motion, when the season will permit, to keep them in a state of peace with each other, and to prevent their intruding on the whites and the whites from intruding on them.

Major Daugherty informs me that the Aureekeree Indians have been driven by the Sioux from their country and that they are now in the Pawnee country. He says they have asked permission of him to remain in that country, which he has granted them, until the views of the Government can be made known. I think he was right in doing so; to have ordered them out of the Pawnee country might have made them more hostile to the whites; from their embarrassed situation at this time I should suppose a lasting peace could be made with them. Should they unite with the Camanches, Kiowas and Pawnee Picts, they might be troublesome to our frontiers, as well as to the traders on the Sante Fe road. Daugherty states the Aureekerees have about six hundred warriors in the Pawnee country.

I should have reported the case of the Osage Indian to you immediately on my arrival at this post, but supposed Major Thompson had done so. This killing was one of the most aggravated cases of murder I have heard of. The only reason given by the Osage for killing his own blacksmith was that several of his family had died with the cholera, and that he was obliged to kill somebody. I should like to see this Indian have a trial on the merits of his case.

I have had information from several persons that the Osages have stolen horses and killed stock on the Fort Gibson road. Mr. Bright, of the Osage Missionary establishment, wrote me a few days since that an Osage robbed a widow woman of twenty dollars in silver; he was pursued and overtaken, and the money taken from him; the citizens started to take him to Jackson County, and he made his escape.

To Major J. B. Brant, Quartermaster, St. Louis.

FORT LEAVENWORTH, Nov. 4, 1834.

I received your favor of the 21st ult. You wish to know my views as to the best mode of supplying the regiment of Dragoons with horses. In reply I will state, horses purchased on the frontiers that have been raised principally on grass would be preferable; they should not exceed fifteen hands high, with short legs and large bodies. Well-built, strong horses, not less than six years and not to exceed nine, should not cost the Government more than seventy dollars each. I noticed on the expedition last summer, such horses as I describe were much more efficient and serviceable than horses with light bodies and long legs.

Mules are much to be preferred for pack animals. Twenty should be furnished each company at least. If good mules could be procured, I believe the expense would be much less, and the regiment would be more efficient, mounted on mules altogether. These animals carry more than horses, and live on less; their feet are much more durable; they stand the heat of the sun better, and can be subsisted on the grass. Horses that have been accustomed to being fed on grain, when they have to subsist on grass, more espec-

ially when they are marched in a hot climate, lose their action in a short time.

The efficiency of a regiment of Dragoons depends entirely on the quality of their horses, and the means of transportation furnished them by the Government. Waggons should be entirely dispensed with. Celerity of movement is of the first importance to all bodies of light troops. A corps of Dragoons should be able to traverse any kind of country, however mountainous and broken, which they never can do encumbered with waggons.

To Major Gen'l. Thomas S. Jessup.

Quartermaster General, Washington, D. C.

FORT LEAVENWORTH, Nov. 4, 1834.

I had the honor to receive your favor of the 9th ult., enclosing a letter from Mr. Zadoc Martain. I will frankly give you my opinion as to cultivating land on the United States reservation at this military post. To produce the quantity of corn Mr. Martain proposes to furnish for the use of the United States Dragoons, he would have to cultivate at least three hundred acres of land; the calculation is to raise about fifty bushels of corn to the acre. As Mr. Martain would have to hire a number of laborers who would be white men principally, it would be the means of introducing a traffic in whiskey, which would have a most demoralizing effect upon the Dragoons at this post. The good of the service requires at this place as little intercourse as possible with citizens. I am now much annoyed by secret whiskey sellers; the whites who are engaged at work here generally each bring a cag of whiskey with them to sell to the Dragoons.

Mr. Martain has already several exclusive privileges granted him: he has the privilege of keeping the ferry at the Platte river where he has a farm; he occupies the ferry on the Missouri at this place, and is now keeping the only public house at this post. I do not think it would be good policy to extend his privileges.

If the Quartermaster of this post would give timely notice that he would receive proposals to furnish the necessary forage for the Dragoon horses, making it discretionary to accept or refuse the lowest bid, it would prevent any combination of individuals from forming a club with a view of getting the highest price, and I have no doubt forage by that means would be procured on good terms, and that it would be preferable to raising corn on the reservation at this post.

To Hon. Lewis Cass, Secretary of War, Washington.

FORT LEAVENWORTH, Nov. 25, 1834.

I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your communication of the 27th ult. I am much gratified that my conduct in relation to the council held with a number of the chiefs of the western tribes of Indians at Fort Gibson in September last, has been satisfactory to you. Altho I had not received instructions from the War Department on the subject of holding councils with the Indians, I felt the necessity of assuming the responsibility of convening the chiefs of the friendly tribes, to hold a conference with the Indians

that accompanied me on the return of the expedition from the Indian country. I had consulted with Gov. Stokes, and fortunately the first day the council convened Major Armstrong arrived; I found in him an able colleague.

It is a source of great gratification to me to know that my conduct and that of the corps I have the honor to command on the late expedition has the approbation of the President.

The annual report of the Secretary of War, for 1834 says: "Col. Dodge who led the expedition and his whole command performed their duties in the most satisfactory manner, and they encountered with firmness the privations incident to the harassing service upon which they were ordered. Fortunately the efforts to introduce amicable relations were successful, and the object of the expedition was obtained without a single act of hostility."

Many interesting incidents of the expedition, with accounts of its hardships and sufferings, of the manners and customs of the tribes visited, portraits of chiefs, views of Indian villages, pictures of scenery, adventures in buffalo hunting, &c., &c., are given in Letters, No. 37-45, of George Catlin's "North American Indians," Bohn's edition, London, 1857, Vol. II, pp. 36-86. They have been incorporated in a history of the George Catlin Indian Gallery, at Washington, by Thomas Donaldson, in the Smithsonian Report, 1885, Part V. (Bound Volume, Part II.), pp. 42-53, 255-262, 281-3, 344-7, 475-491. Col. Dodge certified that Mr. Catlin's Indian portraits were "good likeness, and the costumes faithfully represented." The picture of Col. Dodge, published in the RECORD, Oct. 1889, was made by Mr. Catlin, just as they returned from a buffalo hunt. Before going on that hunt, Mr. Catlin had painted a portrait of Gen. Leavenworth. In that hunt Gen. Leavenworth sustained a severe injury by a fall from his horse, when running a buffalo calf. A few days afterward, he said, "I have killed myself in running that devilish calf; and it was a very lucky thing, Catlin, that you painted the portrait of me before we started, for it is all that my dear wife will ever see of me."

Mr. Catlin wrote from Fort Gibson, Sept. 1834: "To Col.

Dodge and Col. Kearney, who so indefatigably led and encouraged their men through the campaign, too much praise cannot be awarded. We brought with us to this place three of the principal chiefs of the Pawnees, fifteen Kiowas, one Camanche, and one Wico chief. The group was undoubtedly one of the most interesting that ever visited our frontier; and I have taken the utmost pains in painting the portraits of all of them, as well as seven of the Camanche chiefs, who came part of the way with us, and turned back.

Of the four hundred and fifty fine fellows who started from this place four months since, about one third have died, and I believe many more there are whose fates are sealed, and will yet fall victims to the diseases contracted in that fatal country.

Since we came in from the prairies, and the sickness has a little abated, we have had a bustling time with the Indians at this place. Col. Dodge sent runners to the chiefs of the contiguous tribes, with an invitation to meet the Pawnees, &c., in council. Seven or eight tribes flocked to us in great numbers on the first day of the month, when the council commenced. It continued for several days, and gave these semi-civilized sons of the forest a fair opportunity of shaking the hands of their wild and untamed red brethren of the west, and smoking the calumet together as the solemn pledge of lasting peace and friendship. Col. Dodge, Major Armstrong, and General Stokes presided, and I cannot name a scene more interesting and entertaining than it was; where for several days free vent was given to the feelings of men, civilized, half-civilized, and wild; where the three stages of men were fearlessly asserting their rights, their happiness, and friendship for each other. The vain orations of the half-polished Cherokees and Choc-taws, with all their finery and art, found their match in the brief and jarring gutturals of the wild and naked man."

THE OPENING CHAPTER IN "THE LIFE AND
TIMES OF GOV. KIRKWOOD."

NOW BEING WRITTEN BY H. W. LATHROP.



HE Kirkwood family in America date back to 1731, when Robert Kirkwood and his widowed sister-in-law with her two children, a son named Robert, three years old, and a sister older emigrated from Londonderry in the north of Ireland, and settled in New Castle, Delaware. Captain Robert Kirkwood, a son of this immigrant Robert, was a Captain in the revolutionary army all through that war, and was so distinguished for his eminent services, that the brevet rank of Brigadier General was conferred on him upon the recommendation of Washington. That he should be advanced from a Captaincy to a Brigadier Generalship, without going through the intermediate grades, and that upon the recommendation of his commander in chief, is the best attestation that could be given of his ability, his valor and his worth. He was in the bloody battles of Camden, Hobkirk's Hill, Eutaw Springs and Ninety-Six and Lee in his memoirs of the southern revolutionary campaigns makes frequent and honorable mention of him.

At the battle of Camden his Delaware regiment was so badly cut up that but one company of it was left and he had the command of it. After the close of the war, in 1789, he moved into eastern Ohio, opposite Wheeling, Va.

In the spring of 1791 the cabin of Capt. Kirkwood was attacked by a party of Indians in the night, but they were repulsed. The cabin was set fire to, the roof was all ablaze, when it was pushed off and the fire quenched with water and milk from the house. Of fourteen soldiers in the house at the time, one was killed and seven wounded.

After this affair, Capt. Kirkwood returned with his family to Newark, Delaware. On his way he met some of St.

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Clair's troops on their way to Cincinnati. Exasperated at the attack of the Indians upon his house, he took the command of a company of Delaware troops, and was with them at St. Clair's defeat on the Wabash in the fall of 1791, where he fell in an attempt to repel the enemy with the bayonet.

In the year 1759 this three year old boy Robert, had attained his thirty-first year, when he married Jane Henderson, and became the father of six children, five sons, William, John, Robert, Nathaniel and Jabez, and one daughter, Sarah.

Rev. A. B. Cross, compiling in 1886 a history of the Presbyterian church of which the early Kirkwoods were members, mentions eight of them and their descendants as being Elders in the church, three as professors in colleges, one (Samuel J.) as ex Governor, ex U. S. Senator and ex Cabinet Minister, and says "All these Elders, Preachers, Professors, Lawyers and Politicians are the descendants of that fatherless three year old boy who came to Delaware in 1731. To me there is a peculiar interest in the childhood of that boy. In all my ministry I have been on the most intimate terms with, and have preached to many of the Kirkwood family, and I would not do justice in this notice if I did not say, from a long and intimate knowledge of them, they have been a family that have always been true to their country and true to their church, with a line of Elders from the beginning in 1731 till now."

It may be said of the early Kirkwoods that they were, and their descendants of to-day are, men of large mental caliber and of great aptitude in the acquisition of knowledge. Among the most noted are Daniel Kirkwood, LL.D. a lifetime teacher in various schools, and for several years professor of Mathematics and Astronomy in Indiana University, author of "Meteoric Astronomy and the Asteroids between Mars and Jupiter," and a work on Comets and Meteors; and who is quoted as the highest authority on those subjects; Prof. Wm. R. Kirkwood, D.D. of Macallister College, Minn.: and Prof. Samuel J. Kirkwood, LL.D. of the University of Wooster, Ohio.

Such is his reputation as an astronomer, both at home and abroad, that when, in 1875, the great English astronomer, Richard Anthony Proctor, visited America, he came west to Indiana on purpose to see his colaborer in astronomical work, Prof. Daniel Kirkwood.

Jabez Kirkwood was an infant son of the revolution being born in that memorable year 1776, and he married for his first wife Rhoda Coulson, by whom he had two sons, Robert and Coulson, and for his second wife a widow Wallace, whose maiden name was Mary Alexander, by whom he had three sons, John, Wallace and Samuel Jordan. His second wife was born in Scotland.

Robert the father of Jabez must have been a man of thrift and well to do in the world, as he settled his five sons at their majority, when they were ready to set up business for themselves, each on a good sized farm for that time, that given to Jabez containing 140 acres or more.

Samuel Jordan Kirkwood, son of Jabez, and the subject of this memoir, and the youngest in the family, was born on the 20th of December, 1813, in Harford Co., Md., to which place his ancestors had immigrated from Delaware. As will be seen by the foregoing, his parentage on his father's side was Scotch-Irish, and on his mothers pure Scotch. His parents were both Scotch Presbyterians of the strict puritanical school of that denomination during their time.

Being a blacksmith as well as a farmer, his father spent most of his time in the shop and the boys, after they had arrived at sufficient age carried on the farm. At this early date so worn had the thin soil of parts of this farm become, that one whole field though well situated and originally fertile was abandoned and left uncultivated. In after years the application of lime restored its fertility.

Blacksmithing then was as different from the blacksmithing of to-day, as our farm operations are different from those of that time. The making of the iron work of plows, making chains, nails, axes and other edge tools, such as knives,

butcher knives and chisels as well as hay forks and manure forks and also many other things we now buy at the hardware stores were the work of the home blacksmith, and Jabez Kirkwood was an adept at all the work in his line. Cut nails had not then been invented, nor had wire nails been dreamed of, and all the nails then used for building or other purposes, whether large or small, were drawn out one at a time by the smith with his hammer and anvil, and the head of the nail made by having the large end mashed down with a riveting hammer. The edge tools of that day were all ground by hand to fit them for use after they came from the hands of the blacksmith, and it was a good half day's work for two men to grind and fit an ax ready for chopping. Horse shoes were all turned by hand and the nails for setting them also made by hand.

The farm tools of that day as used on the Kirkwood farm consisted of a plow, the wood work of which was made by Coulson, one of the elder boys, and the iron work by the father; an "A" harrow with heavy frame and but few teeth and they of large size, a sled used in place of a wagon (in later years displaced by a wagon), scythes, sickles, grain cradles, hand rakes, pitchforks, manure forks, shovels, flails, a fan for cleaning grain after it was threshed; and all these tools combined were not equal in value to a mower or reaper or even a farm wagon of to-day. Thus all the farm work except the plowing and harrowing was done by hand and that by tools far inferior to those of the same kind manufactured to-day. The fanning mill that now lingers on a few of our farms had just begun to supersede the old hand fan.

In the house, in the place of cook stove, for that had not then been invented, was a large open fire place with a broad stone or brick hearth in front of the fire place, wide enough to take in five feet wood, and capacious enough to use in one day wood enough to last a cook stove a whole week. In this fire place, over the fire, was hung an iron crane that reached nearly the length of the fire place and would swing out over the hearth, and on the crane a family of iron hooks from a few

inches to two feet or more in length, and a trammel on all which were hung the pots and kettles in which was done the family cooking, except the frying and baking. In baking a large long legged cast iron bake kettle, sometimes called a Dutch oven, was used. A huge pile of coals was drawn from the fire on to the hearth, the oven set over them, the dough being first put in the large iron cover, with a wide flange turned up, placed on and this cover loaded with live coals to the top of the flange. This was the "send off" the embryo bread got in the oven, the live coals both on the hearth and the kettle, being renewed from time to time till the baking was finished. The frying was done by hauling live coals on to the hearth, placing the spider or frying pan over them, sometimes with a cover over the pan and often not. Turkeys, ducks, chickens and ribs of pork were roasted by being hung before the open fire and turned and basted as the roasting process proceeded. Before and over this blazing, roasting fire all the family cooking was done and it is a wonder that our mothers and grandmothers as cooks did not themselves get roasted by it.

The preparation of the family clothing, except the dyeing and fulling, from the time the wool came from the sheeps' backs and the flax came from the hands of the flax dresser, was all made in the family. The wool was all carded spun and woven by hand, the hand cards, spinning wheel and loom being common tools in nearly every household, and when the garments of the men and boys were to be made a "tailoress" was brought into the house and she remained till a year's stock for all had been cut and made. The day of shoe stores had not then dawned nor had boot and shoe shops become plenty, and when shoes were wanted leather was purchased at the country store or at the tanner's and a shoemaker with his kit of tools was brought into the house given a place in the kitchen and he remained till the whole family were shod. It was the custom in those days for boys as well as girls till well in their teens to go barefooted in the summer, and if the shoe-

maker could not get around in time it was often as late as the advent of early frosts and untimely snows before the shoes were ready, and the Governor often goes back in memory to the time when as a bare-footed boy he was sent out in the early morning to drive up the cows, and remembers how he stood on the warm spots where the cows had lain over night to warm his toes chilled by the ungenerous frost.

As there were no girls in the Kirkwood family the boys did the churning, helped do the washing and such other household chores as boys could turn their hands to, and Samuel performed his share of these tasks.

Such was the farm on which, and such the home and family in which the Governor spent the first ten years of his life, and they did not differ in any essential particulars from the majority of the farms and homes in that part of the country at that time.

On one corner of his father's farm was a log school house in whose small windows oiled paper served in the place of glass and whose seats were logs split in two with wooden pins for legs, and desks made in a similar manner. In this rude school house young Samuel commenced his education, and it was begun when he was so young that the older brothers often carried him to school on their backs and here it was continued till he was ten years old, and he must have been an apt scholar in his childhood days for he cannot remember the time when he could not repeat the multiplication table and before he graduated from the log school house, at the age of ten, he had advanced so that he had "ciphered" to the "rule of three" (proportion) in arithmetic, and had made a corresponding advancement in his other studies, an advancement that in those days was deemed creditable in a youth of fifteen.

THE HISTORY OF A FLAG.



EBRUARY 17th, 1865, General Sherman's Grand Army captured the capital of South Carolina. A party of the Crocker Iowa Brigade, commanded by General W. W. Belknap, crossed the river in front of the city in an old flat boat, and were the first troops of Sherman's Army in the city. They placed the flags of the 13th Iowa Vet. Vol. Infantry, one on the old Capital the other on the new building that was unfinished. At that time a fire was burning in the streets, which were filled with cotton, that set the buildings on fire and destroyed the entire city. I was one of the party that crossed the river. After we had placed the Union Flags on the buildings spoken of above, I entered the old Capitol building, and in there met an intelligent contraband who was janitor in the Library room. I asked him if there was anything in there that would be of interest to any of us. He informed me that the old Secession Flag was hid on a top shelf behind some books. I took a step ladder and found the flag. The librarian informed me that was the flag that was made by the ladies of Columbia and which was raised over the Capital building when the ordinance of Secession was passed by the convention. It was at that time about sixty feet long and thirty feet wide, had the Palmetto tree and the snake coiled at the foot of the tree. The lower part of the flag with the snake has been torn off since it has been in the Historical Society rooms at Iowa City, Iowa. Since the Rebellion, and while General Belknap was Secretary of War, the flag was sent by the late Col. S. C. Trowbridge, then librarian of the Historical Society, to General Belknap at his request, to be more fully identified. The flag was sent by Secretary Belknap to Columbia and was found to be the original flag that announced to the people of Columbia and the world that South Carolina had withdrawn from the Union. The flag was in the custody of the librarian and was by him prepared to be raised over the Capitol building

as soon as the vote was taken, if it took the State out of the Union. The Secession ordinance was passed, and to the thousands that filled the grounds and streets around the old building, the raising of the flag was the announcement that South Carolina had voluntarily withdrawn from the Union. The history, as written by the librarian when the flag was returned to him, has been lost. This is the true history of this celebrated flag as I remember it, after the lapse of twenty-six years. It now hangs peacefully in the Iowa State Historical Society Cabinet at Iowa City, after inaugurating a four years' war, with its accompanying desolation and death.

The Capital of South Carolina was captured by Iowa soldiers, and the flag that announced to the world that South Carolina went for Secession, and war to destroy the Union, rests quietly in our state to teach the young the lesson of patriotism that cost so much blood and treasure to maintain this as a nation.

W. H. GOODRELL,
Late Captain and Brevet Major, 15th Iowa Vols.

THE NAME ON THE SOIL.*

BY REV. C. S. PERCIVAL, PH. D.

[In the southeast corner of Iowa there are three contiguous counties lying nearly in a north and south line, whose united names are identical with that of the first [Episcopal] bishop of the state, after it was erected into a diocese. To one approaching that part of the state from the east, the name reads, as is customary in an alphabetical catalogue, thus: Lee, Henry, Washington. Soon after Dr. Lee's election, this singular topological fact was pointed out to Bishop DeLancy, who was so struck by the remarkable coincidence that he exclaimed at

*Reprinted from the Churchman.

once, with animation: "Dr. Lee must go to Iowa. His name is inscribed on the soil of the state."]

He came, sent by divine command
To plant the seeds of heavenly truth
Upon the soil of this fair land
Just budding into vigorous youth.

He came from far; and, as he came
He found inscribed upon the soil,
By happy prescience, his own name,
Prophetic of his future toil.

And if his name in living green
Had sprouted from the fecund sod,
To him more plain had scarce been seen
His warrant from the hand of God.

First of the apostolic race
Commissioned from this soil to rear
The plants of apostolic grace,
And spread their fruitage far and near,

He came; and for a score of years,
He scattered wide the heavenly seed,
'Mid travels, labors, prayers, and tears,
Obtaining help for every need.

And when, at length, his work was done
And he was summoned to his rest,
He left his name inscribed upon
The soil of hearts his toil had blest—

By which, with loving gratitude,
To children's children shall be shown
The grace that his warm heart imbued,
Who here the way of life made known.

And so, amid this verdant scene,
The witness of his faithful toil
For aye shall shine in living green
The name inscribed upon the soil.

THE FAMILY INTO WHICH GOV. KIRKWOOD
WENT TO GET A WIFE.

IN THE year 1811 there settled in Ohio about six miles from Mansfield, Ichabod Clark and his wife. They came from Pennsylvania and at this time but very few white persons had settled west of them and the settlers were few in their immediate vicinity, and for their safety from the attack of hostile Indians they built a block house to which they could resort in case of danger and be safe from the tomahawk and scalping knife of their deadly foes. Here they began the struggle for the establishment of a home, in a contest with the primeval forest, and the various difficulties incident to a pioneer life in a wild wooded country. But in all these struggles victory crowned their efforts.

Soon after settling here Mr. Clark engaged in military service in the last war with England and was in the battle of Black Rock near Buffalo and other engagements in that neighborhood.

On a farm of 320 acres he lived for many years and reared a typical Ohio family, of two sons and eight daughters. They were all of good physique, well stored minds, industrious habits, and were endowed with a large share of good common sense, and were withal ambitious to perform well their respective parts in the great drama of life, and make the world the better for their having lived in it. The boys performed the usual labor of boys on the farm, and the girls the duties of the household, which included the spinning, weaving and coloring of cloth for family use, both linen and woolen, and the spinning and weaving of cloth for their own dresses, as well as the making of those dresses.

The mothers of these boys and girls was a woman of great force of character, and she brought up the family "in the way they should go" and the teachings they received from her were the very best and she died honored, loved and respected as a kind friend, a devoted mother and consistent christian.

These girls all lived till they became eight of the best wives ever furnished by any Ohio family, and each became a domestic queen in the household in which she reigned, and was the best type of good orthodox humanity, with hearts open to the call of want and hand ready to relieve it. Into this family Samuel J. Kirkwood, then a rising young lawyer, went, not in search of a wife, but to stay over night with one of the sons, who had studied law in his office, had become a litigant in the office of a country justice, and had gone to Mansfield to get Mr. Kirkwood, as an attorney to assist him in his case, and when the case was disposed of his attorney again stayed with his client over night.

Here Mr. Kirkwood made the acquaintance of lovely Jane Clark, that acquaintance ripened into love and culminated in their marriage in the year 1842, and together they have since travelled the journey of life she being all this time a model wife and he an exemplary husband.

In the year 1847 Ezekiel, the oldest of the two sons, came to Iowa and settled in Iowa City where he has since remained and has in the meantime been engaged in the various occupations of farming, milling, merchandizing and banking. Upon the breaking out of the civil war, as president of one of the branches of the state bank, he rendered the state most essential service, in furnishing funds to arm, equip and provide necessities for the first few regiments raised by Iowa when the state treasury was empty and followed them to the field to disburse among the soldiers the money so furnished.

The balance of the family (the father being dead) soon followed the oldest brother to Iowa where the surviving members of it are mostly living.

John, the younger of the two brothers, was at one time Register in the State Land Office while it was located at Iowa City, and afterwards representative from Johnson County in the General Assembly, and Ezekiel was at a later date a senator, and they both performed their duties with credit to themselves and benefit to their constituents.

REV. MATHIAS MICHELS.

Died: on Saturday, May 30, 1891,
at Breslau, Long Island, N. Y.

REV. MATHIAS MICHELS,

Rector of St. Mary's church, Brooklyn.

Mathias J. Michels was born in Hoscheid, Canton Clerf, Luxembourg, August 24th, 1815. Having completed his theological course of studies in Luxembourg, he occupied a professor's chair in an institute of learning at Paris, France, until 1850, when he accepted a call from Rt. Rev. Mathias Loras, Bishop of Dubuque, whom he accompanied to his new but rapidly progressing diocese in the early spring of that year and received the ordination to the priesthood at his hands on August 14th, 1850. Soon thereafter the newly ordained priest was sent to take charge of the church at West Point in Lee county, and also two years later of Fort Madison, being the author of much good and many improvements in both places.

From June 1855, until March 1858, he occupied the appointment of pastor of St. Mary's Church, Iowa City, Iowa, and his memory is until the present day held in the highest esteem by all the early Catholic inhabitants of those days. He manifested a singleness of purpose in the ministrations of his sacred duties, and with his charming gifts of heart and mind gained the lasting esteem of his parishioners. To attractiveness of personality he added a great zeal in his vocation, a true interior piety, profound love of prayer and elegance in sacred chant and eloquence. During his brief administration the St. Mary's parish grounds and buildings were beautifully embellished, and while modern progress ere long overruled every thing else the "old fence which Father Michels made" served as a landmark until now.

Having filled several other appointments in Iowa most acceptably, he removed to New York City in 1871, where he continued the work of his sacred ministry and died with the record of a good man and a most worthy priest.

J. F. KEMPKER,

Iowa City, Iowa, July 8th, 1891.

Pastor St. Mary's.

DANIEL D. CHASE.



AFTER a protracted and very painful illness this distinguished pioneer of northwestern Iowa, died at his residence in Webster City, Hamilton county, on the 27th of April last. He was a man of much ability, and occupied for a long time a very commanding position in that part of the state, throughout which he was well known as a lawyer, jurist and politician. He was born at Canajoharie, New York, July 4th, 1830, and was therefore close upon his sixty-first birth-day. He was the grand-nephew of Daniel Cady, the illustrious New York jurist, by whom he was educated for the bar. Young Chase acquired a good academic education at the Ames Academy and Cazenovia Seminary, and was for a time a teacher. After his admission to the bar he practiced law for a short time in Broadalbin, New York, but finally came west in the spring of 1858, settling at Webster City. He successively held the offices of member of the old board of education, prosecuting attorney and judge of the district court. The latter position he filled for nine years, when he resigned. Several years later he was a senator from the Hamilton-Hardin district for the term of four years.

As a jurist Judge Chase attained a very enviable position; in fact, his friends were always unanimous in the belief that he would have gone to the supreme bench, but for his withdrawal from that field of usefulness. While serving as judge he made the first decision ever announced from the bench of this state asserting and defining the power of the state to control railroad corporations. This decision was much discussed and widely applauded at the time. Gov. Carpenter quoted it most approvingly, but whether in one of his messages, or in some other published address, I am not able at this time to state. Some years ago his wife died, after a lingering and distressingly painful illness from cancer. Her husband was much worn down by his months of care and anxiety, which no doubt shortened his own days, for he began to fail physically from that time. Judge Chase was a man of much force

of character. He also stood deservedly high in the public regard, from his first year in Iowa to the close of his career. He was bright and pleasing in conversation, genial in his intercourse with those around him, and always a man of great influence and usefulness in the community. He deserves to be remembered, especially in connection with his great legal decision to which I have referred.

PS.—Since the above was put in type, I find the following on page 395 of the History of Hamilton and Wright counties. It was quoted, as stated, by Gov. Carpenter, in an address before the Patrons of Husbandry, at Des Moines, June 13th, 1877:

“The right of eminent domain applies as well to franchises as it does corporate property, and the corporation holds the franchise subject to the exercise of this right, whenever the public exigencies require it; and hence, I lay it down as a fundamental principle that the right to regulate the tariffs of freight and fare on railroads is an *inherent* right of the state, reserved in the grant of the franchise to the company, and can be exercised whenever it is necessary to secure justice between the corporation and the public.”

CHARLES ALDRICH.

THE AMANA SOCIETY.*

IN THE northeastern part of Iowa county is located a settlement of people who, because of their peculiar mode of maintaining themselves and their property in common, have become more or less conspicuous throughout the whole land. To many their ways seem peculiar; and by some they are roundly denounced and harshly criticised; but usually these adverse criticisms and harsh denunciations are the result of ignorance or prejudice, and their seeming peculiarities vanish upon closer acquaintance and unbiassed inspection.

The society as a religious organization antedates its Ameri-

*Reprinted from the Marengo Republican.

can settlement and is of European origin. The people are what might be termed Inspirationists, or as they style themselves, "The Community of True Inspiration." The founders of this religious sect are believed by their followers to have been inspired of God, even as men were inspired in old bible times.

The first to teach the theory was E. L. Gruber, a well-informed, very devout and extremely conscientious man, who was born at Wurtemberg, Germany, about the year A. D. 1665, and John F. Rock, who was also born in Wurtemberg about 1679, but the organization was first established in Hessen, Germany, about the year 1714.

From this beginning this religion was taught, established and maintained in Europe—principally in Germany—until their removal to America. Gruber died in 1728, but Rock continued to preach the theory of true inspiration until 1749 when he died.

The people of Amana are thoroughly christian in both theory and practice, accept both Old and New Testament, and firmly believe in the efficacy of prayer.

In Europe believers in the true inspiration did not dwell in separate communities and hold the property in common as do the members of the Amana Society in this country. The communistic feature was adopted after coming to this country, and is due as much to circumstances as to religious belief.

When they first settled in the new world, and especially in the west, their work in building towns, opening out their farms, putting in shape their manufacturing plants, &c., brought them in such close relations that they found the common kitchen, the common dining-room, the common store-house, cellar, herds, and fields, to be much more convenient and better adapted to their condition, and thus by common consent they adhere to the motto "In union there is strength." So strong was their belief in the theory of brotherly love that the wealthy members put in their entire estates that their poorer brethren might be brought from Europe to America where all could enjoy both civil and religious liberty fully.

After the death of John Rock a new leader by the name of Christian Metz, who was born in December, 1794, was known as their inspired leader, and came with his little flock of devoted followers from Germany into the United States in the year 1843 and following years.

They believe that war is a relic of barbarity; that brotherly

love as taught by Christ and christian forbearance should lead to the settlement of both national and individual controversies by arbitration rather than at the high courts of bloody warfare, where might makes right, and where the weak are at the mercy of the strong. Thus they are conscientiously and religiously opposed to war. And indeed this was one of the main reasons for leaving Europe, the world's great battlefield, where men are forced into bloody conflict as sheep are driven to the slaughter, for no other reason than a tyrant's conquest or the political advancement of some ambitious ruler.

For this reason, and, as expressed in the preamble to their constitution, "For the sake of enjoying the noble civil and religious liberty of this country" * * * "under the protection of God, in peace and prosperity," they came to America under the leadership of Christian Metz, their prophet and spiritual adviser, and settled at Ebenezer, in the county of Erie and state of New York, on the former Buffalo Creek Indian Reservation, in the year 1843. Here they remained "under the protection of God," where they were known as "The Community of True Inspiration," until in the year 1854, when, "according to the known will of God," they "resolved unanimously, to sell the Ebenezer lands, and to undertake a new settlement in the western country; and consequently in the year 1855 they purchased a tract of land in the State of Iowa, and paid for the same out of the funds of the community." Then "feeling thankful for the grace and beneficence of God, to be privileged under the laws of this State to an incorporation as a religious society," they associated themselves anew under the corporate name of "The Amana Society," with their principal place of business at the town of Amana, in the county of Iowa and State of Iowa, and adopted a constitution and by-laws which was duly signed by all members of lawful age, male and female, in the month of December, A. D. 1859, to take effect on the first day of January, A. D. 1860.

Christian Metz died in July, 1867, and a lady by the name of Barbara Landman became the inspired leader in spiritual affairs. She died in the year 1883, since which time the Society has had no spiritual adviser possessing direct inspiration of God, but the worldly and spiritual affairs are now under the direction of the board of trustees.

That our readers may fully appreciate the deep religious convictions of these people and become well informed as to the real object of their organization, we will quote freely from their constitution and by-laws, in which they say:—

Article I.—The foundation of our civil organization is and shall remain forever God, the Lord, and the faith which He worketh in us according to His free grace and mercy, and which is founded upon—1st. The word of God as revealed in the Old and New Testament. 2d. The testimony of Jesus through the spirit of prophecy. 3d. The hidden spirit of grace and chastisement.

The purpose of our association as a religious society is therefore not a worldly or selfish one, but the purpose of the love of God in His vocation of grace received by us, to serve Him in the inward and outward bond of union, according to His laws and His requirements in our own consciences, and thus to work out the salvation of our souls, through the redeeming grace of Jesus Christ, in self-denial, in the obedience of our faith, and in the demonstration of our faithfulness in the inward and outward service of the community, by the power of grace, which God presents us with. And to fulfill this duty we do hereby covenant and promise, collectively and each to the other, by the acceptance and signing of this present constitution.

Article II.—In this bond of union tied by God amongst ourselves, it is our unanimous will and resolution that the land purchased here and that may hereafter be purchased, shall be and remain a common estate and property, with all improvements thereupon and all appurtenances thereto, as also with all the labor, cares, troubles and burdens, of which each member shall bear his allotted share with a willing heart. And having obtained in pursuance of the act of the Legislature of this State, Chapter 131, passed March 28, 1858, and incorporated as a religious society, it is hereby agreed on that the present and future titles to our common lands shall be conveyed, to and vested in the Amana Society, in the town of Amana, as our corporate name by which we are known in law.

Article III.—Agriculture and the raising of cattle and other domestic animals, in connection with some manufactures and trades, shall under the blessing of God form the means of subsistence for this society. Out of the income of the land and the other branches of industry the common expenses of the society shall be defrayed.

The surplus, if any, shall from time to time be applied to the improvement of the common estate of the Society, to the building and maintaining of meeting and school-houses and printing establishments, to the support and care of the old, sick

and infirm members of the Society, to the founding of a business and safety fund, and to benevolent purposes in general.

Article IV is of a general nature as to the control and management of all the affairs of the Society, vesting the same in a board of trustees consisting of thirteen members, who are to be elected by a popular vote of the people, out of the number of elders in the community. The powers and duties of the trustees are numerous and similar to the powers and duties of trustees in ordinary corporations—to buy, sell, build, borrow, loan, &c., but there are provisions for an appeal to the elders and to the people in matters of great importance and general responsibility. This same section also provides that books of accounts shall be kept, and that in the month of June of each year the trustees shall exhibit to the voting members a full statement of the real and personal estate of the Society, &c.

Article V pledges the common property of the Society as security for the funds of members in real or personal property, which they must hand over to the Society upon becoming members and a receipt therefor, &c.

Article VI provides for free board, dwelling, support and care in health, sickness and old age, and in return for these blessings granted, exacts the release of all claims for wages and interest on the capital paid into the common fund, of any part of the income or profits and any share of the estate and property separate from the whole and common stock.

Article VII provides for the care and protection of all children and minors after the death of parents or relations, and for the descent of property and credits of said deceased relatives upon the books of the Society, &c.

Article VIII provides for paying back to such members as may recede from the Society, either by choice or expulsion, the money paid into the common fund; for the mode of adjusting and manner of paying such claims, for a rate of interest after adjustment until finally paid, and also that such receding member shall not be entitled to any other allowance for services rendered during membership except as may be granted by the trustees as a gratuity and not as a legal claim.

Article IX provides for amendments to the constitution under the restriction that any amendment to be accepted must be approved by two-thirds of the board of trustees, by two-thirds of the remaining elders, and a majority of the members entitled to vote.

Article X provides a time when the constitution shall take

effect, and that a copy of the same shall be furnished to each voting member upon application.

The Society has had four presidents—Mr. Winzenried, Mr. Byers and Mr. Frederick Moerschel. Mr. Moerschel died in 1888, when Mr. John P. Trautman, of Middle Amana, who was Vice President, became acting President and will hold the position until the next general election of officers, when he will probably be elected as his own successor should he feel inclined to accept.

The present Trustees are as follows:—Gottlieb Scheuner, of Amana; Jacob Winzenried, M. D., of Amana, who is Secretary; John P. Trautman, of Middle Amana, who is acting President; Charles Moerschel, of Amana; David Ackerman, of Middle Amana; Henry Winzenried, of Middle Amana; J. G. Dickel, of High Amana; Jacob Scheuner, of West Amana; George Heineman, of new South Amana; Cristof Miller, of old South Amana; Jacob Wittmer, of Homestead; Jacob Moerschel, of Homestead, and George Walz, of East Amana.

When they first came to Iowa the Society purchased about 20,000 acres of land, but own at the present time about 25,000 acres, occupying one whole township (which takes its name from the Society, and is called Amana township), and extends into other townships. This seems like a vast estate, but when it is known that the population of the Society is about 1800 the per capita acreage will not seem excessive after all. These lands are of three grades: bluff or grazing lands, rich bottom farm lands and low bottom or timber tracts. The farm lands are under a high state of cultivation, while the bluff and low bottom lands are used for pasture and meadow.

The people live in various communities or small towns and these are eight in number. They are arranged on either side of the Iowa river, upon the high ground back from the bottom lands, there being three towns on the south and five on the north side of the river. The following is the order and date of settlement: Amana, 1855; South Amana, 1856; West Amana, 1856; East Amana, 1857; High Amana, 1858; Middle Amana, 1859; Homestead, 1860; New South Amana, 1886.

Buildings are usually a story and a half high and made of brick, stone or frame: they are of plain style of architecture, but very cozy, neat and comfortable inside. Seeing the uniform height and an almost total lack of paint, one is led to believe that they are so because of some set rule; but we are credibly informed to the contrary, and that while it is their aim

to be plain and unpretentious in all things, yet the style of architecture is due largely to the German taste, and the lack of paint to economy and not to any particular religious rules for or against either. In the old New York settlement paint was the rule as much as it is the exception here.

The barns are very large, heavily framed and strongly built, for the purpose of sheltering all their live stock, and as a covering and protection to grain, hay, vehicles, farm machinery, tools, &c. Their animals are always well cared for and never allowed to stand unprotected in cold weather.

The churches and school-houses are made of brick or stone; are large, well ventilated, very plain both inside and out, without spire or cupola, but tidy and comfortable. One or two large bells in each town serve for school, church, meals, fire and all purposes. At Homestead one large bell is kept as a time bell and at stated times is used to give the standard time to all. This bell is also used for fire purposes.

The common cellars are usually under the church or school-houses in each town. Store-houses are limited to one in each town, and usually have besides the counting-room several departments for the various branches of trade, and do an extensive retail trade with the surrounding country.

Mills, factories and elevators are built for the occasion and range in height from two to four stories.

In their homes each family has separate apartments, and everything seems to be arranged rather for comfort than ornament. The dwellings even of leading men are no more gorgeously arrayed than the homes of the most humble herdsmen; all seem to be orderly, plain, tidy and scrupulously clean. Nor does the merchant or manufacturer fare more sumptuously than the field laborer, but all eat at one common table. According to the size of the place there are several common kitchen and dining apartments. The women and children eat together at one table and the men at another. In some instances where there are old persons or young children in the family, meals are served at home at a family table, but the victuals are invariably taken from the common kitchen. Food is always well cooked and of sufficient variety, but the people rarely ever indulge in fancy pastry and delicate morsels. They have three regular meals, and luncheon twice each day. Thus the reason for plump healthy looking people is apparent.

Their schools are conducted in both English and German, and are of a two-fold nature—educational and industrial.

Discipline, obedience and industry are cardinal principles in training children. The hours of school-room study are not so long as in ordinary schools, and the little ones are given plenty of time to romp and play and thus build up a healthy physique along with mental development. Various branches of industry are taught in one department, and recitations heard in another. •Little boys and girls alike are taught to sew, knit, &c., and the object seems more to inculcate habits of industry and avoid mischief than for the actual work the little ones do. Small children under school age are placed in the kindergarden department, under care of some old lady during the day. Thus the mothers are relieved of care and have more time to devote to other pursuits. Any family living in the school district, whether members of the Society or not, can send the children to these schools without extra charge, where all receive exactly the same advantages.

No idle persons are seen loafing about the street corners, because the system of employment is so well arranged that every man and woman knows exactly what he or she will go at the next day. In each town a meeting is usually held each evening; affairs of the day are quietly talked over and the work laid out for the next day and everybody duly informed.

The spirit of submission seems so well understood that there are no contentions and petty jealousies; all seem to be on a common level and no cross words or sarcastic reflections are indulged. Those in authority speak mildly, and it seems a pleasure to obey. Thus in harmony they toil on, apparently happy with their lot.

The German language is used, almost to the exclusion of any other, because the people are principally German and many can speak no other language. Thus it is used as a matter of convenience and not, as it has often been claimed, because of prejudice against the English. It has also been erroneously stated that the Society is exclusively for German people; but such is not the case, for any one of good moral character who will come in good faith and submit to the rules and regulations of the Society can become a member.

The marriage vow is held to be a solemn contract, never to be broken or dissolved by divorce proceedings, and polygamy is not tolerated. As between parties unfit for marriage because of mental or physical defects, it is not only discouraged but positively forbidden. Too much haste either as to age or time is also discouraged. A young man must be at least twenty-two and a young lady eighteen years of age

before the Elders will consent to the marriage. Then, too, from the time of engagement to the date of marriage there must be a period of from one to two years, according to the ages of the contracting parties, that they may have sufficient time to reflect upon the solemn vow they are about to take upon themselves.

In the matter of dress the usual blending of economy and comfort is displayed. They wear plain garments of uniform cut, not particularly as a religious observance, but for simple comfort and economy as well. With them there are no gorgeous artificial flowers and bright colors in dress; no diamond rings and bracelets; no deceptive cosmetics; no low-necked dresses or fancy headgear, to be cast off when out of style.

The people, both young and old, are kind-hearted, hospitable and generous. The young men are sociable industrious and well-informed. The young women retiring, lady-like and sensible.

Plenty of fresh air, an abundance of good wholesome food, an even life without over-exertion or mental anxiety, regular habits both as to eating and sleeping, warm and comfortable clothing, temperance and moderation, all combine to build up and maintain a robust and healthy physique for both men and women.

The ladies often labor in the fields and garden, but that is from choice rather than compulsion. They take a pride in their flower and vegetable gardens, and all have an ambition to excel. The small children being cared for at the kindergarten, gives the women time after the housework is done to exercise and enjoy this laudable ambition to its fullest extent. Thus in every town the door-yards are full of bright flowers and sweet perfume and the cellars well filled with vegetables for winter use.

Society and amusements are of a substantial rather than frivolous nature. The rule is first work and then recreation. There are no circus days, bands of music, political harangues, swell parties, theatres and pool-rooms to attract the people from their even tenor of life. They have their own holidays, when they suspend work and often visit the surrounding towns, and they appropriately observe our National holidays. Social gatherings consist of church meetings, friendly conversation and harmless amusement, but dancing is never tolerated, and all retire at a seasonable hour.

As sportsmen they do not excel; but occasionally, when work is done and recreation desired, the young Nimrods indulge themselves in a stroll through the fields and woodland with dog and gun.

The physical welfare of the people is looked after by Dr. Jacob Winzenried, of Amana, Dr. C. Hermann, of Middle Amana, and Dr. Wm. Moerschel, of Homestead. These gentlemen are regular graduates from our best medical schools and their professional labors are free to members of the Society.

Churches are open every evening for prayer and are usually well attended. Regular church services are of a very simple nature, consisting of prayer, song, reading the Scriptures and a brief explanation and exhortation by one of the Elders. There are no paid preachers but some one of the Elders in each town leads the meeting. These Elders are common citizens, work the same as other members, live on the same fare, and dress as plainly as the most humble laborer. They cannot claim exemption from labor, or pecuniary compensation for their extra services in church affairs.

There is no aristocratic class, but all are like unto one great family where no one is better than another, and all work together for the common good of all, without discord or contention.

The last sad rite—the burial service—is only a plain simple affair. Without vain pomp or useless ceremony the deceased is laid away by friends in the last resting place—the grave. Nor is the cemetery filled with granite monuments or bronze tombs, for no matter how exalted the position of the deceased in his or her lifetime, the graves are all marked alike with but a plain wooden slab and a plain inscription thereon.

At Amana proper, or Big Amana as it is sometimes called, are located several manufacturing institutions of more than a local notoriety. The woolen mill at this town is one of the largest in the State and has four full sets of machinery. It is under the management of Charles Moerschel. At Middle Amana there is also another large woolen mill, under the management of Martin Winzenried. It has three full sets of machinery of the latest pattern, having the same capacity as the four set mill at Amana proper. The magnitude of the combined products of these two mills can better be appreciated when it is remembered that there are seven mules for spinning purposes, and that with one mule alone one man can spin 432 threads in much less time than one thread can be

spun by the old fashioned spinning-wheel process. Both of these mills are run up to their full capacity, and the flannels, blankets and yarns produced are of the finest quality and have an extensive sale far beyond the borders of our own State.

The prints works at Amana proper is where the famous Colony blue is produced. This splendid brand of prints is known from Maine to California; is a staple article of trade, and is kept in stock by a number of the largest wholesale establishments in the country. This establishment is under the management of Gottlieb Christen, an old and experienced man at the business.

There is also at Amana proper a large flouring mill with full roller process and elevator, under the management of Henry Zimmermann.

At West Amana there is a fine full roller flouring mill under the supervision of Andrew Urban. There are also machine shops at West, Middle and Big Amana, all capable of turning out fine work and under the management of master mechanics who are skilled artists in their line. The Society publishes no periodicals, but the job printing office at Middle Amana under the management of Lewis Koch turns out good work.

At other towns there is considerable machinery on a small scale and various trades.

At each town the general store does quite an extensive retail business with the outside trade. The wholesale store is located at Homestead, and the Society has its own traveling salesmen, through whom much of their manufactured output is sold.

Most of the machinery is driven by water power from the Iowa river, and for this purpose they have a dam in the river and a mill race over six miles long. The dam is kept in excellent repair and the river furnishes sufficient power to run their machinery the whole year round.

At Big Amana there is an artesian well over 1600 feet deep that throws constantly a full five inch stream with sufficient force to elevate the water into the second story of the factory building. The well was put down for the purpose of securing pure water for washing wool, and it is certainly a marked success.

At Middle Amana a nice system of water-works has taken the place of the old-fashioned pump. The water is drawn from three two-inch points driven thirty feet below the surface at the woolen factory and forced from the factory through iron

pipes to an elevated reservoir holding several thousand gallons, thence of its own force to various hydrants. Water for fire purposes is drawn directly from the mill-race.

Standing on the top of the hill near South Amana one has spread before him a landscape of rare beauty and a perfect picture of prosperity. The Iowa river, like a silver thread upon a background of verdant green, winds its crooked course from west to east. From this eminence one can look down upon rich pastures, meadows, herds of fine cattle, droves of fat hogs, sheep and horses.

The little hamlets that dot the hillsides tell of many happy homes. The tall smoke flues and long mill-race tell of the busy hum of more than a thousand spindles, the big round loaf and a well-fed populace. The birds sing sweetly, and as we look forth again and again it all seems more like an enchanted dream than reality. In the very midst of this grand panorama of nature we pause to reflect and wonder if these people, surrounded as they are with all these comforts of life, where squalid poverty and wretched want is unknown, can fully appreciate all these rich blessings, even though bought at the expense of honest toil and humble living.

NOTES.

THERE were three citizens of Iowa in the class which graduated at the National Military Academy of West Point, June 12th, 1891: Hanson E. Ely, of Iowa City, Johnson county, who has been commissioned as second Lieutenant in the 22d Infantry, its present headquarters being at Fort Keogh, Montana, Palmer E. Pierce, of Traer, Tama county, assigned as second Lieutenant to the 10th Infantry, the headquarters of which are at Fort Stanton, New Mexico, and George P. White, of Plymouth, Cerro Gordo county, who goes to the 4th Cavalry, with regimental headquarters at Fort Walla Walla, Washington.



Truly yours
Ralph P. Lowe

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RALPH P. LOWE.

Ralph Phillips Lowe was born in Warren County, Ohio, Nov. 27th, 1805. He graduated at the Miami University in 1829 and went to Alabama where he studied law and was admitted to the bar. He removed to Dayton in 1835 and practiced law in partnership with his brother, Peter Per-Lee Lowe. He removed to Iowa in 1840 and settled in Muscatine—then Bloomington. He was elected member of the first Constitutional Convention, District Attorney, District Judge, Governor, Judge of the Supreme Court and Assistant United States District Attorney, and for all the years of his residence in Iowa, when not in official position, a lawyer in full and active practice. He removed to Washington City in 1874—to urge upon the federal government a claim made by the Legislature of Iowa to five per cent upon the value of land located under military warrants. He died in Washington on December the 22nd, 1883.



THE family of Lowes to which the subject of this sketch belonged, had its original American home in New Jersey, and were immigrants from Holland. There is a family tradition that the Lowes were driven from Scotland in the persecutions in the days of John Knox and lived in Holland during the sixteenth century.

Cornelius Lowe lived in New Jersey in the 17th century. He married Judith Medaugh and had seven children. Derrick, the second child, was born in 1719. He (Derrick) married Rebecca Emmons in 1747. They had fourteen children of whom Jacob Derrick was the twelfth, born 1767. Jacob Derrick married Martha Per-Lee. These were the parents of

one daughter and five sons. Ralph Phillips, (the subject of this sketch) was the fifth child. The family married into other large families of New Jersey, VanNests, VanVleets, Emmons, Bodine, etc. The Lowes were simply Dutch colonists who made no mark in the world except to belong to that early army of workers who each helped to lay the foundation of our present greatness. Governor Lowe took no especial interest in his genealogy and would simply laugh at those who would go into the matter in detail, and usually said, "I am not informed as to my remote ancestry but am satisfied to know I belong to the Knickerbockers who have been so valuable to American jurisprudence." Gov. Lowe was reared on a farm and taught to do hard work with the axe and cradle, and while laboring in the field often he heard the horn of an approaching stage-coach and hoped the time would come when he too could drive a coach. It was the dream of his boyhood.

His father's farm was at one time a stopping place for the coaches to feed or exchange the horses and the home was used as an inn for the travelers. Thus Ralph was thrown in contact with national characters and was particularly happy whenever Henry Clay would stay at his father's house.

At length his ideas and ambitions widened and he entered Miami University in 1825.

A letter from the University on May 28th, 1829, written to his brother, Peter Per-Lee Lowe, asked for the loan of "\$10 or \$15 at any per cent. interest"—and continues: "If you ask what imperious demand I have for money at this time, I answer that I have not the wherewith to cover my nakedness. I am literally coatless with the exception of an old flannel round-about that I have had eighteen months. Destitute of other articles of clothing in the same proportion, etc."

He wrote during his Sophomore year: "My ambition at times is ungovernable, again it is careless and indifferent about honor or applause, yet could I be convinced that my health would bear me through, no exertion would be wanting on my part to warrant me that reward which awaits every man

of a virtuous intent and of indefatigable industry. I would dispel that cloud of darkness which has enveloped me from my nativity and rend those mystic and sturdy knots of science in order to speed my way to that pinnacle of fame at which every man may arrive by virtue and application."

College days with its struggles were at length over. He possessed some knowledge of Latin and Greek, even Hebrew (of which he was especially fond) and Spanish, but not a cent of income. His father offered to give him a farm, now within the limits of the city of Chicago, but he refused to farm. There was something of a family jar as a result, and all paternal assistance was withdrawn.

Ralph borrowed \$200, purchased a pony, and, in company with two friends, started south, horseback, in search of a fortune, hoping to find a school to teach while reading law.

He stopped a few days at Frankfort, "supped with Henry Clay and divers other big folk who were very stately and formal in their address." There he was presented with "a fine buck handle cane which was of important service to me while it lasted."

A few days later his pony was kicked by a mule and so lamed that he was unable to keep up with his companions. While riding through Gideonville (some small hamlet in Tennessee) several miles behind his friends, he attracted some attention, astride the small pony, with his tall hat and cane. He wrote: "I was obliged to shed Tennessee blood, the circumstances were as follows, etc.—I was assaulted by a large fellow who stepped out of a liquor store, caught up a rock of several pounds and hurled it at my head, which knocked off my hat without injury to myself. Thinks I: supermogumpregations and splinterdictions, being infuriated at such audacious impertinence, I quickly dismounted and made towards the rascal. * * *. Upheld by justice I gave him a most severe beating, cut his head all to pieces with my buck handled cane, in short, broke my staff all up upon his head; he finally begged for his life very pitifully,

made every acknowledgement and promised to treat the company. I was heartily cheered by the citizens for this act, who readily confessed they were afraid of him, being a very vicious fighting character, said that he had only an hour before whipped and cruelly abused one of the best men of the place.

Ralph's father pointed out to him that these mishaps were indications that Providence disapproved of his removal to the South—but Ralph, in reply, questioned whether Providence would select a kicking mule or a vicious ruffian to act as His instruments. So he wrote that he would adopt as his motto "*nil desperandum*," and hope and work for success. He settled in Ashesville, Alabama, and taught school and read law. His success for a young man and lawyer, just admitted, was most remarkable, he having retainers within a year, in every case of importance in his county. He returned North in 1834 and was glad to be out of debt and the possessor of a small capital. He formed a partnership in the practice of law with his brother, Peter P. Lowe, at Dayton. It was there that he became acquainted with Miss Phoebe Carleton, who had been attending school in the East, and was the adopted daughter of her uncle, Dr. Fairchild, of Cincinnati. Their wedding occurred in 1837 and in their long married life, forty-six years, were peculiarly devoted. Mrs. Lowe proved equal to every situation, and made hosts of friends in Keokuk and elsewhere throughout the state. She still survives her husband, and resides in Washington City.

In 1840, Mr. and Mrs. Lowe, with an infant son, removed to Iowa. They took with them two wagons and two saddle horses. They were six weeks en route, and greatly enjoyed their journey. The spring bed in their covered wagon, the bountiful provision chest, the abounding game, the new country, wide prairies and flowering grasses, each contributed in its way some pleasure to the hopeful emigrants. They settled at Bloomington (now Muscatine). At first a small log cabin was built at the outskirts of the town, the land was cleared and a beginning was made. In a year there was a

new house, efficient labor secured, and Mr. Lowe was enabled to practice law and yet enjoy his farm life. He often spoke of the ten years in Muscatine as the happiest in his life. The life of Mr. Lowe now began to assume larger proportions. He was interested in the affairs of the territory of Iowa. He soon widened the circle of his acquaintances as he traveled on the circuit in the practice of law. He was a member of the first Constitutional Convention, District Attorney, then District Judge. Said Ex-Chief Justice G. G. Wright, in addressing the Supreme Court upon the occasion of the death of Judge Lowe:—"Few men in Iowa filled a larger space in matters of state than Governor Lowe. So, too, few men made a more marked impression upon society, upon his profession, or upon any work in which he engaged. The compeer of Wicher, Hastings, Woodward, Richman, Butler and others in his own county; of the Cooks, of his after partner, Judge Carleton, of Rorer, Grimes, the Stars, Browning, Rich, Hempstead, Grant, Miller, Van Allen, Springer, Mitchell and others of the different circuits and districts. His practice before his elevation to the bench was large and extensive, and his name from 1841 to 1850, will be found in connection with almost every case of importance in the counties of Muscatine, Louisa, Cedar, Linn, and Johnson, and with many of the weightier questions determined by this court during those years.

"As a judge, his leading characteristic was a strong disposition to brush away all technicalities, if, in his mind, they barred the way to what he esteemed justice in the particular case. He was apt to be more of the arbitrator than the judge, or to decide the case before him, rather than to look for the law as a general rule of action. This was the outgrowth of his innate and controlling sense of justice as between individuals which induced him to overlook at times the most salutary rules. In a contest between a strong, affluent, scheming plaintiff, and a poor confiding defendant, he would unconsciously solve every possible doubt against

the plaintiff, and the so-called technical rules were made his servants in arriving at what he regarded as right for the case in hand. I well remember an instance when he knew the parties well," continues Judge Wright, "knew that the defendant was a widow, and the plaintiff, a man of large business capacity, being fully possessed of the conviction, not so much from the record, as from what he knew of the parties, that there was a purpose to wrong the widow, he positively and most strongly and earnestly maintained, that whatever the errors of procedure, or departure from technical lines, her attorney's appeal should be sustained; and it was only after hours of discussion, and time for reflection that he yielded to what he could not deny was the better law.

"He was therefore, as you can see, at all times, a merciful and humane judge and executive. Justice and mercy never were in his hands defeated by too close an adherence to abstract or technical rules. If he erred—and I speak it not to his dispraise—it was the allowing justice according to his views, in the case at bar, the victory, rather than throttle it by too close an adherence to general rules or principles.

"As a judge he was always impartial, genial, tolerant of the views of his associates and affable and pleasant in his relations to the bar and public. He would advance his own conclusions without hesitation, but never failed to give an attentive ear to opposite views and it was seldom, if ever, that he exhibited that spirit of dogmatism so unfortunate when possessed by members of a court of last resort. When once, however, as the result of careful and candid discussion, or of careful and thoughtful examination of authorities, he took his position, he was as immovable as the hills. But even this he seemed to do not in the spirit that he regretted your views and rejoiced in his better one, but rather that he would be doing great injustice to the parties if he yielded. He was an honest judge and an honest man. His opinions, spread throughout the volumes from

the year 1860 to 1868, will compare favorably with any in our judicial history, and give the most abundant evidence, of his industry, his devotion to the right, and his comprehensive views of the ground work of our government, and just system of jurisprudence. We may have had judges more learned in the books—having greater familiarity with the whole abstract reason and philosophy of the law, but few, if any, with minds and consciences better fitted to dispose of and justly settle all the complicated and vexed questions coming before a tribunal of last resort.”

Judge Lowe was elected Governor in 1858, and was the first to serve under the present constitution. In 1860 he was elected by the people Judge of the Supreme Court. Therefore the election to the office was made by the legislature. During the war he was active in the service of the Union. It so happened that when he was Governor a military company was organized in Dubuque, which assumed the name of “Governor’s Greys” out of compliment to the Governor. The company joined the First Infantry in a body, the greater number of its members being business men. When the company arrived in Keokuk, the Governor’s home, he took it under his special protection. When in quarters in the city before going into camp, the company was the recipient of some delicacy from the ex-governor every day, and after the regiment was in camp, and fully organized, he distributed his favors among the companies by turn—though the turn of company I, “my Greys,” came pretty often. The day the regiment received marching orders Gov. Lowe appeared in camp and shook hands with nearly every soldier, and when the “I’s” gathered about him on their street, the tears filled his eyes, and with voice trembling with emotion he said, “Boys, I wish I could go with you—you’ll honor your old name I know.” He was a warm friend of the soldier.

The life of Gov. Lowe would not be complete without some recital of his connection with the so-called “Five Per Cent Claim.” When the different Western States were admitted

into the Union there was an agreement that the State should not tax lands sold by the government until five years after the sale, and to compensate the State for the loss of this income the general government agreed to pay the State five per cent upon the proceeds of all the sales. During the wars of 1812, and especially the Mexican War, the U. S. Government, in order to induce soldiers to enlist, offered to pay them in addition to a certain amount of money per month, a certain amount of land. The government issued land scrip, representing eighty acres, and it passed almost the same as cash at (\$1.25 per acre or) \$100. It was purchased by eastern speculators and located by them, covering nearly two-fifths of the area of the State of Iowa and also large districts in other States. The State did not tax these lands for five years after they were located. Does the U. S. Government owe the State five per cent upon the proceeds of this land? Gov. Lowe held that these lands offered (just as cash was offered) to the soldiers in advance of enlistment was "pay" and not "bounty."

If given subsequent to service, cash is "pension" and land is "bounty," and then it is a quasi "gift." These lands were offered as cash was offered. They were "pay." They were earned. And, as between the United States and the State of Iowa—no other agreement is known than that the State should not tax lands for five years after it is located and the United States should pay the State five per cent of the sales. Accordingly the State did not tax lands located under military warrants. If the claim were allowed, the United States would pay the State of Iowa over \$800,000.

Judge Lowe left the supreme bench in 1868 to prosecute the claim. He was made assistant U. S. District Attorney for a few years, until the legislature of Iowa should make the claim and authorize the Governor to appoint an agent. During this time Judge Lowe corresponded with the officials in Missouri, Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, and many other states who had a similar claim against the government. He had a profound conviction that the claim was a just one. He corresponded

with the most renowned lawyers and jurists of America and all agreed with him that the claim was just.

During the following ten or twelve years Judge Lowe lived in Washington and labored to influence Congress to pay the claim. The bill once passed the Senate, but, within three days, Senator Morgan moved to reconsider and it was then laid on the table while the friends of the bill were absent from the chamber. At length Judge Lowe saw that his failing health warned him that he must act speedily, if he would win the claim before he died. He determined upon a heroic course. He had the Supreme Court issue a writ of mandamus against the Commissioner of the Land Office requiring him to show cause why he did not allow the claim. He had associated with him Wm. M. Evarts, of New York, Allen G. Thurman, of Ohio, the late Senator McDonald, of Indiana, and Judge Shellabarger, of Washington, D. C. These all believed the court would render a favorable decision. The court decided adversely (Miller and Field dissenting), and, knowing that Judge Lowe was fatally ill withheld the announcement of their decision until after his death, that he might escape a disappointment.

A few weeks before his death, Judge Lowe sent for Justice Miller, wishing that he might learn something hopeful before he died, but Judge Miller was mercifully reticent, and, although Judge Lowe suspected that the decision was against him—he thought the delay in announcing it was caused by the desire of the court for time to investigate, either to prepare the judges to vote or to write the opinion, and he passed away hoping the decision might be favorable.

Judge Lowe's characteristics are difficult to describe. He was an honest man and honesty was written in his countenance. In 1872 he left Philadelphia in a Pullman sleeper for the West, late in the afternoon. Before retiring, a lady passenger asked for an interview and explained that before leaving the city of Philadelphia, she had failed to meet her brother whom she had expected to express for her, to her home in Kansas,

the contents of her valise and she was obliged to take her valise with her. She then showed to Mr. Lowe (a stranger to her) the contents of her valise which proved to be large rolls of bank notes, amounting to many thousands of dollars. She asked him if he would please take care of it for her until he left the train. He took it to the dining room, at her request, even when she did not leave the car. They did not exchange names. Before parting, he advised her not to put so much confidence in a stranger. She replied that she would always trust his countenance to be honest.

He was an interesting man. He was a total abstainer from liquor and tobacco and found his recreation in human fellowship or in communion with nature. Many are the stories he told of the days in which he "rode the circuit" in company with other lawyers. How the party would enjoy a "round" before an open fire before retiring. Each one was obliged to do something for the entertainment of the party. Sing or recite or tell a tale or even dance a jig.

It was a style of recreation which Mr. Lowe especially enjoyed, and often said the laughter of the company upon such occasions was usually immoderate.

He enjoyed sacred songs which all could sing without books. The holiest and happiest hour was Sabbath's twilight, spent in song before the large log fire in winter, or upon the veranda overlooking the Mississippi in the summer evenings.

His attachment for a friend was peculiarly strong, and he always resented an attack upon the good name of an absent friend. With him an assault upon a friend was an assault upon himself.

As illustrating this point, ex-Senator G. G. Wright says: "At a time of consultation in the hotel in Keokuk, Baldwin and myself waited for him [Lowe] one morning. From the window I had seen him approach, so, after some delay, I stepped to the office, and just as I entered I heard him say to a gentleman with whom it seemed he had been in conversa-

tion, 'You have insulted me because you have spoken unkindly and untruly of my friend Mr. Kasson.' The gentleman tried to explain that he intended no offense, that he was the judge's friend, but all of no avail, for the judge, with uplifted arm said in the most emphatic manner: 'Take it back or I will smash your face!' He retracted. At another time when, in 1876, Judge Lowe was over seventy years of age, he ordered a client out of his law office because he had spoken disparagingly of Gen. Belknap, his one-time partner and old-time friend. The man answered, 'Suppose I don't go, what would you do?' Taking him by the shoulder, the judge said: 'I will break your head and pitch you down stairs, for no man can abuse a friend of mine in my presence and his absence with impunity.' The man was his client, but finding that he must retract or suffer the consequence he made his peace."

Instances might be multiplied where Gov. Lowe met falsehood and wrong by an appeal to physical force. In his own dealings he was gentle and unobtrusive, not self-willed nor determined to carry his own ends by violence. The only instances where he was disposed to physical violence were those in which he felt stung by injustice, and knew the moral strength of his position. When inflamed by indignation his voice and conduct were terrorizing. It was, to his antagonist, painfully apparent that it was a righteous indignation. One night during the presidential campaign of 1844, Judge Lowe was riding in a steamboat upon the Mississippi river reading one of Dickens' stories; it was raining and the passengers were crowded into the cabin. Suddenly the peace of the passengers was broken by a party of politicians who denounced the party to which Judge Lowe belonged in very severe language. At the conclusion of a bitter speech Judge Lowe arose and complained of the way his peace was disturbed by the outrageous slanderer and falsifier. He was subsequently informed that he might expect a challenge from this man. The next morning he was offered a note from his

political antagonist. He refused to receive it but sent a message to the writer to come and see him in person. At length he came surrounded by many friends. Judge Lowe again denounced him and demanded him to fight instantly. The man instantly apologized.

Judge Lowe was one of the most credulous of men. It was the more remarkable in him, because he had met all phases of human character and was very familiar with the evil side of human nature, through contact with it in the court room. A friend of Judge Lowe at one time borrowed \$500 of him, a few months later he informed him that the money was at his disposal. "I only borrowed it, so that I might keep it for you." Judge Lowe's heart was very sympathetic. No one, with an appeal failed to reach his sympathy and his pocketbook. And so he never saved any money, and often needed it. His life motto: "Nil Desperandum" was usually in play.

Gov. Lowe had a strong religious nature. He made a profession of his faith in Jesus Christ in early life, and was a firm believer until he died. Judge Beck says: "Governor Lowe was an intelligent, sincere and devout christian, and endeavored to control his life by the principles of his religion. While he would never obtrude his faith upon the attention of others, he never sought to conceal it, or hesitated in the spirit of its principles to defend it." Judge Lowe believed firmly in the inspiration of the scriptures and was rather mystical than rationalistic in his interpretation of them. He was especially fond of prophecy. The mystical passages of Daniel and Revelation were his delight. It must be confessed that the conservative theologians are agnostic as regards the interpretation of these passages, and to the body of the church, any one who claims to be able to interpret them, is "visionary" and "erratic." Judge Lowe, therefore, from that standpoint was visionary, but it must again be said, to his credit, that he was not dogmatic, and did not feel called to prophesy or deliver any message to the world. He was especially

interested in the Second Coming of Christ. He studied with intense interest the political and international situation of Europe to see Gog and Magog form for the great conflict. He expected Christ to reappear in person within a score of years—at the time of his death, and greatly wished that he might be spared to “meet the Lord in the air.”

He was interested in the so-called inspiration of the pyramid, and believed it was a “Miracle in Stone” and referred to in Isaiah XIX, 19–20.

He was interested in the identification of the Anglo-Saxon race with some of the lost tribes of Israel, which is based upon the analogy between the English people (in England and the United States of America), and the prophecies concerning Ephraim and Manasseh. With Judge Lowe the postulates of God’s existence and scripture’s inspiration carried with them all mysteries. An interpretation of scriptural prophecy which seemed mysterious was not objectionable to him on that account. He merely preferred what he thought was the best interpretation—mystical though it be—to no interpretation at all.

While governor, he wrote to his brother in Dayton as follows:

EXECUTIVE CHAMBER, IOWA, }
KEOKUK, March 20, 1859. }

DEAR BROTHER:—We can readily conceive how great a chasm has been produced in your family circle by the destroying Angel of Death, and how deeply you must all feel yourselves afflicted in parting with one so dearly loved and so worthy of your best affections. But, this separation will not be long, a few brief days or years at most and we will all fall asleep in death and pass to our spirit home either in a world of retribution or one of recompense. This undoubtedly is the order of the moral system under which we live. How carelessly have we all regarded this great moral fact upon which hinges such mighty interests. I have a clear conviction that J—— has passed to a world of recompense, a land of the reunion of saints, where those who die in the Lord (as he did) will meet him, and never again be separated, where disease and death will never again invade the domestic hearth or break up the family relations. But to secure this immortal inheritance, we must not overlook the clearest light of revelation, which among other things declares to us the great doctrines of the divine life are: *a knowledge of the Deity—reconciliation with the Father and communion with the Eternal Spirit*. I feel that this dispensation of

yours was intended as a lesson for all the relatives which should be improved. In reviewing the past, I can not but feel that I have rested too much upon the outside of religion, upon its external rites and ceremonies, that I have not possessed its inward life and power, and it may be on this account that I am now passing through the darkest period of my life. Two years ago the future seemed bright. I supposed, after my debts were paid, I was worth 75 or \$80,000, to-day I would exchange all I have for my own and the liabilities of those I am bound for. Instead of withdrawing from the active scenes of both private and public life as I had hoped to do in a short time, and pass the remainder of my days in quiet at home, my destiny is now shaped anew and I must struggle on to the end of my days on earth, which I shall try to do with proper resignation, trusting in the Lord."

Judge Lowe's last illness extended over four or five years, during which time he continued to practice law. At length it attacked his vital parts and six weeks of terrible suffering reduced his flesh and strength, so that his attendants were obliged to lift him bodily, and his eyes were closed not only from pain but because cataracts were forming, indeed they were so well formed that his vision was seriously impaired. At length his extreme weakness indicated that the end was near, when suddenly, on Saturday night, December 22d, 1883, at about nine o'clock, he arose and resting his body upon his elbows, he turned his head to gaze into a part of the ceiling which he had not previously faced. His eyes were wide open. He gazed with wonder and rapture for an instant, so that the family felt constrained to look up also to see what he saw. Instantly he died, leaving behind in the features of his worn body a restful smile which he had not known for months until in the article of death. His body was laid away in Greenwood Cemetery at Washington. A simple marble slab marks the spot and it tells the simple faith and triumphant hope of the humble man whose name it bears—

"RALPH PHILLIPS LOWE,
BORN NOV. 27TH, 1805,
DIED DEC. 22D, 1883.

CHRIST THE FIRST FRUITS AFTERWARD THOSE THAT ARE
CHRIST'S AT HIS COMING."

MRS. CLARA A. DODGE.*



IN THE death of Mrs. Dodge, Burlington loses a venerable lady whose life was identified with the growth of the city for more than half a century. Her personal worth, her superior character, her mental brightness, her gracious and courtly manner, joined with the utmost simplicity and sincerity, her dignity and composure in all scenes and in all events, the beauty and devotion of her domestic life, and her supreme charity, evinced the genial and generous nature with which she was endowed, and which won for her the warm affection of friends and the respect and honor of the whole community.

Born in St. Genevieve, the oldest town on the west side of the Mississippi river, she was descended on her mother's side from some of the oldest and most respectable French families who settled in the ancient province of Louisiana in the last century,—the families of Villars and Valle. Her mother's maiden name was Mercelite de Villars. She was the youngest of sixteen children of Claude Joseph Villars, and was born in New Orleans in 1782. Claude Joseph Villars was one of the commissioners appointed by the French government for the purchase of goods in that market for the French islands in the West Indies. His services in promoting the trade and interests of France at New Orleans are honorably recorded in Gayarre's "History of Louisiana Under the Spanish Domination," pp. 106-118. He served subsequently in the Spanish service, as a civil commandant in Upper Louisiana. The maiden name of his wife was Marie Valle; she was a daughter of Don Francois Valle, pere, and sister of Don Francois Valle, fils, who were commandants of the post of St. Genevieve during most of the time it was under the Spanish domination.

Mrs. Dodge's father was Prof. Joseph Hertich, a native of

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Switzerland, who came to the United States about the year 1796, landing at Baltimore, and, after teaching awhile in Danville, Ky., came to St. Genevieve in 1810, where he established a flourishing school, and was married to Miss Mercelitte de Villars in 1815.

Clara Ann Hertich was born at St. Genevieve, June 20, 1819, and early developed that quick intelligence which marked her whole life. She was fond of study and assisted her father in the school room. Among his pupils was Augustus C. Dodge, also a native of St. Genevieve; she frequently assisted him in mastering his lessons, and their acquaintance ripened in their marriage on the 19th of March, 1837, she being then in the eighteenth year of her age. There was another suitor for her hand, and General George W. Jones, who was present at the wedding, tells some amusing incidents of the occasion. There was never a happier union; it lasted in perfect felicity for more than forty-six years until the death of her honored and beloved husband on the 20th of November, 1883. The bridal party made their home in Dodgeville, Wisconsin Territory, where Mr. Dodge was engaged in lead mining. Upon the organization of the territory of Iowa in 1838 they removed to Burlington, where Mr. Dodge had received from President Van Buren the appointment of register of the United States land office. Here was their home the remainder of their days. Their first residence in this city was in a frame dwelling that stood upon the ground now occupied by the Congregational church, on Fourth street. It was consumed by fire on Christmas Eve, 1838, near the hour of midnight; Mrs. Dodge escaped from under the blazing beams and rafters through a window, barefooted and in her night clothes, carrying in her arms her first born to the hospitable home of Mr. William H. Starr, which stood on the corner above. In the labors and privations of pioneer life Mrs. Dodge bore with her husband a brave and cheerful part. Their home was always the seat of a generous and kindly hospitality. As her husband was called to stations of responsibility and honor as delegate to congress,

senator of the United States, minister to the court of Spain, she frequently accompanied him to Washington, and subsequently went with him to Madrid. In every situation she made hosts of friends, and was equal to every demand of etiquette and ceremony, whether among American senators or grandees of Spain, and was also thoroughly informed upon all matters of public concern. Upon leaving Spain, the queen presented her own portrait to Mrs. Dodge in token of her majesty's appreciation and esteem.

The evening of her life was passed among the sweet amenities of her home, and many were her quiet walks to the abodes of the poor and suffering in our city. She often joined with her husband in the Old Settler's Festivals of this and adjoining counties, where old associations and memories were revived, and the pioneers of Iowa vied with each other in doing them honor. She joined with her husband in assiduous care and devotion to the comfort of his parents, the late Governor Henry Dodge and his wife, of Wisconsin, in their declining years; and more recently they guarded as well with fond pride and affection the budding years of their grandson, until her life was saddened by his death, and afterwards by the death of her two sons, Augustus V. and Charles J. She bore sorrow and trial with unfailing faith, and with characteristic forgetfulness of self brightened dark hours with sympathy and consideration for others, and met the final scene with smiling hope in the mercy of God and with pious resignation to His will.

Her remains were interred in Aspen Grove cemetery by the side of her husband. Near by are the graves of Governor Henry Dodge and his wife, and of Governor James Clarke and his wife. Governor Clarke was the third and last governor of the territory of Iowa; his wife was a sister of General A. C. Dodge.

WILLIAM SALTER.

THE MAKING OF IOWA..



MASTER minds always exert a potent influence upon communities which are in the formative state.

The shells and crusts which grow on the aged communities prevent their words and deeds from being felt as forming influences in the older places.

Hence it is, that the young man who feels within himself the living germs of greatness, desirous of conflict, and success, turns his footsteps naturally to the new fields, the colonies, so to speak, of his country.

When in 1836 the great American desert contracted itself upon the newer maps of the time and released to the pioneers the country lying between the Mississippi and the Missouri, strong young men rose up from their places to seek the virgin field of Iowa.

What a galaxy of great men we can gather from the lists of those days. We need but mention James Harlan, James W. Grimes, Ralph P. Lowe, George G. Wright, Judge Miller, Gen. A. C. Dodge, J. C. Hall, Judge Love, George Gillaspay, and the mention of these calls up from memory's hall a long list of others, every one a host, whose every day in Iowa, like the blacksmith's hammer on heat-softened iron, brought the community into the shape and form which their strong wills ordained.

Had these men lived in the earlier days of polytheism and pantheism, before the art of writing and printing dethroned tradition, and made history possible, each man would have been enthroned by the side of Hercules, Vulcan, Apollo and the other crystallizations of that early time.

While the little brook sings "men may come and men may go but I go on forever," and there is a sense in which the weak rivulet excels the greatest man in lasting qualities, yet there is another sense in which men's deeds never die.

The first discoverer of the art of working iron appears to us with an *alias*. We do not know whether his name was

Tubal Cain or King Hephrastrus and we may not be certain whether he was not entitled to both names, the twain being one, but while his identity is nebulous in the mists of ages, the deed lives, and one is bewildered while passing in review his crude work at his rude forge as compared with the steel rails and bridges of to-day. But the thread is unbroken from the iron wonders of to-day back to Tubal Cain.

It was fortunate for Iowa that in her forming period such men came to her virgin soil. They have given her an orbit of motion which can only result in increasing greatness and so these men taking part in the making of Iowa must in all time to come also take a share of the glory in her grander growths and developments.

It was only a short time before I came to our State that the people had chosen James W. Grimes of Iowa as Governor. I do not think either he or the people at that time knew how great he was. It was my good fortune a few years later to know him well. Possessing a wealth of information that was amazing, for he *seemed* to be indolent, and blessed with that rare gift, common sense, he was in that early day known and consulted as a wise man by such men as Lincoln, Trumbull, Chase, Horace Greeley and Fessenden.

He brought as his gift to the State, a clear and comprehensive knowledge of her future possibilities of growth and development, and with the eye of a master he looked out into the years yet unfolded, saw her dangers, anticipated her pride, and seemed gifted with a prescience almost miraculous.

I remember in one of those early days hearing him tell who were to be the coming political leaders in Iowa. Recalling the list I am surprised at his prophetic power. Always as he served the people he thought of their permanent advantage, not of their present pleasure. He cared more for the future than the present. He died soon after his return from a foreign land, while under the temporary cloud of the displeasure of the people he loved and had served well, but I am told by a lady who sat by his bedside in those sad fading

days that his confidence was perfect that in time it would be seen that he had worked well for his people. He sleeps in the bosom of his adopted State quietly and all the people with one accord attribute to him, wisdom, greatness, and power.

No community-moulder ever did more for Iowa than James W. Grimes. As a speaker he was logical and convincing, not rhetorical or eloquent. Plain people listened to him and wondered why it was that though apparently he had told them no new thing yet he had so stated old and well-known truths that the argument was unanswerable.

Ralph P. Lowe, his successor as Governor, was as unlike Grimes in his qualities as he well could be, yet he had a work to do in the making of Iowa and did his work well.

It was his work to hold and classify, to formulate and digest. He possessed that affable and pleasing manner which put all who met him at ease. He brought with him from his native Maryland the high sense of honor, the loyal defense of his friends, which characterized him at all times. A true gentleman inside and out, no adverse circumstances nor want of worldly means could in the least roughen his manners or sour his disposition. He possessed in high degree a sweet spirit. A good lawyer, gracing for many years both the District and Supreme bench, he exerted many and powerful influences upon our people. He taught us how to be courteous to friends or foe, yet firm and unbending in the discharge of duty and that he who scorned dishonor and never allowed a tarnishing word to be spoken of a friend can never be anything but a true man.

The period during which Gov. Lowe occupied the executive chair was the period of settlement and immigration, of material development, and no one can ever tell how the charm of his personal manners drew men to Iowa as their home, reasoning that a people whose chief man was so kindly organized must be a pleasant people with whom to live and home making with such generous spirits a continuous and daily joy.

In 1860 the war clouds, flecky and innocent looking, began to gather on the horizon, yet speaking to the far seeing people in a language which created in their minds a dread apprehension as yet undefined and shadowy. It cannot have been altogether accidental that Samuel J. Kirkwood was chosen as Governor of the State. Rough, rugged and honest, fearless in the discharge of his duties it seemed that Mars himself had furnished our good State with the very best executive. Well do the older citizens remember the campaign between Samuel J. Kirkwood and Hon. A. C. Dodge which resulted in Kirkwood's election. Dodge came into the field freighted with a large experience, having had many years of public life as, United States senator and then as minister to Spain, well acquainted with public affairs, of good and noble family, he and his father having sat together as United States Senators, the father from young Wisconsin and the son from younger Iowa, and backed by the powerful influence of the administration fully realizing the seriousness of the struggle.

Kirkwood had the natural strength of a great debater, a full assurance in his own mind that his cause was just and the comforting consciousness that the awakening minds of the people were falling rapidly into support of the views he advocated.

No joint discussion ever held in Iowa attracted more attention. Its influence was powerful in forming a public opinion which has lasted more than a quarter of a century, and among the thinkers of the state it is conceded that the truthful historian must give Samuel J. Kirkwood the front rank in the long line of great men who have led the people into conclusions which have ruled them in public affairs for a whole generation.

The style of the two speakers was in contrast. Dodge spoke well, not eloquently, but with the feeling of one having authority. He had heard in the United States senate, Clay, Webster, Calhoun, Cass and Benton. The line of administrative thought was as familiar to him as every day speech.

Kirkwood could not be said to be eloquent but he was the most convincing debater I ever heard. His language was correct and simple, his figures of speech plain and homely, and every word went home with convincing power to the reason and consciousness of his hearers. They felt carried as by a powerful wind Kirkwood's way and when the wind ceased to blow they felt anchored in the right as rocks and mighty forest trees rest firmly in the staid and solid earth. Most people speak of Samuel J. Kirkwood as the great war Governor and he is entitled to every honor in that respect that has been conferred upon and conceded to him, but in my way of thinking the greatest and most lasting work Kirkwood ever did was in the joint discussion with General Dodge when they met as opposing candidates for Governor.

General S. R. Curtis was another man of mark in those early and formative days. A graduate of West Point, a dignified, stately gentleman, he was nominated for congress by the republicans of the first district; his opponent was Hon. C. C. Cole of Des Moines. Their joint discussion was an event of great moment in those early days. The two men were very unevenly matched in debate. Curtis was a soldier but not an orator, Cole was eloquent to a degree that justified giving him the appellation of "*silver tongued*." Curtis had the rugged, uncultured strength which comes from an absolute conviction that he was right, amounting to an intuition, and he like Kirkwood, gained a force which comes from a knowledge that behind him was the firm judgment of the people that his cause was just. Cole had the skill and trained art of an advocate and could almost by his winning words and facile pleas convince men against their own reason. In all ordinary times the victory would have been with Cole, but the glow and furnace heat of intense thought and apprehension turned the scale and Curtis was successful.

When before his term of service expired the war broke out, with the instincts of a soldier and burning with patriotism Curtis left the hall of Congress for the tented field and soon

wrote his name in imperishable letters of light at Pea Ridge.

I do not know whether any other State has such a record, but it is true that when the war broke out Iowa's entire house delegation enlisted, Gen. Curtis from the first, Gen. Vandever from the second. These men, with the aid of the times, brought about such a fervent heat of patriotism that more than 70,000 of Iowa's sons marched and counter-marched as soldiers of the union in that great war for its preservation.

Another maker of Iowa thought, and moulder of her institutions was Hon. John A. Kasson. Young, eloquent, enthusiastic and educated, he early entered the political arena.

His speech ran like molten silver, and the people listened with delight to his fervid appeals and cogent reasoning.

The brightness of his genius flashed past the borders of his State and the administration of Abraham Lincoln called him to a high place, that of first assistant Post Master General. His ability soon made itself manifest and in diplomacy he has ranked with the ablest, so that his fame has become national, yet his first work was done for Iowa and no one can write of those who worked out for Iowa her present greatness and properly omit the name of Kasson.

The limits of this article bid me hurry on, else I should be called to speak of Samuel A. Rice, James F. Wilson, M. L. McPherson and many others and it must not be forgotten that the thought of Iowa was not alone directed and shaped by the forum.

The press then as ever was doing a mighty work.

Perhaps no one man fired heavier shots from the press than Clark Dunham, editor of the Burlington Hawkeye. Strong in short pithy, finger-length editorials, each column of his paper containing ten or twenty terse views on public affairs which went into the homes of Iowa from one end of the State to the other, he built far and wide. Strong men at noon as they came in from work and waited for dinner, women earnest and conscientious, as they snatched during the day a moment from household cares, boys and girls as they came home from

school, read the pithy paragraphs and remembered them. They led the people to an endorsement of his views, to an espousal of the policies he advocated, and it would be impossible to measure the extent of his influence and the magnitude of his work in making Iowa what she is to-day.

He had valuable co-workers all over the State, but time would fail me to mention the Morgans, Phelps, Palmers, Maynards, Russels, Junkins and others who all helped in the making of Iowa.

We live in a busy age and so fast is the onflow of events that the sheets of memory are not large enough to contain all that happens. Like boys at school we are constantly sponging off the slate that we may put on new columns of figures. Our eyes are in the mad race of life almost always turned forward, rarely backward, and such is the eager zest of the life we live that we almost feel like reproaching one who halts us and asks us to turn about and view the path over which we have come, and yet there is wisdom in the backward look.

Sometimes it is the surest way of measuring the progress we have made.

And the delay of the halt and retrospect is often profitable.

The Iowa of which I have been speaking is that Iowa that existed before the war, the Iowa with only two congressional districts; with but a trifle more than half a million people; with only a few miles of railroad running out short distances from the Mississippi river; the Iowa of stages and stage-lines; of freighters and freight-wagons; the Iowa that had never seen or heard of a telephone, a phonograph, or an electric light; Iowa before there was any such city as Omaha, or Kansas City, Denver, Pueblo or Leadville; Iowa when the banks of Cherry Creek, Colorado, were not yet blackened with swarms of gold-hunters; and when oxen hauled provisions up the Platte and across the plains to the far distant frontier soldier.

The strong, lusty republic in which we now live grew from

that Iowa of which I have been speaking; prairie grass has given way to blue grass, timothy and clover; ox-teams and covered wagons to dining cars and Pullman sleepers; trails or wagon tracks across the prairies to railway lines running direct to eastern and western emporiums of commerce; and a sparse new community of pioneers to densely settled counties, little cities not far apart, and all the accompaniments of an old community. But we should not forget the day of small things.

Above all we should pay, because we owe it, our debt of gratitude to the great men, who in that early day shaped things for us and moulded us into lines of thought which are our guiding lines to-day.

All honor to these men of former days. Let us in our day do as well as they have done.

JAMES W. McDILL.

Creston, Iowa, August 4th, 1891.

IOWA PIONEER TRAILS TO CALIFORNIA.



THE valley of the Humboldt river in Nevada is gradually becoming filled with settlements, and now has dotted along it at various intervals thriving towns, many of which can show but little or no improvement of the country immediately surrounding them. Elko and Winnemucca are examples of this class, yet they are thriving towns, their thrift being drawn from mining and agricultural settlements many miles distant. At Beowawe, Battle Mountain, and Lovelocks, beautiful farms with fine and costly buildings and other improvements, are to be seen on every hand, and at these beautiful villages set in the midst of high and rugged mountains, and upon lands once believed to be sterile and valueless, is now to be found a thrift and culture which would gladden the hearts of many a toiler in the great valley of the Mississippi. The great change from desert perils and loneliness to garden beauty, has been brought

about by the use of the waters of the winding Humboldt river, which by the means of dams and canals are now distributed over the desert's stubborn, sandy and sterile breast, and lo! the happiness and power which result.

Thus has been laid the foundations of an empire in the near future; an empire which will feed the millions from its farms and herds, and enrich and bedeck them, with the copper, lead, tin, nickel, silver and gold from its thousands of mines. For not only does the valley of the Humboldt offer to the immigrant the opportunity for settlement, and expansion of his surroundings, through intelligent and industrious effort, from desert waste to fruitful farms and comfortable homes, but a thousand more valleys are to be found between the Utah basin and the Great Sierra Nevada chain which offer in a varied way the same chances of expansion and enrichment.

I am led to give the foregoing description from the fact that the valley of the Humboldt River was, near half a century ago, made the way for the emigration from the then western States and Territories to the golden land of California, and by this choice a trail was made along it which in time was the guide along which was constructed the Central Pacific railway, the western link in the greatest transcontinental railroad in the world. "The Old Emigrant Trail," as it is now called, remains, and in the greater part of its course is a good road to-day. In my intercourse with the people of Nevada and California I am continually reminded of the work done by the early settlers of Iowa in the marking out and the making of this great, and now historic trail. For almost the first, if not the very first train to pass along it and thus make the way for the thousands to follow it, was the ill-fated "Donan Party" which made the trip in 1846, and of which several went from Lee county, Iowa. The story of the journey of this party from the time it left Salt Lake to the canon in the Sierra Nevadas, when more than half of its members met their death from starvation, amid dreadful sufferings from the intense cold and snows of the elevation at which they came to a halt, is

full of misery and death. The trackless wastes over which they made their way were so beset with dangerous difficulties, combined with the horrors of thirst, that even their oxen and horses became crazed and ran away to certain death amid the salty sands.

The great trail divided eastward of Salt Lake. The right hand division going by way of Fort Hall, on the heads of Snake river, and from that point continued on to the Columbia river in Oregon—hence was called “the Oregon Trail.” At Fort Hall again it branched, the left-hand trail making its way along a branch of the Snake, called Goose creek, at the head of which stream the trail crossed the divide between the waters of the Columbia river and those of the Nevada basin and entering the canons at the heads of the Humboldt river followed down along them converging in its valley at a point called Gravelly Ford, which is about four miles above the town of Beowawe. The left-hand branch of the great California trail at the point of divergence east of Salt Lake, came down through the great Wasatch range of mountains and at the lake divided, the left-hand trail going southwesterly to the heads of the Rio Virgin and thence across the great expanse of deserts, the central portions of which are called “Death Valley.” The right-hand trail at the lake passed around its southern extremity and crossing a large expanse of salt desert came around the southern extremity of the great Ruby Range of mountains, and finally by way of what is called Crescent Valley reached the Humboldt at the Gravelly Ford. At the last named place was a famous camping ground, for here was open country giving great space for the horses and cattle worn out by the terrible marches encountered after leaving the verdure-clad peaks of the Wasatch mountains to graze upon nutritious grasses. Here met friends and relatives who had parted eastward of the lake, fully expecting never to meet on earth again; here was to be found all the varieties of human character; here children were born, marriages celebrated, and here also was death busy at his work. On the

summit of one of the low bluffs to the southwest of Gravelly Ford a grave-yard was established and in it are the remains of the first white woman who died within the limits of Nevada. Her grave seems as fresh to-day as it did when it closed over her remains forty-four years ago, and the inscription upon the rude board placed to mark her resting-place is still legible. The tender-hearted settlers of the valley have erected a tall white cross over her, and have enclosed her resting place with a picket fence. Where are the sorrowing hearts and tender hands which, in the midst of desolation, laid her away and first marked her grave? It is with the "Trail" from Gravelly Ford to the "Sink" of the Humboldt that I have made myself the most familiar, and hardly a mile of that long distance but teems with incidents in which the early settlers of Iowa had a part. Midnight surprises and stampedes by the wily Shoshone Indians, and battles with them to compel surrender of stolen stock, or to teach them to respect the rights of the travellers; lonely graves by the side of the trail here and there tell, of the work of the murderous Indians; the inscription on the head-boards of these solitary resting places reciting so many times, "Killed by Indians." Last summer upon one of my surveying expeditions I chanced to find a camp which shows now, at this late day, to what straits the travellers along the trail were put. The site of the old camp is about fifty miles above the sink of the Humboldt and was pitched upon the summits of some high, white sand bluffs overlooking the river and surrounding country for many miles. Here along these bluffs I saw the irons of wagons by the hundreds strewed in the sands, together with, at times, fragments of the wood work; also there lay knives, forks, hatchets and all kinds of table-ware, brass strips which at one time evidently bound together and ornamented articles of furniture, combs and brushes, carpenter's tools and guns.

The wrought iron articles had in all respects, except shape, returned to rust, even thick bars of iron were eaten through and through so completely that it was only by their shapes that

it could be known that they once had been given form by the hand of man. The cast iron articles showed but little change in this particular and the cast boxes of the wagon hubs seemed quite familiar to me, differing so much from that kind of contrivance of to-day. Indeed the blacksmithing shows it to be quite as distinctive from the present work of the kind as do the old wheel boxes differ in style from those now in use. Brass and copper articles showed but little change. Of the wood in wagons and other articles left here, all that has not been burned seemed as sound as it was the day it was left here. Set after set of tent pegs are standing in the sandy soil just as they were driven in that early, and it may be, direful day. The hickory used in the wagon tops for bows over which to draw the canvas covers was perfectly sound.

I saw a gun lying in the sand. It was one of the old style muzzle loading rifles; it seemed as if I had seen it before. I took it by the muzzle and as I lifted it up, the barrel crumbled in my hands, and became mere fragments of iron ore, as did the greater part of the lock. When I had got done with my examination of it there remained in my hands but a few fragments having definite forms. These fragments I send to the editor of THE RECORD to be deposited in the museum of the State Historical Society. As I stood upon this old camp ground and viewed the remnants of mechanical work done half a century ago, I felt as if I was viewing work done by the Ushers, Coles and Willis, in their blacksmith shops in Iowa City in 1846, and that old gun brought to my mind the familiar face and form of kind-hearted, genial Father Crummy, our first gun-smith, and it seemed as if I here saw the work of whip-saw, axe and plane, upon the oak, ash, and hickory which in that early day grew in forests upon the bluffs and hills of Iowa.

I looked over the scene and asked of myself what dire necessity caused the abandonment of all this property which had at this point but a small part of the journey yet to perform. Did murderous Indians in midnight foray bring death and

destruction suddenly into the midst of these timorous but watchful campers, did all the band fall victims to the knife and arrows of the savage butchers, or were the tired oxen and jaded horses aroused suddenly into a maddened stampede by the yells and gestures of mounted savages, and breaking all bounds in their tornado-like flight, leave the camp and disappear forever from the benighted band of campers. Perhaps the story may never be told, but certain it is that no common occurrence caused the abandonment of so much property at a point so near to the end of the continental journey.

Above this abandoned camp about thirty miles, are the famous Lassen, named from the pioneer guide and trapper, Peter Lassen, who made it a business to convoy trains of emigrants from the Rocky mountains to the gold fields of Feather river in California. He on these Meadows erected a house and store, and lived at this place some years. His route to the gold fields left the Humboldt river at the Meadows and crossing Cedar mountains by way of Cedar and Rabbit Hole Springs, crossed the Black Rock Desert, going by its great boiling spring, thence crossing the Smoke Creek Desert it entered California through Fedonia Pass near a well-known mountain called after the discoverer of the trail and pass, Lassen's Butte.

Below the "deserted camp" about two days' journey is the "Sink of the Humboldt," which is a lake about forty-five miles long and about twelve miles wide at its widest part. Here the emigrants made a halt in order to recruit their jaded animals for the last hard pull before them, which was over the salt marshes and sands of the sink of the Carson river, the distance across it being from sixty to one hundred miles, with but little grass and all the water salt or brackish. Once upon the Carson river, the grass was abundant and the water good, and it only remained to cross the Sierra Nevada mountains to reach the end of the journey.

It was at the sink of the Humboldt that occurred an inci-

dent in the trip of one of the parties going out from Johnson county in 1850. In this party were Henry Felkner, Philip Clark, Sam. J. Hess, Judge Hawkins, John Linderman, and many others of the pioneers of Iowa. One of the party had been suspected of stealing; he was a young fellow and never had a very good name anyway; at least the evidence had been secured pointing clearly to him as the guilty person, he having exchanged a marked gold piece for some needed article. This gold piece was fully identified by its owner by the marks he had put upon it. A court was held at Humboldt Sink and it was decided to take the fellow's cattle and sell them at auction, the proceeds to be paid to the loser by the theft and the thief to be banished from the camp and party. The conclusions of the court were carried out. Henry Felkner was appointed to act as sheriff and to sell the cattle; he proceeded to do his duty, and as he was driving them to the place of sale the thief suddenly picked up his rifle and declared that he would kill Felkner if he proceeded. Instantly Philip Clark brought his rifle to bear upon the thief's head declaring that if he, the thief, should fire upon Felkner his life should instantly pay the penalty. Felkner did not falter nor pause a moment, but came on with the cattle facing the rifle which ready cocked and with trigger set was aimed directly at his head. The thief knowing that sure death would be his portion if he fired, slowly dropped his gun, the cattle were sold and the proceeds paid over to the loser by the theft. The thief was turned adrift upon the trail and made the balance of the journey with other parties. This was the first court to try a cause in Nevada. Some of the members of that party now live here.

C. W. IRISH.

Reno, Nevada, Sept. 25th, 1891.

LYMAN C. DRAPER, LL.D.

DEATH has removed the man, who in the field of historical collections had no superior. As Secretary of the Wisconsin Historical Society Dr. Draper achieved a most honorable reputation. The results of his persistent labors for forty years are seen in the Library of the Historical Society at Madison. During these years he has been unconsciously building his own monument.

In using the term "persistent labors" the writer speaks advisedly. It was his good fortune to know Dr. Draper when he was bearing a burden from which many another would have shrunk. Only by the most strenuous effort of Dr. Draper and a few friends who nobly supported his endeavors, could a meager salary be obtained from the State Legislature. Still was his purpose unshaken. "This one thing I do" was his inspiring motto. Once only did he *seem* to turn aside from this purpose, when he accepted an election as State Superintendent of Public Instruction for a single term. As the Superintendent was permitted to choose the place for his public office he selected the rooms then occupied by the Historical Society in a church basement.

All persons having business with this important State office; and such were most generally the most intelligent people of the State, were brought into acquaintance with the work of Dr. Draper as Secretary of the Historical Society. His chief clerk served also as Librarian of the Society. The two years of this intimate connection of the school office with the Historical Society proved the turning point in the existence of the latter body. The work of neither organization suffered by this union. The Assistant Superintendent of Public Instruction was a very competent man, and left Dr. Draper free to continue his great work. The political opposition to the holding of two salaried offices (though the combined salaries were but two thousand dollars) aroused Dr. Draper's friends to renewed effort, and for the next twenty-five years the

State accepted with pride the work so unselfishly carried on for many years preceding.

When the State assigned elegant quarters to the collections of the Historical Society in her new capitol, paying cheerfully the salaries of Secretary, Librarian and Clerk, thus recognizing the worth of Dr. Draper's work for her interests, his health began to fail and for seven years at least he has battled against disease.

Examination of his literary effects will disclose the fact that during these years of great feebleness of body his mind continued active in his chosen work.

It was his thought to prepare and publish many brief sketches, biographical and otherwise, and there is no doubt a rich collection of material ready for some one who is a more ready writer than he was.

Dr. Draper was of slight physique, retiring in manner, seeking but few acquaintances, but ready to communicate with those who sought him out. For five years of the writer's residence in Madison he does not recall a single public occasion on which Dr. Draper took any prominent part. From his desk in the Library of the Historical Society he was seldom absent during long office hours. Seven years ago the writer met him for the last time in a public gathering, his part assumed by a friend who read a brief address prepared by him, as he was unable to speak aloud.

Few men have labored so quietly and so unselfishly as Dr. Draper, and few will have a richer reward in the memory of coming generations. P.

ALEXANDER R. FULTON.



AMONG the more recent associations that have come to stay is that of the "Pioneer Law Makers Association." In 1882 through the efforts of Judge Francis Springer of Louisa county who had been President of the Constitutional Convention of 1857 a reunion

of the surviving members was held at the State capital. That proved a grand success which was largely due to the efforts of Judge Springer. Out of that grew the "Pioneer Law Makers Association" which was called to meet at Des Moines in 1886 during the session of General Assembly. Norman Boardman of Lyons who had been Senator from Clinton county from 1862-66, is entitled to the credit of having inaugurated this movement. Under the call the membership included those between 1838 and 1866.

At that meeting it was resolved to organize a permanent association to hold biennial sessions during those of the General Assembly, and to add two years at each period to make up for the loss incurred by death of those of the former years. At the last session held in January 1890, Judge Johnstone, who had been a member of the Territorial House of Representatives at its second session in 1839, was elected President and Judge A. R. Fulton of Des Moines, who had represented Jefferson county in the Senate of 1855, was made Secretary.

The Executive Committee had already commenced the making of arrangements for the reunion of 1892 when the President, Judge Johnstone, yielded to the summons of death and ceased his earthly labors.

The mention of his death appeared in *THE RECORD* as in the papers of the State generally. That sad tidings was very soon followed by a notice of the death of Judge Fulton, which occurred on September 29th last.

Judge Fulton was more widely known to the people of the State as an editor than as a legislator, having for many years conducted with credit to himself the *Fairfield Ledger*. He also held various county offices and was clerk at one time of the House of Representatives. Through his life he was prominent in political affairs and won the respect and esteem of his political opponents as well as of his party associates.

He is more widely known to men of letters as the author of a most valuable work entitled "The Red Men of Iowa," a

work, now out of print, exceedingly rare and much sought after by those interested in the history of Indian affairs. Besides this work he published a number of pamphlets bearing upon the history of the State, especially as regards its resources, and compiled with a view to opening up the way for emigration, in which he also rendered the State great service.

At the last session of the "Pioneer Law Makers Association" he was not only elected Secretary but edited and published the proceedings of that and the two preceding sessions, a work which will become a standard as time passes, being filled with historical reminiscences of men and events, and the association had calculated largely upon his usefulness in that sphere of labor when he too was relieved by death.

The death of these two distinguished pioneers and legislators has not only left vacancies in the official ranks of the association but among the pioneers, who of those early periods are fast passing away.

Judge Trimble (also of Keokuk), being the first Vice-President becomes acting President, and Hon. Chas. Aldrich succeeds our old friend Fulton as Secretary, being his first assistant.

Judge Fulton was born in Chillicothe, Ohio, October 11th, 1825, and was of Scotch descent. He was educated at Mt. Pleasant Academy, at Kingston, Ohio, and devoted himself earnestly to the profession of civil engineering. In 1850 he located at Fairfield, Jefferson county, Iowa, where he studied law and was admitted to the bar.

In 1870 he removed to the capital city which has been his residence since. Upon the organization of the State Board of Immigration he was elected its Secretary and became very prominent in the work of advertising the State abroad. He also served as Secretary of the Board of Capitol Commissioners and in every position to which he was called proved to be honest, faithful and capable.

In politics he was a Whig of the old school but identified

himself with the Republican party upon its organization and continued to act with that to the period of his death. He was a delegate to the convention which organized the party at Iowa City in 1854.

To the pioneers his death will prove a great loss while the people of the State will largely miss him from the circle whose labors have been productive of much good to the State.

T. S. P.

ELIZABETH S. GRIMES.

Born in Lee, N. H., May 31, 1825.

Died in Washington, D. C., June 22, 1890.

[Her father, Edward B. Nealley, 1784—1837, was of the third generation from William Nealley, who emigrated from the North of Ireland, and settled in Nottingham, N. H., about the year 1725.

Her mother, Sally True, 1789—1850, was of the seventh generation from Henry True, who came from England to Salem, Mass., about 1630 or 1635.

She was married to James W. Grimes, Nov. 9th, 1846, by Rev. W. Salter, at Burlington, Iowa Territory.]

At the funeral service held at her late home in Washington, D. C., June 23, 1890, after selections from Scripture and one of Whittier's hymns, read by the Rev. Dr. Shippen, Mr. Salter said:



HE faith and hope of Holy Writ and of the poet of spiritual Christianity had impersonation in the life whose earthly term is closed. That the Eternal Goodness is with us now and here, that this world is an ante-chamber of heaven's portals, that our present life is not disjoined and dis severed from the life eternal, that it is for us to make the present radiant and aglow with divine inspiration and do God's will on earth as it is done in heaven, —this was the pervasive sentiment of the spirit now departed.

We pay our tribute of respect and honor to one gifted with superior faculties, endowed with rare poise and balance of mind, enriched with a gracious and generous disposition, who discharged the various trusts that fell to her lot with wisdom

and judgment, and with entire devotion to duty, as the duty of every day required. To native strength of mind there was joined a transparent sincerity of purpose, before which nothing but what was fair and just and good had a moment's attention. In the purity of her own heart she found the vision of God and the open heaven. In her studies and thoughts she grasped the great questions that have agitated inquiring minds in this generation, and was an attentive observer of the progress of the century in science and art and philosophy and religion, and in the moral and social improvement of humanity, especially of the American people, and kept it upon her conscience, as it was given her to see the right, to help with sympathy and with firm but quiet endeavor in the liberation of truth, in the enlargement of freedom, and in the amelioration of human suffering and sorrow.

United in early life to one who afterward, as Governor of Iowa and as a Senator of the United States, gained honor and distinction in a critical period of the Nation's life, she helped with firm counsel and with the quick intuition of an unbiased mind and an unerring judgment in determining the struggle of that period upon the foundations of equity and liberty for all. The higher civilization of the Republic, the enthronement of justice, the education of the whole people, the unfolding of the noblest chapter of the book of time in the future history of the country, were her ideals of national prosperity and glory.

This strong and resolute mind, combined with the utmost delicacy and refinement, and a perfect command of every temper and feeling, gave serenity and composure to her character in all changes and circumstances, and she met the vicissitudes of life with never a murmur or complaint, but hoped always, trusted always, believed always, assured that not more certainly day follows night in this world than that the eternal morning will reveal the Eternal Goodness without a cloud in the world to come.

For more than forty years, if I may be pardoned a personal

reference, this vision of a pure and quiet life, hid with Christ in God, has passed before me, radiant with heaven's sunshine, filled with a thousand unremembered acts of kindness and of love, diffusing blessings on every side and among all classes from the humblest to the highest, giving comfort and cheer to the immigrant who felt as a stranger in a strange land, to the refugee from oppression, whether fleeing from slavery upon our own soil, or from some cruel despotism in the old world, and sharing with large sympathy in the trials and sorrows of a wide circle of relatives and friends.

In humble homes and in homes of affluence there are hearts that mourn with us, that they are no more to share in this world, save as a sacred memory, the immediate sympathy and kindly greeting of the hands now folded in the repose of death.

Let us then be animated, my friends, to follow this good example, and take heart for a pure, serene and unselfish life. In the holy faith, as expressed by one of her favorite poets, that "we fall to rise, that we are baffled to fight better, that we sleep to wake," she now rests in God, where that soaring mind, that kindly spirit, that pure heart, finds congenial home in the kingdom of the just.

The interment was at Burlington, Iowa, June 25th, where at the old home Mr. Salter said:

The bright and beautiful life that cheered and strengthened so many of us has now vanished, to appear in other realms, and gladden other mansions. Born in New Hampshire, she came with her widowed mother, her sisters, and her brother Joseph, to this city in 1844, following her brother Greenleaf, who had preceded the family in coming to the West a few years earlier.

At the age of twenty-one, her gentle spirit, her modest dignity, her thoughtful temper of mind, won the affection and confidence of one who appreciated sterling qualities of character, and they joined hearts and hands in making a new home in our city in the year 1846. For a few years they resided on

Main street, where now stands the Union Hotel, then occupied by a beautiful garden and orchard, filled with choice flowers and fruits. In 1850 Mr. Grimes built this house, then far out upon the prairie, and here, to the close of his honored life, in 1872, was the happy home of faithful love and sweet content. The naked prairie was soon embowered in the shade of beautiful and glorious trees, and under the hand of taste and culture the quiet loveliness and repose which nature assumed in the environment of the home was a fit image of the grace and dignity that reigned within.

In 1854, Mr. Grimes was called to the Chief Magistracy of this Commonwealth, and in 1859 to a seat in the Senate of the Nation. Mrs. Grimes usually accompanied him to Washington, and was the good angel by his side in the anxious and troubled years of the Nation's transformation. When his health was stricken down, she went with him to Europe; but wherever their sojourn, this remained to them the dearest spot on earth, and whether under the dome of the Capitol, or in London or Paris, or amid the lakes and the mountains of Switzerland, their hearts, untravelled, turned with fond anticipation and desire to these familiar scenes. Since the death of Mr. Grimes eighteen years ago, the sacred memories of the home have known no change. Though much of her time was passed elsewhere, to escape the rigor of our winter months, the old home never lost its superior charm, and to the last Mrs. Grimes looked upon a return to it with pleasure and with hope.

But no one more fully realized the uncertainty of every earthly expectation, or made every plan in life with a more humble and trustful spirit of acquiescence in the Will Supreme. To her all the ways of the Lord were mercy and truth, and in health and sickness, and in life and death she saw the providence of the Heavenly Father, who is good when He gives, and none the less when He denies.

Of the strength of character and purity of mind and magnanimity of nature and generosity of spirit that marked the

life now closed, we are all witnesses; and no prayer can be more appropriate than that similar measures of the Holy Spirit, of the Spirit of wisdom, of power, of love and of a sound mind, may rest upon her relatives and friends, and upon us all, until we, too, shall "wrap the mantle of our couch about us, and lie down to pleasant dreams."

AN OLD SETTLER'S POEM.

READ AT THE REUNION OF THE OLD SETTLERS OF JOHNSON COUNTY IN 1891,

BY H. W. LATHROP.

From forty years of soundest sleep,
Continuous, prolonged and deep
Awake awhile my drowsy Muse.
Nor now your kindest aid refuse,
Drop from your lyre some pleasant verse
And let my pen the lines rehearse
While I recount of early years
The story of our pioneers,
When Philip Clark and Ely Myers*
First left the hearthstones of their sires
To found within the wilderness
Homes that themselves and friends would bless.
Where Trowbridge, Sanders and the Frys
Could live beneath benignant skies,
And spend the balance of their lives
In peace and comfort with their wives,
And fill their homes with earthly joys,
And hearty virtuous girls and boys.
Where church, the press, and common school
Without exception are the rule,
And where a deep and fertile soil
Would give reward for all their toil.
Where Swisher, Kerr and Winterstein
Could overturn the prairies green,
And till each one the fertile field
That should the golden harvest yield.
Where gentle rain distils in drops
To irrigate the growing crops,
And where those crops will not be lost
By drouth, or flood, or chilling frost,

*The two first white settlers of Johnson County.

And where the balmy breeze may fan
 The fervid brow of lab'ring man.
 Where Wilson, in the Great North Bend,
 His herds and flocks in peace may tend,
 And where, along each flowing creek
 The wild, wild game the hunters seek,
 And where with most unerring skill
 The deer and wolf and ducks they kill.
 Where Carleton with his lore profound
 His country's laws could well expound,
 And teach us from judicial bench
 On others' rights not to entrench,
 For he'd a sheriff who was Abel *
 To lock us in the county stable,
 In other words who would not fail
 To lock us in the county jail,
 If we were guilty of the crime
 Of stealing prose or stealing rhyme.
 Where Folsom, Reagan, legal giants,
 Maintained the causes of their clients,
 And made, when 'twas not crime or treason
 "The worse appear the better reason,"
 And to the jury in the box
 Explained each seeming paradox,
 And made their case though black as night
 Appear like brilliant noonday light.
 And where our Clarks† and George Paul
 Could sit in Legislative Hall
 And make for us most wholesome laws
 In favor of fair Freedom's cause.
 And where the printer Thomas Hughes
 Would publish for us all the news.
 And where, to do the state most good,
 They made a governor of Kirkwood,
 Which was, as you will all remember,
 The best of gubernatorial timber.
 Where Dr. Murray with his pills
 Could cure you of your various ills,
 And when the dreaded fever and ague
 Came on with chills and sweats to plague you,
 With sulphate quinine would assure you
 He could effectually cure you.
 Where Yewell with his pencil's strokes,
 Could picture other peoples jokes

*John D. Abel sheriff in 1846.

†John, Rush and Ezekiel were members of the Legislature and W. Penn of the last Constitutional Convention.

And on his canvas well display
The scenes of of many an early day
Where mem'ry as she backward stretches
Calls up his youthful "Charcoal Sketches."
Where Lathrop could collect the scholars
And trade his learning for their dollars.
But in him it was very rash
To trade so little for their cash.
And when this learning was imparted
The stock was left with which he started.
He never traded them his rhymes,
Reserving those for other times.
Where Gaymon never put on airs
But made us most substantial chairs.
Where Roberts, who was christened Peter,
Made tables, bureaus, always neater
Than his competitor, M. Cropper,
(But I have told a startling whopper.)
As all their goods when made of wood
Were very, very, very good.
Indeed so all their various wares
Were strong and firm like Gaymon's chairs.
In early times we had a Gower
That on us his dry goods would shower,
And by the yard and by the bolt
They were dealt out by Joseph Holt,
Who was his partner in the trade,
A strong and heavy firm they made,
And sold their goods, as was their luck,
For ready cash and "country truck."
If you had neither and you said it
They'd sell you goods upon your credit
And get their pay, when by hard work
You harvested your crop of pork.

In those old times at church on Sunday
We never met with Mrs. Grundy,
For then the pictured fashion plate
Was never peddled in our state,
And in their neat and plain homespun
Our belles were wooed and beaux were won.
Each one engaged in honest labor,
And each was equal to his neighbor;
Each was to each a friend and brother,
And no one felt above another.

In eighteen hundred thirty-eight
Proud Iowa became a state,

Or rather, to make true my story,
She then was made a territory.
The month as history has averred,
Was hot July, the day, the third.

More wolves, elk, deer did she have then
Than stalwart, vigorous, full grown men,
And in her rivers were more fish
Than any epicure could wish.
With birds of every plume and feather
In rainy, fair or cloudy weather,
Our groves and copses all were filled
More than by hunters could be killed.
Wild turkey, duck and prairie hen
Made food to suit the best of men,
While flesh of tender fawn and deer
Was quite enough to give good cheer,
And in the groves were plums so fair
They took the place of fruit more rare.
And in the timber were blackberries
More rich than Early Richmond cherries,
And ripe and luscious red strawberries
Were gathered on our native prairies.

From small pappoose to Poweshiek,
Red men were here on every creek,
And though they were not over good
They never thirsted for our blood.
They were not fascinating neighbors
Nor were they fond of severe labors,
Were mostly sane, not often crazy,
But most incorrigibly lazy.
In their rude dances they were frisky
And always very fond of whisky.

But they are gone and o'er their graves
No mournful weeping willow waves,
These graves unmarked by sign of sorrow
Are checkered by the plowman's furrow,
Devoid of monumental stone
Their very places are unknown.
Where once was the rude Indian trail
There now is laid the iron rail.
Where Indian ponies took their courses
Is heard the snort of iron horses,
And Indian whoops of fear promotive
Displaced by scream of locomotive.
Weighed down with products of the plains
Are ponderous lengthy railroad trains.
In early times 'twas Frink and Walker

Whose team often contained a balker
To every point of compass bore us
With driver humming merry chorus,
And the best driver on the seat
Was sober, steady John Van Fleet.
Our county seat and Muscatine
Three times a week they plied between
Till later years when Porter, Colonel,
Sent out his coach and teams diurnal.
Then after him came iron horses
That drove his teams from all their courses.

Not in cold stage through winter's storm
We ride in coaches now made warm,
Nor do our toes and fingers shiver
Riding o'er plain or over river.
Stage coach, from slough no more we delve it
But ride on cushioned seats of velvet,
Instead of driver whipping team
The grimy fireman gets up steam.
Five miles an hour, we travelled slow.
Now forty miles an hour we go.

On Time's broad guideboard we will plaster
The fact that we are growing faster,
And that we've left the deep old ruts,
Yet without any "ifs" or "buts,"
And that in every forward movement
Is seen our progress and improvement.

Our aged poet, friend Magill,
Who all his duties did fulfill,
Has gone beyond this mortal shore
And we shall hear his rhymes no more.
But we have yet within our reach
Our other poet, Abel Beach,
Whose rhythmic learning, rich and rare,
We hope he long with us may share.

Old settlers all to you good cheer!
I hope we'll meet again next year,
And that our earthly race will run
Beyond the year of ninety-one,
And that we one and all may woo
The August gales of ninety-two,
And that our going hence may be
Beyond the year of ninety-three.
We can not now much longer stay
We one by-one fast pass away.
Let's live, that when our race is run,
The meed of praise will be,—“Well done.”

SCENES IN EARLY IOWA.*



OLD man that he is, verging closely upon the completion of his eightieth year, Mr. A. W. Harlan of Croton, Iowa, is still rugged, resourceful and clear of brain. It was the good fortune of the writer to act as his host one evening this week. It is Mr. Harlan's delight to discuss with gusto and interest the scenes and incidents that were transpiring in Iowa fifty and sixty years ago. For over fifty-seven years he has lived on the Des Moines river in the vicinity of Croton, Keosauqua and Bentonsport. He met all of the big Indian chiefs and noted Sac and Fox warriors when they were in the Iowa country previous to the treaties, and acquiring some knowledge of the Indian tongue he was able to converse with them and to understand them without the aid of an interpreter. Mr. Harlan in his young days was smitten with the romance of the faint and wild civilization, if so it might be called, of the superstitious and impulsive red men, and the recital of their legends and beliefs to him by the medicine men of the Sac and Fox tribe, made such an impression on him that it has tinged his imagination with a peculiar and refined beauty, which has improved with age until it is now rare and ethereal indeed. His memory of the early pioneer experiences is quite vivid, while his recital of them in appropriate description leaves nothing to be desired. It is, therefore, a rare intellectual feast to pass an evening in his company. Mr. Harlan is a native of Union county, Indiana, where he was born in 1811. In 1834 he came up the Mississippi river on a steamer as far as Tully, where he made a small row-boat and ascended the river to the mouth of the Des Moines. He had heard much of the beauty and fertility of the Des Moines valley, and was determined to settle there. His first landing place on the Des Moines was at Saint Francisville, Mo., and thence he visited Sweet Home and Bonaparte, going then to Montrose, where he was employed in the work of building barracks for the soldiers. In December, 1834, he settled on a claim near Bentonsport, and with the exception of four years spent as a soldier in the Civil War, and a few years in California during the gold craze, he has lived ever since within gunshot of the Des Moines river.

We have made no effort to jot down more than a few of

*Reprinted from the Burlington Post.

the most interesting of his recollections. In the course of our conversation with him it transpired that he was the author of a lengthy series of articles which appeared in the *Keokuk Gate City* about fifteen years ago, descriptive of pioneer life and privation. He is a man who loves the romantic tinge of his story, and he fashions it as cleverly as though he were a sculptor modeling with the plastic clay.

Previous to the year 1823 the valley of the Des Moines river was held in possession by the Iaway tribe of Indians. This tribe was not greatly inclined to war, but the Sacs and Foxes coveted possession of the fair valley and waged a war of extermination against them for a hundred years. The headquarters of the Iaway tribe was on the Des Moines river at a spot since known as Iowaville. Its location was not far distant from the present town of Eldon. Pashepaho was a great war chief of the Sac and Fox tribe, who had won his position by his prowess in battle. He had made frequent raids into villages of the Iaways, wounding and killing many, and always himself escaping unhurt. Fifteen years after the big battle and massacre of the Iaways at Iowaville on the first of May, 1823, Mr. Harlan heard from the lips of Pashepaho, in the Indian dialect, the story of this decisive and bloody conflict. Pashepaho was at that time visiting at the home of an old hunter and trader named Sullivan, who lived at Bentonsport, being one of the founders of the town. Contrary to the usual stolidity of the Indian character, he evinced a good deal of emotion while describing the fight, and seemed to regard his participation in this wanton and brutal slaughter of men, women and children as being the most illustrious and notable accomplishment of his whole miserable and savage career. The books have but little to say of this battle, because the details of it are very meagre. The fullest account of it that is extant is from the pen of Mr. Harlan as he heard it from the lips of Pashepaho in the jargon of that savage. On the day of the battle the Iowa Indians were celebrating their successful return from the hunt by a series of horse races, and the victors were to be allowed to compose a band to make a raid on Black Hawk's camp on Rock river in Illinois. These races were to take place at sunrise. In the meantime, by a remarkable coincidence, Black Hawk and his band of braves were on their way to attack the Iaways, traveling the distance from Rock Island to the mouth of the Des Moines in one night, in their bark canoes. Here they secreted themselves

in the timber until evening, and marching and rowing along the Des Moines all night, came upon the Iaways at sunrise. The surprise was complete, and many of the Iaways were slaughtered while attempting to regain the village where they had left their lances and knives. The contest waged without any cessation on either side from sunrise until the shades of evening. The fighting was in the Indian fashion, with bows and arrows, tomahawks and knives. Pashepaho, war chief of the Sacs and Foxes, himself killed many of the Iaways. After the first fury of the conflict had spent itself, by a concert of understanding each tribe would march out twenty-five or fifty warriors and engage an equal number of the enemy. The Sacs and Foxes had the best arms and the most savage leaders, and by the dusk of the evening the fighting men among the Iaways had all been killed. Pashepaho and his followers then swarmed into the village and began an indiscriminate massacre of the invalid old men, the women and children. Only a very few of the latter were spared—such an insignificant remnant, indeed, that Black Hawk offered afterward to adopt them into his tribe. As to the actual number of fighting men engaged in this old-time battle, there can be little more than vague conjecture, while the same may be said also as to the number of Iaways that were slain. Indians were prone to exaggerate events of that kind in their own favor, but even Pashepaho could not be induced to make an estimate as to numbers,—which need not be considered surprising when it is remembered that the ordinary wild Indian cannot count above a hundred and has next to no conception of the relative value of numbers. The fact to be borne in mind, however, is that this conflict settled the title to the Iowa country in the Sac and Fox tribe until the whites came along and purchased it of them. Mr. Harlan visited the old battle ground soon after the subsidence of the great flood of 1851, and saw many human bones and implements of savage warfare strewn about, where they had been washed out of the ground by the great rush of waters. Black Hawk afterwards built himself a residence on this battlefield, died there, and was buried there. Pashepaho's Indian name was "Stabbing Chief," which he was, every inch of him.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

DEATHS.

EDWARD JOHNSTONE, pioneer, lawyer, orator and statesman, died at his home in Keokuk the 27th of last May, aged seventy-six years. He was born in Pennsylvania, but came to Iowa in its early territorial period, and settled in Lee county, making his residence at Fort Madison until a few years ago. His personality impressed one no less with the power of his mind than by the greatness of his body, boned, muscled and sinewed for strength. He had a kindly beaming face, and his massive head was crowned with long, silvery-white locks, which indicated his phlegmatic temperament. Thus he appeared to a stranger as he loomed up in the convention which framed the present constitution of Iowa, a body containing a number remarkable for ability and altitude, a colossus among giants. Two of Johnstone's brothers were state governors, one of California and the other of Pennsylvania, having been elected on the same day in October, 1853. On that day a friend visited their mother in her modest home in the mountains of Pennsylvania, expecting to see her in a condition of painful anxiety, but the old lady was found quietly smoking her pipe, undisturbed by the momentous popular verdict then being rendered by the people of two great states of the Union in which two of her sons were vitally interested.

NOTES.

SINCE our July issue, which contained an extract from the *Marengo Republican* regarding the Amana Society, an excellent sketch of the Society has been published by the University in a monograph prepared by Prof. W. R. Perkins and B. L. Wick. We regret not having seen the monograph before reprinting the article alluded to. In our next issue will appear a fuller notice.



John Hay
\$ 14. Millions

IOWA HISTORICAL RECORD

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No. 1.

ELIAS H. WILLIAMS.

1819—1891.

ELIAS H. WILLIAMS was born at Ledyard, in the State of Connecticut, on the 23d day of July, A. D., 1819. His ancestors settled in that State long before the revolutionary war.

In 1748, "when we lived under the King," his grandfather, William Williams, was a justice of the peace in Groton, and that he might well and intelligently discharge the duties of his office to meet the approval of his Sovereign Majesty, George II, he procured two volumes of "The Office and Authority of a Justice of the Peace," by W. Nelson, of the Middle Temple, Esq., Savoy 1745." Inscribed on the fly leaf of each volume, is "Groton. William Williams, His Book Bought January, A. D., 1748-9—Both Volumes Cost £9 10., 0 Old Tenor or £5-2-4¼ lawfull money."

They are a pair of quaint old law books, and they were entrusted to me by Judge Williams with the injunction that I should deliver them to his friend Charles Aldrich, to be placed in the State Library.

Vol. 1, p. 312, says: "My Lord Coke told us the laws against drunkenness were very new.

"'Tis true he mentioned King Edgar, but look'd no farther back than to the statutes of King James: by which 'tis enacted, That any Justice of the Peace upon his own View, Confession of the party, or proof of one Witness upon Oath, may convict any Person for Drunkenness.

"Being convicted, he is to pay 5s. for every Offense to the Church-wardens of the Parish.

"If he is convicted the second time, then he may give Bond in 10 s. viz., Two Sureties, to be of the Good Behaviour, or be committed." Then follow all necessary forms to be used in prosecutions for drunkenness, after which the author adds: p. 315.

"These Acts of Parliament are so far from being duly executed, that, to the great Scandal and Corruption of this Nation, our greatest Men give a Sanction to this Vice, by drinking themselves into the Good-will of the Electors every new Parliament."

Judge Williams graduated at Yale College in the class of 1840, and was at once employed for a year as principal of the Goshen Academy, in Sullivan county, New Hampshire, and gave great satisfaction to the Trustees of the institution. Near the close of his engagement, the Trustee who went to New Haven to employ a principal, and who engaged the young graduate, asked him if he knew why he had selected him for the position. The professor answered that he had supposed some member of the faculty had given him a recommendation regarding his scholastic attainments. The Trustee replied that had nothing to do with it at all. That a lot of wild boys had destroyed the discipline of the Academy, and the former principal was compelled to leave on that account; that he left home determined to find some man that could control the students and restore good discipline. So he went to New Haven about commencement time, and happened to hear of a young man in the graduating class named Williams, who, a short time before had thrashed a policeman for what he considered an unwarranted interference with him. He thought

that was the very man he was looking for, sought him out, made an engagement with him, and had never had occasion to regret his choice.

At the end of his year in New Hampshire he went to South Carolina, near Columbia, at a salary of \$500 a year, as tutor in a private school for the sons of wealthy planters preparing to enter Yale. His duties in this school required but part of his time and he began the study of law which he continued for five years, when the last sickness of his father caused his return to Ledyard.

In 1846, soon after his father's death, he came to Iowa and settled at Garnavillo.

Upon the breaking out of the Mexican war, he enlisted and was chosen Sergeant in Capt. Parker's regiment of dragoons, that was sent to garrison Fort Atkinson in Winneshiek County, Iowa, to relieve Capt. Sennet, who was ordered to Mexico. While stationed at this fort, one of the recruits was not disposed to submit kindly to the Sergeant's instruction in discipline, and challenged him to a private contest in a grove near by. The Sergeant waived his rank and they went together to the grove and entered into a desperate struggle, when Corporal Reed appeared upon the scene, arrested the belligerents and marched them to the guard house. This ended the contest, but the Sergeant's authority was not afterwards disputed.

In February, 1848, at the end of the war, he returned to Garnavillo, and in addition to his law practice, opened up a farm on section 13, adjoining on the west the section in which Garnavillo is located.

In 1849 he returned to his native State and was united in marriage to Hannah, daughter of Capt. Adam Larrabee, and sister of ex-Governor Larrabee, who survives him and resides on the Grand Meadow farm with their two sons, Fred. L. and Wilkes, and daughter Anna E. Their daughter Annie, wife of Eli N. Baily, resides at Sac City in this state.

In 1851, under the new Code system of county government, he was elected the first County Judge of Clayton Co.,

and held the office for two terms. He found the finances in a very disordered condition, there being no money in the treasury, and "county warrants selling all the way from a drink of whiskey to fifty cents on the dollar; but at the close of his last term of office, you could present your county warrant to the treasurer and get one hundred cents on the dollar, every time." [Allen E. Wanzer].

He became acquainted with all parts of the county by personal inspection, that he might provide for its public necessities. One day there entered the office of the county judge, an eccentric and illiterate man, and inquired if he was Judge Williams. On receiving an affirmative answer, the visitor handed out a certificate of his election, and said he had come to have the Judge qualify him for the office of Squire. The Judge in a very bland manner answered: "I can swear you in, sir, and if it is sufficient approve your bond; but I think nothing short of Almighty power can qualify you for the office." He administered the oath and approved his bond.

During the latter part of his term, he sold his Garnavillo farm and purchased of the U. S. Government a tract of 2,200 acres of land in Grand Meadow, and employed his brother-in-law, William Larrabee, to superintend the opening of a farm on his new purchase. The crops of wheat raised the first two years on the part brought under cultivation, being about 320 acres, paid the cost of raising, all the improvements made, and the price paid for the whole tract of land.

His five years residence in South Carolina compelled him to become familiar with the institution of slavery, for which he conceived an intense, undying hatred, and "when the Missouri compromise was repealed, and the South had threatened to plant her slave colonies on free soil, he was among the first men of America to protest against the encroachment, and among the first to call together a body of men for the purpose of forming an organization against the demands of the slaveholders' power, and from that day * * stood by the organization." [Hist. of Clayton Co.]

About the year 1856 he joined Geo. W. Whitman and others in building, at a cost of \$30,000, a three run, steam, merchant flouring mill, known as the "Clayton City Mill," which for many years, under the control of Frank Larrabee as managing partner, did an extensive and profitable business.

In 1858, he was elected Judge of the Tenth Judicial District of Iowa, and re-elected in 1862. In the discharge of the duties of that office, he proved himself a profound jurist, an officer of unswerving integrity and gained a wide reputation as a scholar of high attainments.

In 1870, he was appointed by Gov. Samuel Merrill to fill a vacancy on the bench of the Supreme Court of this State, and served only till his successor, elected at the next following election, had qualified. The published opinions written by him are models of clearness and brevity.

He next turned his attention to promoting the construction of two lines of railway centering at Dubuque. One, on the right bank of the Mississippi river to St. Paul and Minneapolis; the other, up the Turkey river to Mankato, and in the same direction to intersect the Northern Pacific road near Fargo.

The first was built and has proved a road of great importance. The value of what the other would have been is now, too late, better appreciated than it was then, and it was by others diverted from his plan and built up the Volga and terminates at West Union, a branch only 58 miles in length. From Fargo, *via* Mankato, Turkey river and Dubuque to Chicago, for directness and easy grades, is a line superior to any that has been built, connecting those points. The line and the branch that were built have passed to the ownership of the C. M. & St. P. Ry. Co.

He afterwards organized the Iowa Eastern Railway Company, for the purpose of constructing a narrow-gauge railroad from McGregor to Des Moines, and sixteen miles of it were completed when financial disaster overtook the Eastern capitalists who had undertaken to supply the necessary funds, and

the enterprise was thrown into an embarrassment from which it never recovered.

The following quotation relating to this subject is from an article in the History of Clayton County, written by Hon. Samuel Murdock: "He was the author, the originator and president of the enterprise, and when the crash came with all its terrible effects, its creditors met him without compassion and demanded their full share from the ruins of the blasted enterprise; and to add to his crushed and tender feelings, many of his former friends deserted him, and left him to struggle alone under a pressure that was enough to shatter and break the strongest mind ever possessed by a human being.

"In all these struggles he never lost sight of his honor and integrity, and he made every effort, offered every assurance within his power to appease and stay the demands, but all to no purpose; suit after suit was brought, judgments were multiplied, executions were issued, and his own private property seized to satisfy the demands against the company.

"There was a time during this terrible pressure upon him, when a few of his old friends might have come to his support, and by even their countenance and assurance, and without the aid of money, could have given such confidence to his enterprise as would have pushed it along on every mile of its route, which would have restored confidence, allayed the demands of creditors, paid them in the end and completed the enterprise; but these were not forthcoming, and with all this load upon his shoulders. he kept his sixteen miles of road in good condition, and through storm and sunshine his trains made their regular trips along the route with their freight and passengers until 1882, when he sold the road to the C. M. & St. P. Ry. Co., and retired once more to his farm.

"In conjunction with his brother, D. R. W. Williams, he began the construction of another railroad from Lancaster, Wis., running in a Northeasterly direction up and along the valley of the Kickapoo: and after completing a portion of the road, sold out to the Chicago and Northwestern Ry. Co."

He was a great reader and kept himself acquainted with the writings of the best and ablest thinkers of the world. His miscellaneous library contained extensive works in Greek, Latin and French, all of which he read with ease, besides books in the English language showing the progress of its literature and advancement in science. He took great pleasure in reading industrial biography.

He had a retentive memory and his knowledge was extensive and minute. He was untiring in his efforts to benefit his friends, his neighbors, and the county, state, and nation in which he lived. To the young he was an especial friend, and in conferring benefits upon them would present them with such delicacy as to make himself appear the recipient of the favors.

While he was District Judge, we traveled the circuit together, and I came to know him intimately. When I first met him in 1854, I found in him a friend, and so he continued always to be, and I never heard him express a thought prompted by an unworthy motive.

At a meeting of the members of the bar of Clayton County, held in open court, September 2d, 1891, the following resolution, among others, was ordered to be entered on the records of the District Court:

“Resolved, that in the death of Judge Williams, we feel that Iowa has lost one of its brightest intellects, a mind of high culture, an able jurist, a man of strict integrity and of kindly heart.”

Many kind and sympathetic words were spoken, and his old pioneer companion, Judge Murdock, paid a glowing tribute to his memory. From the remarks of Hon. Thomas Updegraff, I make a single quotation: “It was a high privilege to be his friend, for to be with him was in itself an inspiration, and even dullness grew brighter in his presence.”

Judge Williams had been in feeble health for several years, but his mind retained its brightness to the last. On the morning of the 20th of August, he asked his daughter Annie to

tell his son Fred. he wished to speak with him. A few minutes later, in answer to the call, his son entered the house and found his father sitting in his arm chair, but his spirit had departed.

JAMES O. CROSBY.

ALBERT MILLER LEA.



HE accompanying condensed biographical sketch of Albert M. Lea, written by himself a short time before his death, was embraced in a letter to C. W. Irish, in response to a request by the latter for it. Mr. Irish kindly placed the manuscript at the disposal of the Historical Society. The name of Albert Lea is honorably connected with Iowa in her statehood and her territorial and pre-territorial existence, as a national commissioner to define her southern boundary and as the historian of a military exploration, an account of which, written by him for THE RECORD, appeared in a recent number.

My father was a son of a Baptist preacher, disinclined to take the field against the British in North Carolina, and consequently found more quiet over the mountains in East Tennessee, which then belonged to North Carolina: and there he brought over a large family of sons, who had a wise and prudent mother, who lies alone on the top of a sharp conical hill near the railway from Cincinnati to Knoxville, a few miles from Jacksboro, a deep and dangerous wilderness when she was laid there to rest. I love to speak of this one of my ancestors, whose character justified her name of Clara Wisdom. My father came to the vicinity of Knoxville when twelve years old, and lived the usual struggling life of a frontier lad, farming, fighting Indians, and (oh, great privilege!) going to school six months. He was of purely English extraction. My

mother's father was an unlettered Virginian, of English parentage, who migrated to East Tennessee in 1769, with an invalid wife, of a family of Welsh origin, named Witt, who to this day retain all the wild superstitions and traditions of their mountain origin. She was the mother of ten children, of whom my own mother is the only one that did not inherit her nervous diathesis. Father was a positive, dictatorial, domineering, sagacious man, who sold goods, and bought soldiers' certificates and located them on choice lands, and hence became "Register of the Land Office of the State of Franklin," although he was a poor scholar and had all his writing done by a daughter, one of twins, whom my mother nursed when she was five years old. He found a fine body of land on Richland Creek, which enters the Holston, twenty miles above Knoxville, took the whole valley and adjacent hill-sides for nine miles and cut it up into homes for his nine children. Thus it came about that I was born on the lowest of these tracts, at a farm since famous as Lea's Springs, twenty miles northeast of Knoxville, on the great Valley Road.

These springs attracted visitors from the Carolinas and Georgia, who boarded at my father's, and thus we were brought in contact with the elite society of the whole country, and our ambition was aroused. After a very laborious boyhood, at thirteen I was allowed to go to school at Knoxville, a college it was called, but it had one teacher, a good man, a graduate of Yale, who so excited my ambition that I overworked myself so as to bring on dyspepsia, with occasional melancholy, which has haunted me ever since; but my father died when I was fourteen, the little money that fell to my share was soon used up, and I was forced to leave college at seventeen, within one session of graduation. I returned to the farm, worked hard, read some, and was invited to clerk in a country store, where I got experience, health, and a bright life, falling in love with my chief's daughter, to whose brothers I taught Latin whilst not engaged in selling goods. Through H. L. White, long a Senator, and competitor of

Mr. Van Buren in 1836, I was appointed Cadet in the U. S. Military Academy at West Point, which I entered in 1827, graduated fifth in my class in 1831, was made 2d Lt., U. S. Artillery, spent my four months furlough on the first survey of the railway from Baltimore to Washington under Benj. H. Latrobe, so celebrated afterwards as a Civil Engineer. Then, I was induced by a fair lady to exchange my position in the Artillery at Old Point Comfort for John B. Magruder's place in the 7th Infantry at Fort Gibson, in order that, when he should marry her she might remain among civilized people.

Now this sacrifice to gallantry, although a great mistake of mine, was not so great a sacrifice in fact as in appearance, for I had made up my mind to study law at my Post for two years, and then to resign my commission in the army, and I thought I could study as well at Fort Gibson as at Old Point Comfort.

When I reported at Fort Gibson in February, 1832, I met orders detaching me on topographic duty, and to report to Maj. Graham at Bayou Sara, La.; and when I got there, I was not needed, and was ordered to Washington, whither I went via New Orleans and sailing packet to New York; and from Washington, I was ordered to report to Lt. Col. S. H. Long, the old time Explorer of the West, to survey the Tennessee river; but I met him at Kingsport, whence he ordered me to go to the crossing of the North Carolina line by the Nolichucky river, and descend that river, surveying it, to Knoxville, which I did by building a canoe, and running all the falls and shoals with one man who had never seen one of them before.

At Knoxville we fitted out boats, and surveyed the Tennessee to the Alabama line, and by order I staked out at the Suck below Chattanooga, a canal which I was ordered by Kirby Smith thirty years after to obstruct.

Having finished our work in Tennessee, we were ordered to winter in Philadelphia, where I made for Col. Long the plans for the first locomotive ever made by the Baldwins,

besides studying French and music and drawing, attending the theatre, and flirting not a little.

In the spring of 1833, I was ordered to Detroit for survey of the lakes; and accepted a seat with my classmate, Henry Clay, Jr., in a phaeton just bought for his young wife at Louisville. We parted at Wheeling to meet no more in this world; but I doubt not to have much enjoyment with him in the beyond to which I am hastening. He fell at Buena Vista, as Lt. Colonel of a Kentucky regiment of which Wm. R. McKee was Colonel, who also fell.

The summer and early autumn was spent in the survey of Saginaw bay; and we returned to Detroit in the snow. The winter was passed in office work, hard study, and much visiting of the ladies. I was out on a hunt in rather deep snow when the descent of fire occurred 13th Nov., 1833, and that day I got my first and only shot at a deer. The small society of Detroit at that day was very select and very enjoyable; and we had dances almost nightly; especially enjoyable were those at old Judge Sibley's, father of Gen. S. of St. Paul, where we kept time to the first piano that crossed the Alleghanies (on a litter), under the hand of Mrs. S. for whom it was imported.

In the spring of 1834, I was ordered to my post at Fort Gibson, and went by New York and Washington, as the then easiest route. At Washington Gen. Macomb insisted that I should fill a vacancy in the First Dragoons, which I accepted against my wishes, as I had resumed the intention of leaving the army for the law. Whilst awaiting the action of the Senate, I took occasion to visit friends in Baltimore, especially a lady with whom I had incidentally become acquainted two years before; with whom I had renewed friendship in Philadelphia during the winter of 1832-3, and to whom I offered my hand and heart, and left in a few hours for a two years' absence on the frontier. In the spring of 1836, I resigned my commission, hied me to Baltimore, married the lady on the 5th of May, published my pamphlet on Iowa, hastened in two weeks

after the wedding to Mississippi and Louisiana on pressing and important business for my wife's sister; returned in July, took my wife by the lakes to Chicago, and thence by stage (i. e. a common farm wagon without a spring) to Galena, and thence down by steamboat to the mouth of Pine river, where I had purchased squatters' claims to a large extent, under the belief that that was the apex of the curve of the great westward bend of the Mississippi instead of Muscatine, which had been offered me the previous winter for fifty dollars, with a fair log cabin and two stacks of hay.

At the mouth of Pine (Nye's) I laid out a town site, and named it Ellenborough for my wife, and returned to Baltimore, confident of having the basis of a fortune. On the way at Louisville I met an offer of the Chief Engineership of the State of Tennessee, but was obliged to take my wife to her friends, and await her confinement. Yet I was ready at Nashville to commence March 1st, 1837, a reconnoissance from the Mississippi river to the Virginia line, full 500 miles of main line with many doublings, and made my report, 1st October, 1837, the year of the greatest financial disaster this country has ever had; and the State suspended the works projected on her account; and I made for private parties reconnoissances westward of the Mississippi, through the region of the New Madrid earthquake of 1811.

Returning to Nashville, I was employed by certain Bank Commissioners to take a million of State bonds to New York, and I took my wife and boy with me as far as Baltimore. Soon after, at Washington, I was informed by Gen. Geo. W. Jones, delegate from Iowa that he wished me to be commissioner and astronomer on behalf of the United States, to settle the boundary between Missouri and Iowa, and the appointment was soon made, but the commissioner of the Land Office, in charge, failed to make out instructions until August; and I was forced to go by way of the White Sulphur Springs in Virginia, to get the President's signature. The water in the Ohio was so low, that at Louisville I took the stage, in prefer-

ence to a steamboat, for St. Louis; and I found somebody or many sick at every stopping place on the road.

At St. Louis I made an outfit for running the boundary, and was met at Montrose by the Commissioner for Iowa, who was of no use but to consume rations, and soon left. My party followed the marked Indian boundary line towards the old northwest corner of Missouri one hundred miles north of the mouth of the Kansas river, but the cold became so intense and the snow so deep that we could never find the corner itself. Our mission was to compare its latitude with that of the head of the rapids in the Mississippi and that of the rapids of the Des Moines, in the Des Moines river itself at the Great Bend. After a week's efforts, aided by a Delaware Indian, who got from me a fine Mackinac blanket for his service, we moved down to Liberty, and there we met Joe Smith and associates, a wagon load of 'em, just brought in as prisoners, having met some thirty of his men a few days before on their way to found Nauvoo. From Liberty I sent all my men home, and visited at Jefferson the governor of Missouri, who would say nothing or do nothing towards settling the boundary dispute; and from St. Louis I fought my way through running ice to Wheeling, whence the stage took me to Baltimore, where I found my wife at death's door from hæmorrhage of the lungs brought on by overheat and fatigue in hunting up some Nashville visitors to the city. Hence came my report on the boundary to be dated at Baltimore, where it was prepared whilst I was watching for the end; but a total change of treatment, at my demand, enabled her to travel the next summer, to live in comfort, and to hold out till the following February. Meantime I had rejoined the service of the B. & O. Railway, and located many miles from Cumberland towards Pittsburgh, including Ohio Pile Falls, where I succeeded in making an immense saving in grading by virtue of knowing how to take advantage of the strata to lodge the whole cut on a smooth ledge instead of running slopes into the river eighty feet below. Latrobe said it was the first instance, in his knowledge, of applying geology to location.

After my wife died, I got up a syndicate to settle my lands in Iowa, and went with their expert agent to the locality, and to the capital at Burlington to get a charter to cover our operations; and in the spring I returned to Baltimore to meet the refusal of the syndicate to comply with their promises, although their agent reported favorably. But I was just then urged by Mr. John Bell, Secretary of War, under the administration of Wm. H. Harrison, to enter the administration as Chief Clerk of the War Department. After some demur, I accepted the place, and made a great mistake, for it converted a successful professional Civil Engineer into a scrubby politician, in the public estimation; for, although I did good service and was no partisan, after serving John Tyler for six weeks as Acting Secretary of War, after the simultaneous resignation of the Harrison Cabinet, he left me severely alone, though professing much friendliness. After a year's delay, I found out that an honest man could not live by seeking office or lobbying in Washington; and I went again to Louisiana and Mississippi to close up the business that took me there five years before; and then came back to my native home, to cultivate it, and to take care of my old mother, who had been ruled over for many years by her own slaves, that she had raised. Well, I stood the monotony a year; and then took the professorship of Mathematics and Mechanics in the University of Tennessee at Knoxville, still retaining the control of the farm, which I visited every two weeks. This new life began in 1843, and I canvassed East Tennessee for the institution in the vacation of 1844; but in 1845 I returned to Baltimore to get another wife and to bring my boy home with her. I got two most excellent women, friends on opposite sides of the same street, who ever gave me entire satisfaction. My second wife bore me five children, of whom a son and a daughter only remain, and three grand-children.

In 1851, old friends, who had put up glass works at Knoxville, and could not run them, persuaded me that if I would take a lease of the works, and give them my usual attention, that they would not only pay me well, but save their capital

and do good to the vicinity. Well, I made plenty of glass, but found no fit market for it, and failed disastrously, losing all I had, and many thousands lent me by a brother, then a banker in Washington, now a worn out, poor old man, at Jackson, Mississippi.

I turned over all my property to the creditors, making my brother last on the list, and resumed my profession, and was hard at work surveying, when called on by two syndicates, one in Texas and one at Washington, to visit Texas to examine and report upon two projects, one under Texan, the other under Mexican authorization, which I induced the parties to unite into one, which became "The Central Transit," a railway from Aransas Bay to Mazatlan, a direct distance of only 666 statute miles, with fair profile. We were driving on this project with phenomenal success until arrested by the war between the states; but just now a revival is indicated.

My political training made me deem my allegiance due to my State, and I followed her into the service of the confederacy, when I had the misfortune to offend President Davis at the outset, and he never would notice me afterward, although I served four years faithfully, including the capture of Galveston, where I met in battle my oldest son, and said the grand service of the church over his captain, Wainwright, son of the late Bishop of New York, and himself, buried in one grave. That was January 1st and 2d, 1863, and I served two years more in Texas, some very hard service, and then the war ended, without any promotions from the staff majority with which I entered in 1861. I took my family to Galveston, and had a struggle to live till a remnant of my wife's property in Baltimore was invested in a homestead here, where we have been fifteen years, most of my time given to gardening.

ALBERT M. LEA.

CORSICANA, TEXAS, Feb. 23, 1890.

HISTORY OF THE AMANA SOCIETY OR COMMUNITY OF TRUE INSPIRATION BY WILLIAM RUFUS PERKINS, A. M., PROFESSOR OF HISTORY,
AND
BARTHINIUS L. WICK, FELLOW IN HISTORY.

PUBLISHED BY THE STATE UNIVERSITY OF IOWA, 1891.

PP. VI. 94.

THIS is number one of a proposed Series of Historical Monographs to be included in the list of University Publications.

As set forth in the Preface the view of the Community is taken "from the historical, and not from the communistic standpoint." Brief statements are made "as to the nature of their communistic principles, their mode of life, and their financial success."

The accuracy of the statements is fully assured since "the official consent of the Society has been given to this publication, the manuscript has been read by a number of the Trustees, and the statements herein contained may be considered as authoritative. * * The Trustees have kindly given the authors access to their records and publications," a courtesy not heretofore extended to those outside the community.

A list of nearly fifty publications consulted in the preparation of the monograph, attest the depth of research which the authors have given to their work.

The religious doctrines of the Society have their root in that "spiritual communion" taught by the Mystics from the fourth century, and receiving quite general acceptance by the middle of the seventeenth century. In Spain and Italy it appeared as *Quietism*, in France as *Jansenism*, in England as *Quakerism* and in Germany as *Pietism*.

Philip Jacob Spener, an eminent Lutheran divine, founded the sect of Pietists. After enthusiasm had cooled in the hearts of many of the early Pietists, a few of the more deeply religious among them seemed to be inspired and to utter prophecies regarding the church of the future: they were called *Inspirationists*.

Men of learning and women of deep piety claimed Inspiration and suffered persecution. On the 16th of November, 1714, a little band organized the Society now known as the Society of True Inspiration. They admitted the possibility of False Inspiration and disciplined their members accordingly. Persecution emboldened them and at the same time strengthened them.

Some of their number emigrated to America and the attention of the Society was frequently turned hitherward, but it was more than a century later (1843), that an organization was effected and a village established upon land purchased upon the Seneca Reservation near Buffalo, N. Y. After long contests over the title to their lands and threatened troubles with the Senecas, the "Ebenezer" community found peace. The principles of communism were adopted almost of necessity by reason of the poverty of many of their chief workmen employed in Germany and who were needed in their new home. A constitution was adopted February 15th, 1845, and the community was incorporated under the laws of the State of New York.

Their numbers were so great that the first tract of 5000 acres proved too small, and the value of land about them had risen beyond their means to purchase. In 1855 a committee was sent to look out another location west of Chicago. This committee followed the tide of emigration to the termination of the railway at Davenport, and soon found the object of their search in the lands now occupied by the Society. The name was selected from the Bible (Song of Solomon ch. IV. 8.) Amana.

The articles of incorporation under Iowa Laws are given.

Their religious principles are very clearly stated; their community of goods is briefly sketched; their domestic life is portrayed; and their constitution is given in the original language and in an excellent English translation.

Within a small compass is contained a large amount of historical facts of succinct biography, and of statistical information.

Interest in the subject deepens as one reads. The literary quality of the work is excellent and other monographs in this line will be looked for with eager anticipation.

THE LOYAL GOVERNORS AT ALTOONA IN 1862.

EDITOR IOWA HISTORICAL RECORD:

My Dear Sir:—



IN accordance with your request I hand you herewith a brief history of the convention of the Governors of the loyal states held at Altoona, Penn., in Sept. 1862. The convention met in response to a circular sent to its members by Gov. Curtin of Pennsylvania, signed by himself and as I now recollect by the Governor of one or two of the other Eastern States. Part of its doings is shown in its address to the President, prepared by Gov. Andrew, of Massachusetts, and published at the time, and another part consisted of an interview with the President, which so far as I know has not hitherto been made public, a brief and incomplete statement of which I now endeavor to supply.

Sometime during the first half of September, 1862, I received a circular, signed by Gov. Curtin of Pennsylvania and one or two other Governors of States east of the Alleghanies, requesting the Governors of all the loyal states to meet at Altoona, Pennsylvania, for consultation in regard to the then critical condition of public affairs. I felt it to be my duty to attend the meeting and did so. Most of the Governors of the

loyal states attended personally or by proxies duly authenticated. I arrived on the 22d day of September, and those present met on that day in private session and conversed freely touching the condition of the country. I got the New York papers of that day either at Creston, a station west of Altoona, or at Altoona, and was delighted to find therein the Emancipation Proclamation of President Lincoln. It was afterwards claimed by some people that the Proclamation was not the deliberate judgment of the President, but that he was largely influenced in issuing it by the action of our convention. This is a mistake, as the Proclamation was published before we met.

The Proclamation was freely discussed by us. Its issuance by the President was heartily approved by most if not all present, and it was resolved that an address to the President should be prepared for presentation to him expressing that approval. Governor Andrew was appointed to prepare the address and he did so. We then discussed the condition of military affairs and especially the fitness of Gen. McClellan for military command. On this point there was some difference of opinion, but my recollection is that a decided majority were of opinion that the public welfare would be promoted by his retirement from the command of the Army of the Potomac. But as there was not the same accord of opinion on this point as there was in regard to the Emancipation Proclamation, it was decided that the address to be prepared by Gov. Andrew should not include any expression of opinion in regard to Gen. McClellan, and that we should go to Washington and have an interview with the President at which such of us as choose so to do might say what we thought on that subject. We went to Washington accordingly and an interview was arranged for, at which Gov. Andrew read the address to President Lincoln, to which he made a suitable reply. This interview was private, at our request, because we thought that as we were not in full accord it would be better not to make public our difference of opinion. Several of us expressed our opinions in regard to Gen. McClellan,

some favorable and some not favorable. Among others I gave my opinion very decidedly unfavorable. I cannot give the names of those on the one side or the other or the reasons assigned by any of them, nor can I undertake to use the language used by myself, merely the substance of it. In order to understand my position it is necessary to explain my understanding of the position of the country at the time. I did not know Gen. McClellan personally, we had never met. All I knew of him was what I had learned from others and the public prints, and it may be I did him injustice, but I think not. I did know Mr. Lincoln personally, not intimately, but I think thoroughly. He was, in my judgment, next to Washington, the greatest man our country has produced. In private life he was genial, gentle and kindly. As a public man rigidly honest, exceptionally intelligent, earnest, unselfish, brave and devoted to the preservation of the Union.

What progress had been made in September, 1862, in putting down the rebellion? In the west our armies had done some good work; we held the Mississippi down to Memphis, and the Navy had captured and held New Orleans, thus leaving Vicksburg and Port Hudson the only obstacles to the free navigation of that great river. These obstacles were removed by the capture of Vicksburg and Port Hudson in July of the next year and the Confederacy deprived of the vast resources of the rebel territory west of the river. Our western armies had fought the battles of Fort Henry, Fort Donelson, Pea Ridge, Corinth and Wilson's creek, and covered themselves with glory.

What had the army of the Potomac done? It had done as much and as hard fighting as the western armies but with what result? If the results were not glorious and profitable the fault was not with the soldiers; where was it? I then thought and still think it was with the commander. He was often in a quarrel with the President, the Cabinet and the Radicals, as he called a large portion of the republican members of congress. He seemed to think the salvation of the country

depended on him alone and was continually complaining. When urged to make a forward movement long before he did he insisted that his troops were raw, undisciplined and not properly equipped, but did not remember that our troops in the west were as raw and undisciplined, and more poorly equipped than his, and yet did great things. The army of the Potomac had the first and best of every thing and our western armies had what was left. The army of the Potomac was better and sooner armed, better clothed, better equipped in every way than our western armies. The public position I then held compelled me to know it, and I was sometimes angry, and I fear at times a little profane about it, and yet our western troops were always doing something and McClellan was only getting ready.

It was with this knowledge and in this temper I had the conversation with President Lincoln which I am about to relate. After the reading of our address by Gov. Andrew and the President's reply, I said to the President that I spoke only for our Iowa people, that in their judgment Gen. McClellan was unfit to command his army, that his army was well clothed, well armed, well disciplined, were fighting in a cause as good as men ever fought for, and fought as bravely as men ever fought, and yet were continually whipped, and our people did not think he was a good general who was always whipped. Mr. Lincoln smiled in his genial way and said, "You Iowa people then judge generals as you do lawyers, by their success in trying cases." I replied, "Yes, something like that; the lawyer who is always losing his cases, especially when he was right and had justice on his side don't get much practice in Iowa." After some further talk in the same vein I spoke upon another point, in which I felt intense interest and upon which I had some fear my remarks would not be received in the same spirit. But I thought I knew Mr. Lincoln well enough to know that he would not take offense unless he had cause to believe offense was intended, and I thought he knew me well enough to know I would not intend to offend him. I

said, "Mr. President, our Iowa people fear and I fear that the Administration is afraid to remove Gen. McClellan." I saw the color come to his cheek and felt that I had blundered and I hastened to explain. "Understand me," I said, "we fear that the strong efforts made by Gen. McClellan and his toadies in the army to attach his soldiers to him personally and their efforts and the efforts of a certain class of politicians outside the army to cause his soldiers to believe that the severe criticisms to which the General has been subjected are intended to apply to them (the soldiers) as well as to him (their commander) have so prejudiced his soldiers' minds as to make it unsafe to remove him for fear his removal might cause insubordination, perhaps mutiny; that is what I meant when I spoke of your being afraid to remove him." And it was precisely what I meant, although I had blundered in not saying just what I meant. Mr. Lincoln was silent for a brief space, and then he said slowly and with emphasis, "Gov. Kirkwood, if I believed our cause would be benefited by removing Gen. McClellan to-morrow, I would remove him to-morrow. I do not so believe to-day, but if the time shall come when I shall so believe I will remove him promptly, and not till then." I felt and expressed myself perfectly satisfied, for I knew he meant and would do just what he said, and so ended our interview so far as I was concerned.

In reviewing at this late day the then situation, one thing is strongly impressed on my mind, Gen. McClellan was or tried to be too much of a politician and not enough of a soldier. His Harrison Bar letter, indeed his whole history as written by himself, I think shows this. It was a happy day for our country when Grant, Sherman, Sheridan and Thomas, who were, and were content to be, soldiers and did not aspire to be politicians as well, devoted themselves to whipping the rebel armies and left the management of our political affairs to those to whom the people had entrusted it.

S. J. KIRKWOOD.

IOWA CITY, December 20, 1891.

HOW THE IOWA LEGISLATURE CELEBRATED
THE CAPTURE OF FORT DONELSON.

[The following article was published some time ago in an Iowa newspaper. It is now presented here with many changes and corrections, at the request of the Editor of *THE RECORD*.]



THE fall of this great stronghold occurred on the 16th day of February, 1862. The Legislature was in session, and I had the honor of serving as Chief Clerk of the House of Representatives. There was at this time, as usual, much party feeling, and the lines were very closely drawn. The news had been received of the investment of the Fort some days before, but I am of the opinion that its immediate capture was hardly looked for in the north, though there was a feeling of general confidence that Grant would succeed in the end. The idea of sitting down and waiting for days or weeks or months to pass away before anything would or could be accomplished, had somehow fastened itself upon the public mind. But the prompt action of Gen. Grant took everybody by surprise. Even Halleck, who was General-in-Chief of the Army, came very near bringing Grant before a court-martial, immediately thereafter. "Old Brains," as he was called, did not seem to like such quick work, but evidently thought that the army should have dug rather than fought its way into Fort Donelson. But Grant's frank and honest course in the correspondence which ensued, completely foiled the jealous intentions of his "superior officer."

The news reached Des Moines about 11 A. M., on the following day, Feb. 17th. During this particular forenoon our Iowa House of Representatives was engaged in the most nonsensical and trivial "fillibustering" that I ever saw during the ten years that I was connected with it. I do not remember the question, or rather the particular nonsense, which was in issue, but I am safe in saying that it was the merest nothing. The spirit of "cussedness" was abroad and most decidedly "on the rampage." There were

roll-calls and calls of the House almost without number. I called the "Ayes and Nays" until my head ached and ached, and the end was not yet! Finally, while the last roll-call was in progress, I was, by the tolerance of the House, proceeding with my work very slowly, calling a name with great deliberation and taking a long time to note my figures on the margin. Some member ventured to hint that "the clerk didn't act as though he intended to finish the roll-call before it would be time to sow wheat!" I had called about half the names, when I saw Hon. Frank W. Palmer, then State Printer and editor of *The Register*, enter the hall in a manner betokening intense excitement. I saw him glide along very rapidly and noiselessly outside of the circle of seats and into the Speaker's desk. In an instant, the Speaker, Hon. Rush Clark, of Johnson County, sprang to his feet, in the very midst of the roll-call, shouting at the top of his voice, "Gen. Grant has captured Fort Donelson!" Then followed a scene, which in the language of highly-wrought novels, "beggars description!" The members sprang to their feet with the wildest cheers and hurrahs that ever woke the echoes of the Old Capitol building. The contemptible little political squabble was as completely forgotten as though it had happened in some antediluvian time, and the members went fairly wild, hugging each other, shaking hands, cheering, and in every possible manner giving way to expressions of extravagant delight. In a few seconds, the Senators, startled by the noise and confusion, came rushing in. After perhaps ten minutes these demonstrations came to a partial lull. I turned to the Speaker, and asked him what I should do with my roll-call. "Go right along with it," said he, and I attempted to finish it. But it was extremely difficult to get anybody's attention. One member, when his name was called, replied, "I don't care a ——!" All were heartily ashamed of the proceedings, and an attempt was made to blot the whole business out of the day's journal. An adjournment was soon effected, and I think Des Moines never saw a happier afternoon and evening.

The old Des Moines House, long ago superseded by a brick building, was then kept by the late Col. Spofford. By common consent the Members and Senators assembled there to celebrate "the famous victory." After dinner the cloth was removed, to be followed by a wonderful popping of corks from champagne bottles. That was in pre-prohibition times. Many enthusiastic, patriotic and warlike speeches were made, and it is my deliberate judgment that a number of our Iowa solons awoke with fearful head-aches the next morning. This was immediately after the famous Trent affair, and the average loyal man's indignation against Great Britain was just as near the boiling point as that feeling ever gets. Everybody's blood was up. The reader whose recollection goes back to that time can readily recall the fact that Commodore Wilkes, one of our most distinguished naval officers, had over-hauled the Trent, a British vessel, and taken as prisoners, Messrs. J. M. Mason of Virginia, and John Slidell of Louisiana, who were going over as agents of the Confederate Government. Great Britain very naturally, and no doubt properly, as we would all look at the matter now, resented this act as an insult to her authority over her own ships on the high seas, and demanded that Mason and Slidell should at once be delivered up. Just at that time this was a hard, hateful thing to do, but Mr. Lincoln acted promptly and restored them at once to the status in which Commodore Wilkes had found them. I remember seeing a cartoon, in *The London Punch*, which sufficiently indicated the state of feeling in "the mother country." A great cannon was pointed from a fort looking out seaward. "Britannia," in her helmet and other panoply of war, stood behind the gun, just ready to pull the lanyard. Under the picture were the significant and most insulting words: "Waiting for an answer!"

But Mr. Seward was quick in writing and publishing a despatch which indicated on its face that our Government had at once seen the unmistakeable error of Commodore Wilkes, and had promptly taken the initiative in making the amplest

reparation. So "Britannia" did not shoot. "Old Abe," himself, was reported to have remarked, that "one war at a time was enough."

Among the speakers at that noisy table, of whom my recollection is most distinct, was our illustrious War Governor, Samuel J. Kirkwood, who "still lives," in his 79th year. His blood had been at a very high temperature over this Trent business, and the inspiration of the occasion did not in the least tend to cool him off. In the midst of his remarks, every word weighing a pound, while the perspiration freely ran down his face, he said: "Parents should rear their children to hate Old England! If I had a son——" Just opposite the Governor sat poor Redfield, then a Senator from Dallas County, a graduate of Yale, a glorious fellow, who afterward "foremost fighting fell," before Atlanta. When the Governor reached this point Redfield could not restrain his enthusiasm, but bringing his fist down upon the table with the force of a sledge-hammer, exclaimed: "By ——, Governor, you shall have!"

This demonstration "brought down the house!" The Governor did not finish the sentence. I must confess that my memory is misty concerning the remainder of his speech. I believe he soon yielded the floor to some one else. But his look of sternness while uttering the words I have quoted, I have never forgotten.

It was a more than joyful time. Every Democrat in the legislature was a war Democrat, whatever he might have been twenty-four hours before. One of the Dubuque delegation, a jolly Irishman, was found just outside the hotel, sitting on a log, fanning himself with his hat, though it was a zero day. "Why," said he, "this is the hottest day of the season!" That evening, at his boarding-house, this gentleman was reported to have lost his balance on the stairs, while coming to his supper, and to have come tumbling down into the hall. The good landlady rushed thither in alarm. The man was found unhurt, sitting on the floor, waving his hat and "hurrahing for Fort Donelson!"

Adjutant General N. B. Baker was a master-spirit of the occasion, and one of the most exuberant men in the crowd. At one time I saw him carrying on his stalwart back, both Major R. D. Kellogg, the member from Decatur County, and Hon. Sam. Fairall, of Johnson, who has since become a dignified Judge. Baker backed into one of the low windows with his heavy load and spilled "the boys" out into the street! Gen. Baker died in the Centennial year, but Kellogg and Fairall "still live," gray-haired veterans of politics, entitled by reason of long service, to a membership in the ancient and honorable association of Pioneer Law Makers of Iowa, and presumably too dignified now to indulge in such wild pranks. The proceedings of the day would scarcely be deemed dignified, even in a Legislature farther out than Iowa. But it was the first victory of any consequence in the West, and every one felt too elated to think of anything but the most clamorous rejoicing. It was now believed to be demonstrated that the North could and would conquer the Rebellion. If, in the light of sober history, it should be thought that men acted wildly, it cannot be denied that they had a very good right to feel well. Many who were present participating in these boisterous "proceedings" afterward rendered to the cause of the Union services of the grandest character; some gave their lives, the highest evidence of patriotic devotion.

It was but a few hours until joy over the great victory gave place to sorrow for the fate of the gallant dead, who had fallen in the desperate charge of the immortal Second Iowa Infantry. Two young men, well known in Des Moines, where they resided, Weeks and Doty, had been killed, while many more were severely wounded. The remains of the dead were tenderly brought home for burial. The funeral was a memorable one. It was attended by the legislature and the officers of State, and an eloquent oration was pronounced by Hon. Daniel O. Finch, who is now a resident of Seattle, Washington. The regiment had just before incurred the displeasure of some over-technical general officer, and had been placed

under some trifling ban. But it had now covered itself with glory, winning laurels that shall never fade. Even the phlegmatic Gen. Halleck wrote, "The Second Iowa proved themselves the bravest of the brave." It is not unlikely that future historians will speak of this charge, led by Gen. Tuttle of Des Moines, as fully equal to that of Mad Anthony Wayne at Stony Point. The flag of the regiment was proudly brought to Des Moines and formally presented to the State, in the Hall of Representatives. I remember that there were several bullet-holes in the flag, and that the staff had twice been nearly cut in two by musket balls. A patriotic sentiment, an interesting relic of the times, written "under the flag of the Second Iowa," by Hon. Rush Clark, our popular and most excellent Speaker of the House, is carefully preserved in the Collection in the State Library. Many incidents of individual prowess in the terrific charge, were current in the papers of the day, or reported "by word of mouth." Colonel Tuttle had greatly distinguished himself; young and stalwart and brave, he had proven an ideal leader. He headed the charge and was one of the first to bound over the rebel entrenchments. The honor of "leading the forlorn hope" had been tendered to several regimental commanders, who declined it. Tuttle accepted it at once, and promised to enter the rebel works "in twenty minutes," if he could be promptly supported. Of his assaulting party of three hundred, fully one-half fell dead or wounded, for they were a target for the concentrated fire of three Confederate regiments of infantry. Captain Stuart says in his book, "Iowa Colonels and Regiments:"

"Fifteen thousand prisoners, many ordnance stores, and much other property were the fruits of this victory. There were other fruits, though these seem not to be relished by the public palate. The Commander-in-Chief, and every division commander in the fight, were made Major-Generals, and every brigade commander was made a Brigadier. The Second Iowa Infantry, therefore, not only made U. S. Grant, C. F. Smith, J. A. McClernand and Lew Wallace, Major Generals,

but Lauman and some ten others, Brigadiers! It also broke the line of the enemy's defences, which extended in the southwest from Bowling Green to Columbus, and opened up the enemy's country south to the Memphis & Charleston Railroad. The regiment did still more, it forced Gen. Wharton to evacuate Bowling Green, captured Buckner and frightened into flight Pillow at Donelson, and compelled Polk to evacuate Columbus, on the Mississippi."

This language is of course extravagant, but it shows how public sentiment was at that time, touching the great exploit of our Second Regiment of Infantry. From this time forward, under the wise and determined leadership of Gen. Grant, the fortunes of the great civil war underwent a decided change in the West; doubt gave place to perfect confidence in the final result. A few months later Iowa most promptly responded to one of the largest calls ever made upon her for "more troops," and it is safe to say that while our whole people were nobly self-sacrificing and patriotic, the grand charge of the peerless Second Iowa at Fort Donelson became both an example and an inspiration.

General J. M. Tuttle's sword, "the sword of Donelson," was lately deposited by his son in the Collection at the Capitol, with his commissions as Captain, Colonel and Brigadier-General, and sundry letters by Generals Grant, Sherman, McPherson and Logan. Capt. Thomas C. McCall, of Story County, who was a member of the House at the time of this most hilarious and uproarious celebration of the victory of Fort Donelson, is this winter a white-haired State Senator, an honored link in connecting the present with the glorious past.

CHARLES ALDRICH.

IOWA STATE LIBRARY, Dec. 26th, 1891.

HISTORY OF A FLAG—FROM DISGRACE TO GLORY—A STIGMA WIPED OUT WITH COURAGE AND VALOR.

THE Second Iowa Volunteer Infantry was the first regiment enlisted in the state for the three years service, and no regiment was better officered than it. Four of those who were its colonels in succession, S. R. Curtis, Jas. M. Tuttle, J. B. Weaver, and M. M. Crocker, became generals, and the two who did not reach that rank died of wounds received in the battle of Corinth. While it was exceedingly well "officered" it was equally as well "privated," for its ranks were filled from our best class of citizens in some of the older counties of the state.

They were mustered into service the last of May, and until the next February were on duty mostly in Missouri, their last service in that state being the guarding of rebel prisoners in the McDowell Medical College in St. Louis. While performing this latter duty, some articles were stolen from the museum of the college, and as the person or persons who did the stealing could not be found out, the punishment for the theft was inflicted upon the whole regiment, and punishment was expressed in an order issued by Gen. Hamilton, commandant of the post, declaring that the march of the regiment from camp to the place of embarkation to be taken to Fort Donelson, should be made without the tap of a drum, the blast of a bugle or the note of a fife, and with furled and undisplayed banner. The regiment was disgraced. Their flag was hiding its bright stars and brilliant stripes, emblems of a country's glory and a nation's pride, and no patriot's eye was permitted to greet, or soldiers enthusiasm to cheer them.

At the time the regiment was drawn up in line before the College it had been guarding, preparatory to its march to the river, when the order disgracing it was to be read, a young lady appeared with a large wreath of flowers to be presented

to the regiment and attached to and adorn the flag as a tribute from loyal citizens to the regiment for its valor, its loyalty and good conduct while in St. Louis.

The flag going down in disgrace carried the wreath along with it.

To say that both officers and privates were indignant is expressing it too mildly. They were mad, almost fighting mad. A war of words between Col. Tuttle and Gen. Hamilton failed to procure a revocation of the order. It was an outrage. It was like hanging a man for murder on suspicion, on public rumors without the intervention of judge or jury. It was punishing a thousand men for what but a few could possibly be guilty of, and in the absence of proof that even one of that thousand was guilty.

Col. Tuttle appealed to Gen. Halleck for justice, and all the response he could get from him was, "Go to the front, Gen. Grant shall give you a fighting chance, and no man will, if you prove heroes, be so quick to let the country know it as myself." They "went to the front." They "got a fighting chance." Through the abattis, up the steep ascent and over the entrenchments of Donelson, in the face of a furious storm of iron hail and leaden rain, with comrades falling all around them, they carried that flag till it was proudly, triumphantly planted on the entrenchments from which the rebels had been driven and there it was permitted to wave over the humiliating white flag of capitulated foes.

On its way there, color bearer Doolittle falls pierced with four balls. The disgraced banner is then taken by corporal Page, who soon falls dead. Again it was raised by corporal Churcher who had the strong right arm that bore it broken by a ball. It was then grasped by corporal Twombly who, though knocked down by a spent ball, arose and gallantly carried the glorious banner to the end of the fight. Thus in less than a week from the time it was in disgrace at St. Louis that disgrace was wiped out in a blaze of glory by the brave boys of whose courage and valor it was a proud emblem.

True to his promise Gen. Halleck let the country know the boys had "proved themselves heroes," for only three days after the battle he telegraphed Adjutant General Baker, "The Second Iowa Infantry proved themselves the bravest of the brave. They had the honor of leading the column that entered Fort Donelson."

No one felt more keenly the reproach heaped upon this regiment than did Gov. Kirkwood and he wrote to Gen. Hamilton as follows:

EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT, IOWA, DES MOINES, Feb. 17th, 1862.
*Schuyler Hamilton, Brigadier General Vols., U. S. A.,
Commanding St. Louis Dist., St. Louis, Mo.*

Sir:—I received your letter of the 10th, inst., enclosing special orders Nos. 28 and 30, dated on the 9th and 10th inst., in relation to the 2nd Regiment Iowa Infantry. The former of these orders commends that regiment very highly for their conduct to certain prisoners that were for a long time in their custody. The latter is intended to throw dishonorable reflections thereon on account of the robbing and destruction committed by its members on the museum.

After mature reflection I cannot consent to retain these orders in my possession or to place them on the files of this Department, and therefore return them with the letters enclosing them. My reasons for so doing are that by retaining and filing these orders I would to some extent admit the justness of the imputations contained in the latter order. This I cannot do and there is therefore no other course open for me to pursue than the one indicated. The good name of her soldiers is very dear to the people of Iowa, and undeserved disgrace shall not by any act of mine attach to this or any other regiment or to any individual of the brave men she has sent out to fight the battles of the country.

It appears both from the order itself and your letter that but a very few members of the regiment *could* have been guilty of the acts on which the order was based, and it does not appear but that persons entirely outside the regiment *may* have committed these acts. There are very many members of that regiment whose standing socially, morally and intellectually, is equal to yours or mine, who feel an imputation upon their honor as keenly as either of us can do, and I must be permitted to say that in my judgment it is harsh and cruel to subject them to the pain of humiliation and disgrace in consequence of acts not committed by themselves and the commission of which by others they could not prevent. The feeling produced by undeserved punishment is never a healthy one and cannot produce desirable results. * * *

I trust that measures may be taken to relieve the regiment from the imputation cast upon it.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,
SAMUEL J. KIRKWOOD.

Gov. Kirkwood also wrote Gen. Halleck in regard to it. But the blood of the brave boys who bore it blotted out the stain upon their banner more completely than a deluge of ink from the pen of a Major General could possibly do it.

During the session of the Legislature the Flag was delivered by Col. Tuttle to Hon. R. D. Kellogg, a member of the House, with the injunction that it be placed over the Speaker's chair till the end of the session and then be deposited in the archives of the State Historical Society.

The presentation was made with imposing ceremonies. The Senate in a body and the United States officers were invited to be present.

The Sergeant-at-Arms announced his Excellency the Governor and his Staff bearing the Flag, and upon their entrance the audience arose to their feet.

His Excellency then proceeded to the Speaker's desk and thereupon presented the Flag to the Speaker with the following remarks:

MR. SPEAKER:—The Second Iowa Regiment have sent by the commission that visited Fort Donelson to look after our wounded soldiers there the Flag borne by them on that bloody but glorious day, when our troops first entered that strong hold of Rebellion, with the request that it hang over your chair until the adjournment and then be deposited in the State Historical Society, and I have been selected to perform the very pleasant duty of presenting the Flag to you in accordance with that request.

I have been on the ground over which our brave men bore this flag on that trying day. I have traced their steps over that battle field, and it will always be to me a marvel that human hearts and human hands could have borne it as it was borne, proudly and defiantly, amid the terrible difficulties and the storm of battle it there breasted and overcame. But the men who bore it were the men of Iowa. They had strong hands and brave hearts, they knew that the hopes and fears, the prayers and tears of fair women and brave men went with

them, they knew they fought for God and their country, and they conquered, and the Flag I now present first among all borne by loyal hands waved in triumph over the entrenchments of Fort Donelson. This is not the flag of a regiment merely, nor does it bear the arms of our State, it is the flag of our country, it bears upon its folds Stars and Stripes, *all* the Stars and *all* the Stripes, the same old Flag bequeathed to us by our forefathers, very dear to us both because of those from whom it came and of what it has given us, and which we intend, God willing, to transmit to our children with never a star or stripe the less. It symbolizes to us not only the ardent patriotism, the patience, endurance and the fiery valor of those who bore it first of all over the entrenchments of Fort Donelson, but, more and better, it symbolizes to us the virtues of those who formed it, the blessings it has secured to us and the dearest hopes for liberty throughout the world.

I now commit it to your hands. But by this pageant we have not discharged our trust and duty. We owe it to the Flag, and to the brave men who have borne it and died for it, that we devote all we have, hearts, hands, minds and means, to the good cause till it shall again wave over our country and our people.

The speaker, Hon. Rush Clark, received the Flag suspended it over his chair, and responded as follows:

Hail to the Flag of our Country! Emblem of our nation's glory, the honored escutcheon of a free people! Let our Flag wave evermore, with all the Stars and all the Stripes! What tongue can now add to its renown? What mere words tell of the achievements written upon its ample folds? Who of men so high as to refuse our Flag his reverence? What nation so proud or powerful as to dare insult it?

Hail to the Flag of the Iowa Second, thrice honorable! so gallantly upheld, so nobly defended. Who would blush to be its future custodians?

Sir, to say in behalf of the members of this House that we are flattered by this lofty work of the confidence of Iowa

Soldiers, they too "the bravest of the brave," would but meanly convey to you and them the depth of intense pride which this token brings us. We are proud that the State which we represent has such a Regiment as that which followed and defended this Flag. We are proud that the people who sent us here have sent to the field such sons and brothers as answer to the muster rolls of the Iowa Second. We are proud, too, that they are a portion of the constituency we serve. Permit us, sir, through you, to say to the gallant officers and soldiers of the Iowa Second that we accept this earnest of their regard as a thing priceless as our honor.

We have been taught from our infancy to regard this symbol of our nationality with the respect due from loyal and patriotic men. We have looked upon it in boyhood and in manhood as the token of our liberties. We have read upon it the consecrated history of a revolutionary struggle for freedom, blood stained, and full of woe to our suffering forefathers. We have learned how the tri-colored banner was first flung to a summer's breeze under the shadow of Bunker Hill, and we followed it in history through many mighty struggles, and we never found it trailed in the dust of dishonor. It remained for the volunteer soldiery of our gallant State to add to the familiar list we read upon its folds those other names, "Wilson's Creek," "Blue Mills," "Belmont," and last but most significant, "Donelson."

The valorous deeds of the Iowa Second are already a part of our National History and make up one of its most brilliant pages. It would be vain to rehearse them now. The unfaltering onset of these gallant men is written in the sleepless memory of a million free men. Nothing can be abated, none of their achievements forgotten.

This standard is no idle curiosity, no mere relic of the past. Its folds, riddled by the murderous lead of rifles of an enemy poisoned by the hate that only a fratricidal foe can feel, tell of scenes of carnage that have few parallels, and of dauntless, unflinching bravery that challenges the history of the world.

We only know that the unwavering advance of the Iowa Second at Donelson was as resistless as the sweep of the tornado.

These glorious colors were borne forward amidst the leaden rain, no man faltering, no man fearing, but still pressing forward in the face of a stubborn and desperate foe, till the brave work was done and the splendid charge rewarded with a prize significant of the highest vindication of our country and our cause.

Here the human heart bids us pause to speak of those who have followed the flag of our country for the last time. Who would not die as they? A grateful country has given them a hallowed and undying memory, and a generous state mourns for them in public silence. They are enshrined in the great heart of a free people.

Sir, we will see that these colors are handed down to the free men who will come after us as a precious part of our State's proud history. Let these colors be as sacred to them as "the last bequest of a sainted mother!" Let the gallant volunteers in all coming time draw from the memory that clings to these colors the spirit of the heroic men that followed them to find a soldier's grave before the entrenchments of the enemies of their country's liberties. May the gray haired old man pause uncovered at the niche where this flag may be pointed out, and let him there relate to the youth beside him the events which rendered these colors immortal. Let that youth be told of the generous love a loyal state bears to its gallant soldiery, and let him there be taught "to defend the Flag and obey the Constitution of his Country."

The exercises were concluded by singing the "Star Spangled Banner."

H. W. LATHROP.

THE INDIAN AND THE FIRST SETTLER.

A PAPER READ BEFORE THE MUSCATINE ACADEMY OF
SCIENCE ON JAN. 5TH, 1892, BY J. P. WALTON.

IN preparing this paper it has been my aim to collect and preserve historical facts pertaining to this locality that yet remain unpublished.

Previous to the maturity of the treaty of 1832 this locality was unsettled and unused except by the Indian, who, when he removed from the Rock river valley, made it a prominent stopping place. Within the limits of our county were two quite distinguished Indian villages, Keokuk, the ruling Sac, and Poweshiek, the leading Fox, were the principal men of these tribes and villages.

Keokuk's village was situated in the bottom on the west side, near the foot of the lake known by that name, some six or eight miles to the southwest of Muscatine. It is said that this lake got its name from the chief that occupied this village on its bank. Around this village, and in fact for six or eight miles along the bottom under the bluff, the Indian planted his corn. So far as I know an Indian corn-field has never been described.

I came here but two years after the Indian quit growing corn here, and have been in a great many old corn-fields, but did not know it for years after. I used to wonder where the Indian or Ishknoppe grew his tomanock or corn, and how they did it. The process was very simple. They made their hills three or four feet apart without any regularity whatever, possibly using the same ground and the same hill that their predecessors had done for ages before. In the spring at planting time they removed the weeds, usually carrying them out of the field, and dug up the top of the hill and planted their corn. In tilling they would always scrape the earth up to the corn. This manner of tillage kept the hill identical for year

after year. I have often thought that this system of growing corn, or these perpetual hills, gave rise to the term "hill of corn." I think that the white man borrowed the term when he borrowed the corn. The corn they raised was a variety of 8-rowed corn; we knew it by the name of squaw corn and raised it for several years for green corn. It was blue in color; when ripe it was quite soft and when crushed was white and floury. It produced fairly well; I think 30 or 40 bushels could have been gathered from an acre.

While wandering around in the bottom lands at an early day I have often noticed groups of small mounds or hills from eight to twelve inches high and quite thickly together. I used to think they were gopher hills, but have since learned that they were Indian corn-fields. Some years ago I was riding from Rock Island to Black Hawk's Tower in company with Bailey Davenport. He remarked that we were then passing through an Indian corn-field. The corn hills were quite distinct, although it was fully 60 years since corn was grown there. They occasionally fenced their growing corn to keep their ponies from eating it. The pony was usually educated to stay where they left him. The Indians would frequently ride into Bloomington and leave their ponies in a "bunch" near the town and go to Rock Island to get their pay and not return for a week or two. The ponies would not stray a quarter of a mile away from where they were left.

In speaking of Keokuk's village, John Holiday, who visited it but a short time after Keokuk left it, says that nearly all the high ground in the bottom west of the lake was occupied by their buildings—at least forty or fifty acres.

At the close of the Black Hawk war when Black Hawk became a prisoner, his authority as a chief was at an end and Keokuk was his successor. This made the latter's village the principal one of the Sac and Fox Indians, whose territory extended from the Neutral Ground near Dubuque on the north to the Missouri river on the south and from the Mississippi river on the east, and for all Indian purposes to the setting sun on the west.

Catlin, in his description of the treaty of 1832 at Davenport, says that "Keokuk was the principal speaker on the occasion, being recognized as the head chief of the tribe. He was a very subtle and dignified man, and well fitted to wield the destinies of his nation. The poor, dethroned monarch, old Black Hawk, was present and looked an object of pity. He stood the whole time outside the group and in dumb, dismal silence, with his son by his side. They were not allowed to speak, nor even sign the treaty."

The other noted village was the home of Poweshiek, the Fox chief. He was one of the finest specimens of human nature we ever saw. His village was located on the west bank of the Cedar river, near the west end of the Saulsbury, bridge, some twelve miles from our city. It was said that during the winter of 1834-35 the small pox broke out and proved very fatal, and was likely to depopulate the village. As a remedy, as fast as one was taken down, they were taken out to the sandy ground in the rear of the village and shot and buried. Years afterwards skulls with bullet holes in them were washed from the river bank.

These Indian villages were abandoned in 1836 or '37, although the Indians had the privilege of hunting and fishing until November, 1837, and this privilege they used for a few years later.

The late Suel Foster told me that White Hawk, an Indian chief, had a village on the Illinois side of the river opposite our city. We presume it was only a temporary one.

There may have been other smaller village that we have not mentioned within the limits of our county.

There was one, possibly the original Muscatine, on the high ground just south of T. B. Holcomb's residence. Their burying ground was in a grove of jack oak trees, long since washed into the river, opposite Albert Barrow's present dwelling, not more than a mile south of the city limits. When these graves were being washed out great numbers of beads, silver buckles, brooches, hair bands and trinkets were picked

up; gold trinkets were found occasionally and frequently an old gun or pistol would be found. The occupants of these graves, whoever they were, undoubtedly possessed more wealth than usually fell to the lot of a common Indian. The identity of the inhabitants of this village is a little problematical. Mr. Irving B. Richman, who has been looking up Indian history quite recently, tells me that there was a band of Musquitin Indians belonging to or connected with the Sac and Fox Indians and also that as early as 1816 this Prairie Island was known as Musquitin Prairie. If such was the fact it is quite probable that these were the Musquitin Indians; hence the name was affixed to the Island. In those Indian days it took something more noticeable or memorable than a mere report of a government officer to affix a name to a locality. Lieut. Z. M. Pike in 1805 named this Prairie Island, "Grant's Prairie," a name it never retained. This fact if nothing else would go far in helping one to conclude that the Indian did the naming that proved most acceptable.

After the Black Hawk war, when the Indians were removed to the west bank of the river, the U. S. government used to issue large amounts of corn to them. This point was the place of distribution and of course it brought great numbers here. This place was known by the Indians as Tomanock or Corn Bluff; by the Whites or Chimockerman as the Grindstone Bluff. It was a quite important place. Col. Davenport erected a trading house that stood near the foot of our present Iowa Avenue. The day that Iowa became a territory it was destroyed for a 4th of July bon-fire. With the destruction of this house about the last Indian vestage disappeared.

In considering the Early Settler I will read from my notes made last summer:

MUSCATINE, IOWA, July 23d, 1891.—I have just made a trip across the river and called on Hon. Err. Thornton who lives some five miles southeast of here in Drury township. His P. O. address is Foster post office. I was in company with John Holiday, an old acquaintance of Mr. Thornton. Both of

them came from Tippecanoe county, Indiana, and were old acquaintances before coming here. Mr. Thornton was 84 years old on yesterday, the 22d. John Holliday is 85 years old. Mr. Thornton says that himself, his brother Lott and several others came West and stopped near New Boston, Ill., in the spring of 1834 or '35, he is not certain which, (we find by other history that it was in 1834,) and on the fifth day of June he and his brother Lott and three others, five in all, crossed the Mississippi river at New Boston to look for land.

They crossed over to Blawck Hawk, now Toolsborough, and started north. They were joined by a man by the name of Fisher who belonged to a religious sect called Seceders, and had been over in Louisa county making claims. Acting as their pilot he took them up about where Grandview now stands and said that they were then up to the north line of their claims. (I think such a sect settled west of the Iowa river near Columbus City: possibly some may have located east of the river.) He said they could have all the land they wanted north of that place. Bidding them goodbye he left them, While traveling north in the bottom in the rear of the present Port Louisa, they found a Mr. Kennedy and family, a brother of the present William Kennedy of Louisa county, who were camped for the day, and boiling coffee, treated our party very kindly. They then traveled north to where they afterwards took their claims near Whiskey Hollow. Here was a fine bottom with plenty of timber, an indispensable article for a pioneer settler. They concluded to investigate the extent of the timber, so they started up Whiskey Hollow and came out to the prairie somewhere near where the railroad goes out. It was then night. They cut some brush to make beds of and lighted a fire on an old white oak log. In the night Thornton was awakened by distant thunder. He aroused the others and they had but time to draw on their boots and get each to his tree before the storm came. While hugging to the lee of their trees their fire blew to a great distance and they thought they had lost it all, (a very serious loss when it had to be

lighted with flint and steel,) but by good fortune some remained in a knot-hole from which they rebuilt another.

As soon as it was lighted enough (about 3 o'clock) they started on their way. They traveled along the timber until they struck an Indian trail that led them down the bluff some five miles west of our city. Here they found an Indian's wickup. The Indian with his squaw and two or three papposes were planting corn. They had pulled up the weeds and carried them off the land and were planting on the tops of the old hills. The Indian soon commenced begging for bread for his children. They did not understand his language, and to convince him that they had none they had to show him what they had. It had the desired effect. The Indian taking pity on them set the squaw to washing out the pot to get them something to eat. They were not hungry enough to eat Indian cooking so they started. The old Indian followed them and made them take a dried buffalo fish, which they reluctantly did. The did not know how hard pressed they might be and concluded to carry it along. When they arrived at the old trading house (near where our passenger depot now stands) they found the house vacant but a great many Indians around. The Indians appeared very friendly and seemed willing to help them, but not being acquainted with their talk they could not understand one another.

Mr. Thornton thinks if they could have understood the Indians they would have been a great help to them at this time. After leaving the trading house they took the trail that led up to Mad Creek near 9th street bridge. The rain the previous night had raised Mad Creek way out of its banks, so there was no crossing at that place. They started up the creek and followed it up to the prairie. There they cut some willows and made a bridge and crossed. By this time they were getting very hungry. They tried the Indian's fish. They cut some pieces and put it in their mouths; the more they chewed it the larger it grew. They found it would no answer their purpose and threw it away, and started for their

place of destination—the town of Stevenson, now Rock Island. Not knowing anything of the geography of this country they continued in a northwesterly course. Striking an extensive ravine they concluded to follow it down (it was most likely the head-waters of Sweetland Creek.) It was getting well along in the day; the other men had about given out and declared they would have to stop and rest, and they did. Mr. Thornton being the best walker of the party concluded he would climb the hill to the east. When he got to the top he could see the Muscatine Island on his right and could see Ben. Nye's cabin on the left, with men at work around it. This cheered him up considerably. He returned to the others and reported the news. They refused to believe, but finding he was going to continue his march, they joined him.

When they arrived at Mr. Nye's they stated the condition of their hunger. Aunt Zuby (Mrs. Nye) said she had some mush they could eat until she could cook them something. She then got a meal. Mr. Nye appeared to have plenty to live on, something not very common among new settlers.

Just before night a steamboat came down the river and they all got on board and returned to New Boston. This ended his first trip to Black Hawk Purchase, now Iowa. He says that this second day's work was the hardest one he ever did in his life.

Something like a week afterwards they took two teams and four or five men and went up to their claims and built two cabins, one for his brother Lott and the other for himself. One of the first things they did was to burn a coal pit. They had some blacksmith tools with them and had to have coal to do work on their prairie plows before they could do breaking. They needed a grindstone. So they took a couple of yoke of oxen and wagon and went up to our bluff and got a piece of sand-stone and made one to grind their scythes, axes and other tools.

This account of the first trip of Mr. Thornton to Black

Hawk Purchase is of considerable interest to Muscatine county. It settles the long disputed question. "Who was the first settler in this county?" Mr. Thornton has heretofore claimed to have been here before Mr. Nye, and at my suggestion it has been so published. But after hearing this story in the presence of an old acquaintance, one that knew him before he came here, and followed him but a year later and has known him ever since, I am satisfied that the honor of being the "First Settler" belongs to Mr. Benjamin Nye.

HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

MOUNTAIN GLEN, CAL., Jan. 4th, 1892.

EDITOR IOWA HISTORICAL RECORD:—



HASTEN to forward you a communication that I have just received, hoping that it may reach you in time for the January RECORD. As you will see, it relates to important history that has never yet been published, and will make a material difference in the history of the same import, now published. The Historical Society of Southern California is putting in some good work by occasionally unearthing historic facts that have been slumbering for ages; they will astonish the world as did the raising of a Lazarus. There are many historic records and relics that will yet be called forth from obscure concealment through the medium and instrumentality of the Historical Societies of the country, and they will revolutionize and correct history in many points. Historical Societies are as a general thing doing this at their own expense. I trust the time is coming when the law makers of every state will see the importance of a reasonable appropriation to aid in the good work of gathering

up important facts, that we may leave behind us correct history for the coming generations. Trusting that the inclosed communication will be of much interest to the readers of THE RECORD,

I am truly yours,

N. LEVERING.

MOUNTAIN GLEN, CAL., Dec. 29th, 1892.

Col. J. B. Griffin, Los Angeles, Cal.

Dear Sir:—I am informed that you have in your possession, somewhat ancient and valuable Spanish documents of an important historic character relative to the early discovery and history of the Pacific coast. Will you please inform me of their character and of their probable publication, and much oblige.

Yours truly,

N. LEVERING.

HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA,

LOS ANGELES, CAL., 714 Downey Ave., 30th Dec., 1891.

Judge Noah Levering, Colegrove, Cal.

Mr. Dear Judge:—In answer to your favor of the 27th instant, in which you make inquiry concerning some ancient documents relating to the history of the Pacific coast, and notably of California, I desire to say:

Some eight years ago Mr. Adolph Sutro, of San Francisco, caused a search to be made in the Archives of the Indies, at Seville, Spain, for documents, containing information relative to the early history of our coast, which had not been made use of by historians. Mr. Sutro succeeded in obtaining several such documents. He gave to the Very Rev. J. Adam, V. G., a member of our Society, the photo-lithographic copy of the letter written, 28th December, 1602, from Monterey Bay, by Sebastian Vizcaino, commander of a Spanish expedition which, in 1602-3, explored our coast as far to the northward as Columbia river, and who discovered and named (after the then Viceroy of Mexico) the Bay of Monterey. This document Father Adam presented to our Society. I translated and annotated it, as you may remember, and it was published by the Society. Mr. Sutro had a copy of the letter, translation and notes handsomely bound, and presented the same to President Harrison, on occasion of his visit to our state.

This led to a correspondence between Mr. Sutro, Mr. Stephens (our very active secretary) and myself, which correspondence culminated in Mr. Sutro's presenting to us authenticated copies of eighteen other documents obtained by him from the Archives of Seville, in 1883-4, by special permission of the King of Spain.

These documents were referred to me for examination. I found that they were documents which had never been examined by the writers employed by Mr. H. H. Bancroft, of San Francisco (and, as you know, I was, for three years, one of the writers employed by that gentleman) or any other historian.

I translated and annotated these documents, and, during this year, they have been read before the Society.

The Society was of opinion, on my suggestion, that these very important nineteen documents should be published, since they never had been published, either in Europe or in this country, and, as you are aware, I was selected as editor, and the book is now going through the press.

The book will consist of about 160 pp. 16 oct., and will form part 1 of vol. 2 of our publications. Typographically it will be, I think, all that can be desired. The work has been copyrighted, so that the Society must be credited for giving this information to the world, and the edition will consist of 1000 copies.

The book will contain a *fac-simile* of one of the letters of Father Junipero Serra, founder of our commonwealth, printed in the color to which the ink of the original has faded, and having an authentication that it is genuine from the keeper of the India Archives at Seville and the royal permission to Mr. Sutro for obtaining it. The document itself will be given in its proper place.

The nineteen documents will be printed in Spanish, the originals being carefully followed in spelling, punctuation, &c. After each document will be given a translation in English; and, if this does not suit the scholar, he may make a translation of his own. The necessary foot-notes will accompany the translations, and I have endeavored to show in them, and have shown, the many errors made by the writers employed by Mr. Bancroft. These documents relate to islands discovered in the Pacific in 1567; to the loss of the galleon, *San Agustin*, in 1585, in Francis Drake's Bay, to Vizcaino's two voyages, in 1597 and in 1602-3, to the voyage of Juan Perez, from Monterey to 55° north latitude, in 1774, all being documents of very great importance.

As I have said, the work is now in press, and I confidently hope that I may be able to ask the Society's acceptance of it by 1st February, 1892. As you know, I am obliged to do all of the work. There is a deal of bad Spanish in the originals, and I am in constant war with the compositors to get them to "follow copy."

I think that the publication of this book will bring great credit to the Society. And, as the appropriation for the Columbian Exposition, after the decision in our Supreme Court, is a fact, and our constitution does not forbid such appropriations, I hope that the bill asking for an appropriation, which the Society proposes to introduce in the next legislature, will pass.

Yours very truly,

JNO. BUTLER GRIFFIN.

POSETOE.

OR THE OLD MAN OF THE CREEK.



HE was once young and full of hope, was born and grew to manhood in one of the beautiful valleys of Western Pennsylvania. He had just finished his course in a famous medical college in Philadelphia, and returned home to practice his chosen profession, when the angel of death spread his wings over the household of the one he loved as a child, a girl, a woman, and claimed her as his own.

His Angela was dead. For weeks after the death of his promised wife his great strong mind tottered on the verge of insanity, but his fine physical organization triumphed, and he seemed himself again.

His friends anxious for his good, procured him a surgeon's commission in the regular army.

He quickly joined his regiment at St. Louis and was attached to the command of Lieut. Pike, was with the Lieutenant on his expedition up the Mississippi in 1805, and subsequently was with Lieut. Pike on his exploration to the southwest, and was made prisoner with the command by the Mexicans at or near Santa Fe, and marched on foot as prisoners of war to the city of Mexico, where by the demand of the Washington government they were released and returned home.

He was with General Pike until the General's death at Little York in 1814.

After the war of 1812 his regiment was sent out to the frontier. Again, fifteen or twenty years prior to 1840, he was seen on what the Indians called Posetoe, or the creek of the old man. The Indians frequently referred to the old man of the creek as living on Posetoe a long time. In the year 1840 his cabin was still standing and looked as though it had been built for fifteen or twenty years.

This tradition was gathered from the Indians and a woman

who lived on the frontier all her life and had frequently conversed with the old man and from him learned the history of his life. He never gave his name, but when asked about it would answer, "A Medicine Man." His long silver hair covered his shoulders, he held intercourse with very few persons, and seemed to have lived entirely secluded and alone.

His old rusty sword and pistols were at the home of the woman alluded to. The manner and time of his death is unknown. Those persons who had known him in life were of opinion that when the dread messenger came he went to a place he had prepared for himself and there, secure from wild beasts, passed to the unknown realm. Beyond the grave, he frequently said, he would meet his only love waiting to welcome him to a better world.

Posetoe Nonock, or Old Man's Creek, rises in Iowa County and runs in an easterly direction through the south side of Iowa and Johnson Counties.

JACOB RICORD.

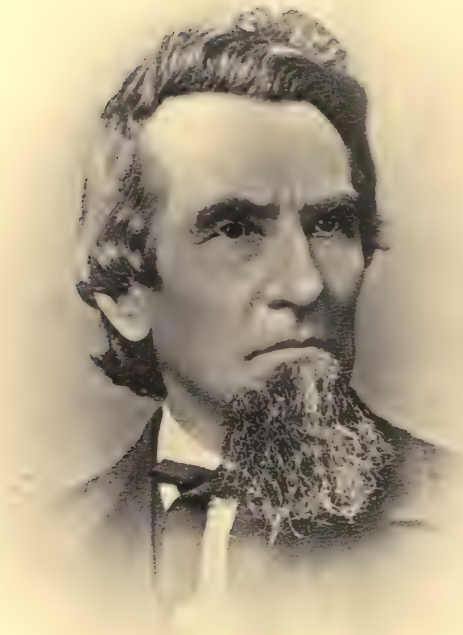
DEATHS.

CHARLES P. KEENEY, a native of Des Moines, Iowa, and of late a prominent business man of Chicago, died April 23d, 1891, at Tarpon Springs, Florida, where he was residing at the time of his death.

NOTES.

HON. T. S. PARVIN, has kindly furnished us a portrait and excellent biographical sketch of the late Dr. Enos Lowe, who was the presiding officer of the convention which in 1846 framed the constitution under which Iowa was admitted into the Union. These valuable contributions to the early history of Iowa will appear in a number of THE RECORD in the near future.





Yours very truly
J. M. Love

IOWA HISTORICAL RECORD

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No. 2.

JUDGE JAMES M. LOVE.



JAMES MADISON LOVE, son of John and Mary Vermillion Love, was born at Fairfax Court House, Virginia, March 4th, 1820.

His father died while he was a mere lad. His widowed mother removed to Zanesville, Ohio, when the subject of this sketch was twelve years of age. His opportunities for obtaining an education were limited and his school days ended at the age of fifteen.

From his earliest boyhood he was a devourer of books and libraries were his delight. His habits of study were such that he attained by himself a thorough mastery of English Grammar and of Rhetoric, for to become a skilled writer and speaker was his ambition. Without a teacher he mastered the first six books of Euclid. English Classics in prose and verse were his constant study. For a brief period he pursued the study of Latin and Mathematics at the Zanesville Academy. His study of Mathematics led him to engage in Civil Engineering under the late General Samuel R. Curtis, then in charge of government improvements of the Muskingum river. Returning to Virginia he began the study of Law in the office of an older brother, Thomas R. Love, with whom he remained one year, and then completed his course in the office of Judge Stillwell, of Zanesville, Ohio.

After entering upon the practice of his profession he entered the volunteer service in the Mexican War, was chosen captain of a company, and used often laughingly to say that in teaching military tactics, he was constantly reminded of the lines:

"She taught so well,
That she herself by teaching learned to spell."

At the close of the war he resumed his practice, but in 1850 removed to Keokuk, Iowa, and was soon associated with the late Justice Samuel F. Miller and the late John W. Rankin, winning for himself immediate and distinguished success. His merit won for him election to the State Senate, where he served, 1852-1854, with conspicuous ability as Chairman of the Judiciary Committee.

But office sought again the man and by President Pierce he was appointed District Judge for Iowa, in 1855, an office which he honored for thirty-six years and until the time of his death, July 2, 1891.

Judge Love was a man whose personal presence would always attract attention. Of commanding stature with a large and well poised head, with a full black eye shaded, but never obscured, by projecting eyebrows, quiet and reserved in large companies, but to intimate friends singularly attractive by his remarkable conversational powers, he was one of a thousand. By close reading and thorough study in fields of literature, history and politics, he had a vast fund upon which to draw when in social intercourse with those who could sympathize with him in his views, or could give good reasons for differing when opposite views were held. While his own views were firmly maintained, he was always courteous to those who had reached different conclusions, listening patiently to an opponent until his best word was said, and then pleasantly replying and often with convincing power.

Judge Love was twice married. His first wife was Miss M. P. Thomasson, of Louisville, Kentucky. Upon the second day of January, 1864, he married Miss Mary Milburn, of St. Louis, Missouri, who survives him.

In his estimable wife Judge Love ever found a help-meet, who contributed much to his prosperity and to his renown. When a friend attempted to dissuade him from labors outside those which were required in his judicial position, he pleasantly remarked, "I am a very highly favored man. I have no work to do except what you see. My wife attends to everything about the home. She governs and educates the children, and does it a great deal better than I could. She is much more economical and competent to manage pecuniary affairs than I am, and so you see I have all my time to myself."

An intimate personal friend, Judge Hubbard, before the United States Circuit Court at Des Moines, said: "The nuggets of his knowledge did not lie on the surface, it was a mine to be worked. If you had his confidence and esteem, or if you had anything to give in return, he would literally load you down with jewels from his store-house of knowledge on all subjects. I have gone away from his room in the small hours of the morning feeling that I had held communion with the sages of the earth for all past time, not only in the law, but in literature, in poetry, in philosophy, in science."

Several years ago he published in *The Forum*, a state paper comparing the form of government of Great Britain with that of the United States with their respective checks and balances, arriving at the conclusion, after a masterly demonstration that the government of the United States is far the most stable and least liable to be overturned by a turbulent democracy.

Upon the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy, he prepared an essay in two parts, which has never been published. No one can read it without being impressed with the wide range of poetic, historic and literary knowledge which its production required. Those who have been fortunate enough to hear his lecture upon "*A Review from a Lawyer's standpoint of the Case of Shylock against Antonio*," can never forget its keen analysis, its sparkling wit, and its profound knowledge of liter-

ature." Not less remarkable is his lecture upon "*Portia as a Lawyer*," recently published in the American Law Review. During the first fourteen years of his service upon the bench, judicial duties were less onerous than at the later years, so that he had more frequent opportunities for indulging his taste for reading. After the burdens of his office were greatly increased, what he failed to secure in time for outside study was more than made up in the intensity with which he pursued his search after knowledge, an intensity made possible through his previously formed habits of concentrated thought: these habits were the source of his great success as a Judge. His table at his boarding-house when away from home, and his satchel as he journeyed, held some book worthy his perusal, which served him as recreation when wearied by the earnest study of cases brought before him for decision.

In the year 1875, Judge Love accepted a position in the Law Department of the State University of Iowa, as Professor of Commercial Law and the Law of Persons and Personal Rights. This professorship he held till the time of his death. For three years after the resignation of Chancellor Ross, he acted as Chancellor of the Department. For one year also he lectured upon Medical Jurisprudence before the Medical Department of the University. To his lectures he gave the same conscientious preparation that marked his judicial decisions, decisions so just that during a service of thirty-six years not more than three times were they reversed by the U. S. Supreme Court on appeal.

It need not therefore be said that his instructions were invaluable to nearly twelve hundred students who graduated from the Law Department of the University during his connection therewith. He was greatly beloved by students to whom he gave much valuable counsel outside the lecture room. Their devotion to him was touching during his last course of lectures given in his enfeebled condition of body. Their attention to his comfort in the class-room was specially gratifying to him. During his lecture term he gave himself no

rest. Cases were argued before him in the presence of his classes. Briefs previously submitted were studied at his rooms. His power of abstraction was so great that he could lay down the study of an important case, pass at once to his lecture as if its subject had been his immediate study, and at the close of the lecture resume his case as if no interruption had occurred.

But his chief work remains to be considered. Here his most intimate acquaintances, who are best fitted to speak, must be heard.

Judge John F. Dillon, at one time Circuit Judge, in whose circuit Judge Love's district was placed, says:

"Judge Love leaves a name and memory which are priceless to his family and friends. I do not think there exists a man who believes that it were possible that Judge Love would do an intentional wrong or omit a known duty. For ten years he was my associate, and I never heard him utter a word that was unfit to be said to one's wife or daughter, or in any presence. He was not gentle because he had no strong feelings or strong passions. He had his passions and his natural impulsiveness under strict discipline, but they broke loose, as they ought, whenever he had to deal with the fraud or moral wrong-doing of either suitor or counsel. His nature was loyal, and capable, as I know, of the strongest, most disinterested, and faithful friendships. My highest ideal of a gentleman, in the true sense of the word, I find in Judge Love. By gentleman I mean not mere polish of outward manners but an ever-conscious, instinctive sense of propriety, of what is exactly the right thing to do or to say, and a willing subordination of self to the pleasure or welfare of others. Like Sidney he would not simply have shared, but would have passed the only cup of water to the unknown and dying soldier who lay beside him.

"Turning to my friend as a Judge I need not enlarge upon his acknowledged excellencies. I am weighing my words when I say that in my opinion Judge Love was the best *nisz*

præ Judge I have ever seen. He was a delightful as well as useful associate on the bench. Justice Miller has often said to me, 'What a satisfaction it is to sit on a trial with Love. He never obtrudes his opinion; but when you ask it, he gives it without hesitation, coming at once to the point and expressing himself with clearness and decision.' How justly he merited the praise none can fully know, save those who, like myself, have had the good fortune to sit with him and to be aided by him. He was so thoroughly grounded in the principles and fundamentals of the law that his logical and clear mind made him feel that he was not dependent upon mere cases to guide him in his judgments. He carried in his hand the torch of justice lighted from on high, and he walked in the illumination of its steady and constant flame.

"His fine judicial instincts were almost unerring. He struck at once for the heart and justice of the matter.

"I have spoken of his excellence as a trial judge, because it was chiefly as such a judge that his life was passed. But I think that his real place would have been on an appellate bench. He was, what every judge must be, a natural dialectician. He was, moreover, a master of strong English and of forcible expression. His judgments on any high bench of judicature would have given him high fame. He wrote comparatively few opinions that are published but closely examined they will be found to be work of the first order. I have often heard him read an opinion and then he would fold it up, put it in his pocket, and decline to consent to its publication.

"He must have been conscious of his powers, but he seems to have been not thoroughly self-confident and assured of them. He appeared at times to feel that he had fallen short of what he might have accomplished. One day he came into my room and abruptly exclaimed 'Judge, my life has been a failure, I am now past my meridian and I have neither riches nor fame.' But in his calmer moments he must have realized that this was an outburst of impatience. He must have known how deep-rooted he was in the esteem of

all his fellow-citizens and of the entire bar, and this is the most priceless reward any man can have. His life so far from being in any respect a failure was in the truest estimate a splendid success."

Another writes, "The qualities which distinguished him at the bar, ripened and matured by the exercise of the functions of a judge into a more complete acquisition of the reason and the philosophy of the law, and he is distinguished notably in his rulings upon the evidence in a case, for his acute insight into its true bearing, and his convincing reasons for the law, by which the evidence should be admitted or rejected. The analytical power of his mind had fair play, not in advocacy of one side of a question, but, as truth is many sided, it was utilized impartially to present the whole truth in its various forms and colors, and to concentrate its entire light upon the point to be elucidated. He was not a case lawyer. It may truly be said of him, in the words of a recent biographer of Marshall, that 'the original bias of his mind was to general principles and comprehensive views, rather than to technical or recondite learning. He loved to expatiate upon the theory of equity, to elucidate the expansive doctrines of commercial jurisprudence, and to give a rational cast, even to the most subtle dogmas of the common law.' His even temper, gentle manner, and unwearied patience in hearing arguments, his modest suggestion of doubt and difficulty, which courts argument, indeed demands it, his quiet comprehension of the decisive points of a case, his clear, simple, concise, and impartial statement of the facts of a case, especially in charging juries, rendered him deservedly popular with counsel practicing in his court, and who, though, as sometimes happens, not convinced by his decision, yet felt that a difficult task was imposed upon them in attempting to secure its reversal.

"Though his judicial career comprised the years in which war raged, when vindictive feeling and great political excitement were engendered, he ever held the scales justly poised, and no tincture of prejudice or undue bias can be found to

have stained his decisions, or to have warped his judgment. This tribute his political opponents have ever been ready to accord him."

Judge Hubbard, previously quoted, says of him in this connection, "Though himself a Democrat, he took no part whatever in politics after his appointment as federal judge. His whole energies were devoted to equip himself for the brilliant career which followed. Until the passage of the bankrupt law in 1868, the business of the federal court in Iowa was comparatively light and Judge Love improved all his spare time not only in a deep study of the law in all its branches, but in the study of history, literature, poetry, and political economy. He had studied with great care the administration of bankrupt laws both in England and America, and was thus prepared to construe and apply all the provisions of the bankrupt law of 1868 in the spirit of fairness and of justice to the unfortunate debtor for whose relief it was intended. Before the volume of business brought into his court under this law was reduced, foreign railway corporations brought a large number of personal injury and other cases into the federal court. Corporation law, and especially the law of personal injury, was new and just fairly before the court for solution and settlement. A large number of Iowa Railways went into bankruptcy and mortgages were foreclosed upon more than half the mileage of the state. Judge Dillon, Circuit Judge for seven states, was compelled to leave Iowa cases almost entirely in the hands of Judge Love. He came to the work thoroughly prepared by long study, by the aid of a retentive memory, with a mind powerful and quick in analysis, and with the pure and quickened conscience of a great equity judge. His anxiety was so great lest justice should be delayed, that he literally worked day and night to keep the business of his court closely finished. He was almost a stranger to his own family during his vacations and frequently took his meals in his large office room at home." A large part of his vacations was given to his University Professorship, and there, as has been

before stated, he devoted his hours out of the lecture hall to study of the cases which had been argued before him at the previous term. This incessant labor without doubt shortened his life. Resuming Judge Hubbard's statement, "Every case had his most careful and painstaking study. In cases of importance he took copious notes. He listened to the arguments on both sides with the intentness of a client. When he summed up, his instructions were so clear, so concise, and the questions involved pointed out so distinctly that the jury could seldom go wrong. Lawyers who had spent weeks and months in preparing their cases for trial were frequently amazed when Judge Love had concluded his charge to the jury to find that he had stated the material facts and the law in a more logical and forcible way than they had been able to conceive or express them.

"He had the keenest sense of humor, but the solemn responsibility of his work so impressed him that very little of it escaped him from the bench. Many years ago no rule existed limiting arguments to the jury. A very fine orator once occupied two days in addressing the jury in his court in a case of no very great importance. The next morning on opening court the judge, in a very pleasant manner, and with a twinkle in his eye, remarked that he had handed down to the clerk a rule limiting arguments to the jury to two hours on each side, but he hoped the bar would not regard it as a rule for the suppression of oratory.

"Most judges have special knowledge in some one or more branches of the law, he had special knowledge of all branches. Admiralty, patents, commercial, real estate, torts, and domestic relations as administered by the common law and equity courts of Great Britain, were all at his command. He had studied deeply the civil law and was as familiar with Justinian and the Code Napoleon, as with Coke or Blackstone. Constitutional law had received his most careful study. He had studied Pan Slavic law, and was familiar with the laws, domestic institutions, customs and condition of the common people of Russia."

At a reunion of the Pioneer Law Makers, Judge Wright presented a series of resolutions touching the life and services of Judge Love from which the following extracts are taken:

"He lived and died 'without a stain upon the lustre of his name, as free from reproach as from fear.' It is but just and merited praise that as a lawyer, he ranked among the ablest of the great west; as a legislator he was the peer of any of his colleagues; as a judge he was ever honest, painstaking, laborious, courteous, learned and strong; as a citizen he was honorable, prompt and true to every engagement; as a husband and father he was a model worthy of all imitation. 'The thinker dies but thoughts live forever;' how blest the world that his many thoughts and utterances from the bench and from other spheres of his active life still live as guides and aids in the years to follow.

"This outline of the duties and labors of Judge Love throughout a period the most eventful in our State and Nation, in an official position above all exposed to the public gaze, to the scrutiny of brother judges, and to the criticism of an intelligent bar, affords, if anything can, a test of character, of learning, of fidelity, and of judicial integrity. It is safe to say that through this critical test he passed unscathed, and that never has a reflection, from any source entitled to respect, been cast upon his purity as a man, or his fitness or his integrity as a judge.

"Throughout his judicial career, his characteristics have been a modesty of demeanor almost shrinking, an entire absence of all parade and ostentation, and a simple dignity born of innate virtue and self-respect.

"Those to whom he revealed his real-self in the quiet of familiar intercourse, cherish his memory with warmest affection.

"It is a laudable ambition to leave the world the better for our having lived in it; that we shall have added something to the world's stock of knowledge, and to its surplus wealth; and above all that we shall leave a life worthy of all emulation. Judge Love accomplished all these things. His life and character are pure and spotless."

HENRY DODGE.

IV.

COLONEL U. S. DRAGOONS, 1833-6.

PART II. FIRST U. S. MILITARY EXPEDITION TO THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS,
VIA THE PLATTE, RETURNING VIA THE ARKANSAS IN 1835.



THE following extracts from the correspondence of Col. Dodge show his services and the condition of the frontier during the winter of 1834-35, and afford a narration of his march to the Rocky Mountains in the summer of 1835:

To General Roger Jones, Adj. General U. S. A., Washington City:

Headquarters U. S. Dragoons,

FORT LEAVENWORTH, Dec. 2, 1834.

I had the honor to receive your communication of the 2d of October by the last mail. I am much gratified that my conduct and that of the Corps I had the honor to command on the late expedition has the approbation of the General-in-chief. This Corps can never be placed in a situation where they can have greater difficulties to surmount than was presented to them during the last season. I felt the necessity of effecting the objects of the expedition; I knew the public expected much from the Dragoons, and that the present and future standing of the regiment was at stake.

I hope the General-in-Chief will order all the officers on detached service belonging to this regiment to report for duty at the headquarters of the regiment as early as possible. Recent information from the Upper Mississippi states that the Indians are killing each other on that frontier, and I think the presence of the Dragoons may be necessary to keep the Indians peaceable. Next spring I will have the Dragoons prepared for the active duties of the field; the Dragoon horses are much improved and will be in fine order in the spring.

To Brigadier General Matthew Arbuckle:

Commanding South Western Frontier, Ft. Gibson.

FORT LEAVENWORTH, Dec. 21, 1834.

I respectfully request you will order the Dragoons belonging to this Post and the Des Moines, that you have temporarily attached to Major Mason's command, to repair to their respective places of destination in charge of the proper officers, on the arrival of the first steamboats in the spring at Fort Gibson. The Sac and Fox Indians have commenced killing the Winnebagoes

and Menominees on our northwestern frontier during the last month; I have no doubt if the murderers of these Indians are not given up by the chiefs, that Lt. Col. Kearney will have to apprehend them, and it will require all the men of his command, and it may become necessary for the four companies now stationed at this Post to act on that frontier in the spring.

To General Roger Jones, Adjt. General U. S. Army:

FORT LEAVENWORTH, Jan. 18, 1835.

Major Dougherty, U. S. Indian Agent for the Pawnees of the Platte and the Otoes, on his return from paying the annuities due those Indians¹, informed me he had seen several of the principal men of the Aureekarees, that they stated they had been driven from their country on the Missouri by the Sioux and other nations of Indians with whom they had been at war for many years, and were desirous to remain with the Pawnees of the Platte this winter. The agent gave these Indians, as he informed me, permission to remain in the country until the wishes of the Government could be made known on that subject. The Aureekarees, as I am informed, never made peace with the United States, and it is necessary that some decisive course should be taken with them early in the spring; they are known to be a faithless, treacherous people; their wants may place them in a situation that will force them to make a peace that will be lasting with the United States.

Captain Swanie, a Delaware chief, who returned from a war excursion to the mountains, informs me that he was in a party of one hundred Pawnees that invited the Aureekarees into their country, that they said they were their relations, that they speak the same tongue, that there are four hundred lodges of them, that they are armed principally with bows and arrows, with the exception of a few shot guns, and that they are well provided for in horses and mules. The Delaware chief believes these Aureekarees are disposed to be advised by the Pawnees of the Platte as to the course they will take. From the information of this Delaware chief there must be from ten to twelve hundred of these Indians. Major Cummins, U. S. agent for the Delawares, states that entire confidence can be placed in the statements of this chief.

I apprehend no danger from these Indians during the winter, but such is their inclination to war with the whites that should they be successful in killing a small party of whites early in the spring, there is no telling where they would stop. I should not hesitate in taking the field with the Dragoons now stationed at this post and the mounted volunteers that would accompany me from the frontiers of the state of Missouri. I would not wait to give these Indians an opportunity of striking a second blow. I hope I may receive my orders as early as possible in the spring. I know the character of these Indians, and do not feel disposed to let them take me by surprise on this frontier. I would respectfully call the attention of the General-in-Chief to a subject of much interest to the people on this frontier at this time. The inhabitants residing on the western border of the State of Missouri are much opposed to

¹Lt. Albert M. Lea was in this service, and gives some incidents of it in THE RECORD, October, 1890, pp. 538-540.

the location of the Indians immediately on the State line¹. I have no hesitation in saying that strip of country should be conceded to the State of Missouri; for should the Government locate the Indians so near the whites it will be almost impossible to keep peace between them; it would require a mounted force constantly in motion to effect the object. It is desirable that the Indians and whites should be separated by some natural barrier, a large river, or an extensive range of mountains. There is at this time great excitement among the frontier inhabitants on this subject.

To General R. Jones, Adjt. General, U. S. Army:

FORT LEAVENWORTH, JAN. 20, 1835.

The present circuitous route by which the mail is carried from Fort Gibson to this place is near nine hundred miles, passing by way of St. Louis. The monthly returns from the companies stationed there belonging to this regiment have been during this winter on the way five or six weeks; the returns from Des Moines one month generally. The distance direct to Fort Gibson does not exceed three hundred miles, to Camp Des Moines does not exceed two hundred miles. An excellent road could be made with little expense to both those important points; the country over which the road would pass is open, level, thinly timbered, principally prairie. The cost of a military road the whole extent of our frontier would be small in comparison to the many advantages that would result to the Government by having one opened. A good road would facilitate the march of the Dragoons from one extreme point on our extended frontier to the other. I could communicate with either wing of the regiment in a few days, and have the earliest advice of the movements of the Indians on our whole extent of frontier.

As it is the settled policy of the Government to concentrate all the Indians west of the Mississippi, it would be in my opinion good policy for the Government to afford facilities to march troops, either dragoons or infantry, and to transport cannon and munitions of war, the whole extent of the frontier, should it be necessary. With a population of sixty or seventy thousand Indians settled on our borders, in the nature of things we must expect war sooner or later between the different nations of Indians against each other. War is the only theatre upon which Indians can distinguish themselves, and I feel confident it will require the controlling power of the Government to keep the Indians and our frontier people in a state of peace. I think this is the most favorable time to guard against contingencies that I feel confident must sooner or later take place. The necessary preparation and proper caution and vigilance at this time might be the means of keeping peace many years, and eventually be a great saving of blood and treasure.

¹This line then ran due north from the mouth of Kansas river. The strip of country referred to lies between that line and the Missouri river. It was ceded to the United States at a convention held at the treaty ground in Vanport by H. Dodge with the chiefs of the Sacs and Foxes, September 27th, 1836, and with the assent of Congress included within the boundaries of the State of Missouri. Life of J. W. Grimes, p. 11.

To Lieut.-Col. Kearney, Commanding a Detachment¹:

U. S. Dragoons, Camp Des Moines.

Headquarters U. S. Dragoons,

FORT LEAVENWORTH, Jan. 29, 1835.

By the last mail I received your letter of the 2d ult. I regret to hear you lost so many men by desertion. I have had none to desert from this post. General Arbuckle addressed me a letter stating that he had temporarily attached the seventy-three dragoons left sick at Fort Gibson, belonging to your detachment and the companies at this place, to Major Mason's detachment of this regiment, and desired me to transfer them. This I have objected to for several reasons: the companies of this regiment are much reduced by deaths and desertions, and it may be late in the season before the arrival of new recruits. I think it would be an act of injustice to the men as well as to the captains who selected them, and the regiment generally. I have ordered Lieut. Ury to Fort Gibson, and directed him to take charge of the whole detachment, and, should Assistant Surgeon Hale not be in a situation to accompany the troops, to leave the men attached to the companies of your detachment with Gen. Atkinson, or the commanding officer, at Jefferson Barracks. I have stated my objections to the proposed transfer to Gen. Arbuckle, and I presume he will permit the men to leave Fort Gibson under the orders of Lieut. Ury.

To Major General E. P. Gaines, Memphis, Tenn.:

FORT LEAVENWORTH, May 12, 1835.

I hope to be able to take the field in ten days. I will march with about one hundred men well armed and well mounted, with two light swivels hauled on light wheels. The quartermaster has furnished me as many mules as will enable me to transport my necessary supplies without taking wagons, which will greatly facilitate my march. After crossing the Platte river I am ordered to make a detour to the left. I am desirous to become acquainted with the country in the direction of the mountains. I will approach the mountains this season, if I can do so without injuring my horses.

Captain Hunter will march at the same time I do to the Osage village on the Neosho or Grand river, where he will meet a company from Fort Gibson, detached by Major Mason. Captain Hunter will be the senior officer, and is well qualified to command two companies. The Osage Indians have been lately troublesome on the frontier of the State of Missouri, and have in several instances robbed the people and killed their stock. I think Captain Hunter, ranging constantly on that frontier until the approach of winter, will keep the Osage and other Indians peaceable, and give confidence and security to our people on that border.

Lieut. Lupton on his march from Fort Gibson last September to this post was called on by the sub-agent of the Osages to apprehend an Indian who

¹A history of the services of this Detachment is given by a venerable survivor of Co. I, in THE RECORD for July, 1890, pp. 523-6, and by Lieut. Albert M. Lea, in THE RECORD for Oct., 1890, pp. 542-550.

had killed the blacksmith of his agency. This Osage has been in the guard-house at this post during the winter. I reported him to Gen. Atkinson who directed me to send him below, that Judge Peck, the District Judge, would commit him to where he should have his trial. I have sent him by the last steam boat to Jefferson Barracks. I was under the impression this Indian would have to be tried in the Territory of Arkansas, as the crime was committed in that Territory. As Gen. Atkinson has left for the east I mention this subject, to enable you to direct such course as you might deem advisable.

To the Hon. Lewis Cass, Secretary of War:

FORT LEAVENWORTH, May 12, 1835.

I have the honor to enclose you the resignation of Lieut. ———, and I regret the good of the service requires I should express my opinion as to the propriety of the President's accepting his resignation. For some months his habits have been of the most intemperate kind; I have frequently advised and admonished him in the most friendly manner as to the impropriety of his course, and on several occasions he promised me he would reform. (The details of a recent gross instance of intoxication are reported.) The respectable standing of Mr. ———'s mother and family, and the regard I have always understood the President entertained for her family was the reason I permitted Mr. ——— to resign under such charges.

To Major General Alexander Macomb:

Commanding the Army.

FORT LEAVENWORTH, May 25, 1835.

I had the honor to receive your letter of the 1st inst. on the subject of tents issued to the U. S. Dragoons.

When I marched from the Jefferson Barracks a year last November, the companies of dragoons under my immediate command drew tents that had been much used. On the arrival of the new tents which was about the first of June of the last year at Camp Jackson, there was an equal distribution of the new tents to the company commanders according to their wants, except to Captain Wharton who had left Camp Jackson on a tour of armed service. On the issue of the new tents, the old tents were turned over to the Assistant Quartermaster, Lieut. Swords, and by him to the assistant quartermaster at Fort Gibson. The five companies that marched from Jefferson Barracks last May drew their tents at that post under the orders of Lieut. Col. Kearney.

When I left Camp Jackson last year I turned over my wall tent to my Assistant Quartermaster, and took a common tent without a fly. On my arrival last August at Fort Gibson I had one hundred men on my sick report. Surgeon Finley applied to me for tents for the use of the sick, the hospital being crowded. I directed the company commanders to furnish tents, and a number of them were used for the sick. They were turned over to the A. Q. at Fort Gibson, after being used for the benefit of the sick. Capt. Sumner sent his old tents with his baggage to the Des Moines.

I have endeavored to practice economy in every thing relating to the public service by my example. I have considered the efficiency of a mounted corps depends largely on the celerity of its movements, and the less baggage they are encumbered with the better for the good of the service.

To Major General T. S. Jessup, Quartermaster General, Washington City:

FORT LEAVENWORTH, May 26, 1835.

Being on the eve of marching to the Indian country, and knowing I would meet with numerous bands of Indians in the course of my tour, after consulting with Major Dougherty, agent for the Pawnees, Omahas and Ottos, and knowing the importance that would be attached to a few presents in goods in my intercourse with the remote bands of Indians, I have purchased Indian goods for presents to the Indians during my summer campaign to the amount of four hundred and nine dollars and ninety-one cents.

To General R. Jones, Adjt. General U. S. Army:

FORT LEAVENWORTH, May 29, 1835.

I have the honor to inform you that I take up my line of march this day in conformity of general order No. 12. I have left a sufficient number of officers and men to take charge of the quarters and the public property at this post, invalids included. The excessive heavy rains for the last ten days and the lateness of the spring have retarded the movement of the dragoons.

The General-in-Chief may expect that every exertion will be made on my part to effect the object of the expedition and meet the views of the Government.

To General R. Jones, Adjt. General U. S. Army:

FORT LEAVENWORTH, Sept. 29, 1835.

I have the honor to inform you of my arrival at this post on the 16th inst., with the companies of Captain Ford and Duncan and Lieut. Lupton. I marched from this fort on the 29th of May; believing that I would meet with large war parties of Indians, I thought it advisable that two swivels (three-pounders) should accompany the expedition. I believed these light field-pieces would secure my camp, should the Indians make a sudden attack on the command, and enable me to force my passage across rivers or difficult passes, should any attempt be made to stop me. On my march up the Missouri from this post I found some of the small streams swimming. I crossed my command over them in skin-boats, and my light field-pieces by hauling them over with ropes. On my arrival at the Platte or Shallow river, I found it high, almost overflowing its banks, and to have crossed it at that time I would have run the risk of losing some of my horses and part of my baggage.

I met the Otto Indians at their village, and held a council with them on the 12th of June, with Major Dougherty, U. S. Indian agent. Here I remained awaiting the arrival of the Omaha Indians, Major Dougherty having sent his interpreter to them on my arrival at the Platte river. The dragoon horses, having to swim several small streams, required a few days' rest.

On the 17th of June I held a council with the Omaha Indians, and on the same day commenced my march for the village of the Grand Pawnees. Believing the General-in-Chief had permitted me to exercise my discretion as to the extent of the detour I should make to the left, on arriving at the Platte, I determined to march up to its forks, and afterwards continue up the south fork to the Rocky mountains; then make a detour to the left near the mountains until I arrived at the Arkansas river, the boundary line of the United

States, a short distance from where the Arkansas leaves the Rocky mountains, and thence down that river to where the road leading to Santa Fe crosses that river from the State of Missouri to the Mexican States, and pursue that road to the settlements.

I continued my march, and arrived at the Grand Pawnee village on the 21st of June. Major Dougherty had sent his interpreter in advance to notify the different bands of the Pawnee Indians of my intention to meet them in council on the 23d of June, which I did.

On the 24th I marched for the forks of the Platte river, where I was informed I would meet the Arickara or Rees Indians. I despatched a messenger with two Arickara chiefs in advance of my command to convene these Indians. My messenger arrived with the principal chiefs and braves of the Arickaras, about one day's march above the forks. I remained in council with these Indians on the 6th of July, made them a few presents, and marched on the 7th up the south fork.

On the 16th of July I was in full view of the Rocky mountains, covered with snow. On the 24th I could see where the South fork of the Platte left the mountains. I then changed my course south, near the foot of the mountains in the direction of the head of the Arkansas river. On the 28th of July I encamped in full view of Pike's Peak. The next morning two Spaniards arrived at my camp and stated they had been sent by traders from the Arkansas river, about five miles from the point where that river leaves the Rocky mountains. Here I saw about sixty lodges of the Arepaha Indians, with their families. This nation claims the country from the South fork of the Platte to the Arkansas, and numbers about eleven hundred warriors. They have never entered into a treaty with the United States. I found them desirous of cultivating the most friendly understanding with me. From this place I despatched a messenger with a few dragoons in search of some of the principal chiefs of the Arepahas, with some of the Cheyenne and Blackfeet Indians who were on the waters of the Platte.

On the 31st of July I commenced my march down the Arkansas and arrived at the fort of Bent and St. Vrain on the 4th of August. This fort is built on the Arkansas river, about one hundred and thirty miles from the Rocky mountains; its owners are trading under a license from the Superintendent of Indian affairs at St. Louis. They erected the fort to protect them against a sudden attack of Indians, and have a six-pounder and several small, light field-pieces; they trade with the Arepaha and Cheyenne Indians, and also with the Camanches of Red river. At this place I met a number of the Cheyenne Indians. On the 6th of August my messenger arrived with one of the principal chiefs of the Arepaha Indians and some of the Blackfeet who reside with the Arepahas. On the 7th I met a large assembly of Indians in council, and endeavored to explain to them the views and wishes of the Government. A small deputation of Pawnees accompanied my command from the Pawnee village and had a friendly understanding with their old enemies, the Arepaha and Cheyenne Indians. I made a few presents to them in the name of the President of the United States, which appeared to have a great effect upon them, they being the first ever made to the Arepahas or Blackfeet. At this

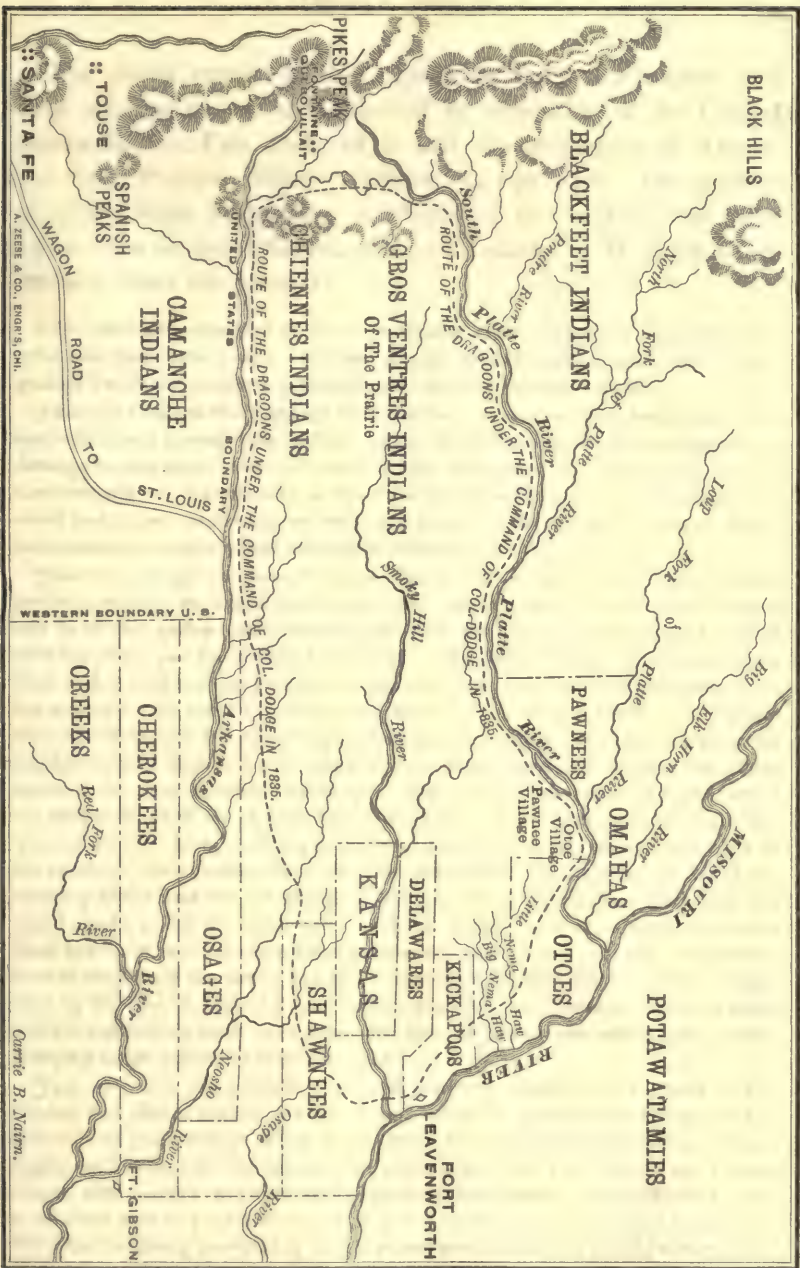
council I learned that the Osages and Arepahas, who had been at war for many years, had made peace, and that a party of Osages had gone to the Camanches on Red River to confirm the peace made between them last year. Mr. Bent, of the trading house of Bent and St. Vrain, arrived at Fort William on the Arkansas the day after the council. He had visited the Camanches on Red river, and stated that he had seen upwards of two thousand, and they had treated him with great kindness and expressed a desire to be included in the peace made by me with the Camanches last year.

On the 12th of August I took up my line of march down the Arkansas, and on the 14th arrived at a village of Cheyenne Indians, of about sixty skin lodges. In the evening I held a council with the principal braves of this band. About eight o'clock next morning my attention was directed to the firing of small arms in quick succession at the distance of about half a mile, more than one hundred guns in one or two minutes. Supposing this firing to be an attack on the Cheyenne Indians by some of their enemies, and that this band might ask protection from me, I instantly formed the dragoons in order of battle until I could be informed of the cause of the firing. It was soon ascertained to be a party of Pawnees and Arickaras, about one hundred in number, under command of one of the principal chiefs of the Pawnees, who on arriving in vicinity of their old enemies fired their guns, to prove their friendly disposition by approaching with empty guns. I was much gratified to meet the Pawnees and Arickaras at a village of the Cheyennes on the Arkansas river. I had advised them in council on the river Platte to make peace with their old enemies, the Arepahas and Cheyennes. This I considered a fortunate meeting of the old enemies, as it enabled me as the mutual friend of all to effect, I hope, a lasting peace between them. The Cheyennes made presents to the Pawnees and Arickaras of upwards of one hundred horses, and the latter made a present of fifty of their guns to the Cheyennes. I endeavored to impress strongly on these Indians the mutual advantage to them of a lasting peace.

On my march down the Arkansas to the point where the road leading from the State of Missouri to Santa Fe crosses that river, nothing of moment occurred, except the death of one of the dragoons who was taken sick suddenly and died in two days. I have had the honor to command eleven mounted expeditions, and I have never seen mounted troops enjoy such good health. I had seldom more than two or three men on the sick report, and frequently not one. The dragoon horses performed well, and few of them were left behind on the march. The mules were generally in better condition than when they left the post.

The duties of the company commanders were arduous, being without the aid of subalterns; the conduct of the officers has met with my entire approbation. The non-commissioned officers and dragoons of this command have done their duty and proved their ability to perform the active duties of the field.

On this tour of service the dragoons marched more than sixteen hundred miles. Enclosed you will receive the journal of the expedition, with my talks to the different nations of Indians, and a map of the country over which I marched.





The above report of the expedition with the journal and map referred to, were published by resolution of the United States Senate, Feb. 29th, 1836, and are preserved in American State Papers, Military Affairs, vi., 130-146. The journal recorded many interesting incidents of the march, and gave an account of the different tribes of Indians. We add a few extracts from the journal:

The command consisted of three companies; two had forty men each, the third had thirty-seven men. Captain Gantt, Indian trader, who was well acquainted with the country, accompanied the detachment as guide.

June 3.—Crossed the baggage over the Big Nemahaw in a boat made of a beef's hide and a small wagon box, swam the horses without loss of horse or damage to baggage. *6th.*—Crossed Little Nemahaw in same way. *7th.*—Commenced our march over a beautiful and fertile country, diversified with wood and plain, creeks and ravines; saw a herd of elk, probably thirty or forty, but unable to approach near enough to shoot them.

June 10.—Large numbers of Ottoes came out to meet us, dressed in their gayest costume; mounted on horses, they formed into an extensive line and met us at full gallop; they manifested their joy by galloping around us and shaking every one by the hand they met. The Otto village is situated on a high prairie ridge, about two miles from the river, and overlooks the surrounding country. In front lay the green level valley of the Platte. The broad river could be seen for many miles wending its course through the valley, its shining surface here and there darkened by island groves of timber, the whole forming the most beautiful landscape. The village was neat in appearance; the lodges, built of wood, thatched with prairie grass and covered with dirt, were of circular form, with a pointed roof about fifteen or twenty feet high in the center. They build their fires in the middle of the lodge, leaving an opening in the roof for the smoke to escape. They plant their corn near the small creeks under the hills; they have no fences, and are obliged to watch their horses to prevent them from destroying their corn. At the time of our arrival they were preparing for their summer's buffalo hunt. They usually start by the first of June for the buffalo country, and remain absent killing buffalo and drying meat until about the first of September when they return bringing large quantities of dried meat.

June 11.—Col. Dodge held a council with the chiefs and warriors of the Ottoes, and said to them: "I am happy to meet you in your village in the presence of your father, Major Dougherty; he has come directly from Washington and knows the wishes of your great father, the President of the United States, with respect to all his red children in his agency. My advice to you is to listen well to your father, and do as he directs you; your great father, the President, is doing everything in his power to make his red children happy; he wishes you to be at peace with all your neighbors, and raise corn and cattle for the support of your families; you have now to travel a great distance in search of

buffalo and other game; you must cultivate the soil and not depend upon the uncertainty of the chase or your children will suffer. Last year your great father, the President, sent me to the country of the Camanche, Kiowa and Pawnee Pict Indians; I invited some of their chiefs to accompany me to Fort Gibson where they met their old enemies the Cherokees, Creeks, Choctaws, Osages and Senecas. They smoked the pipe of peace and buried the war hatchet, I hope forever, and promised to live like friends and brothers. The wish of your great father, the President, is that all his red children be prosperous and happy, live in the same country like brothers and that you exchange your warlike arms for implements of husbandry. You see but a small part of the dragoons which your great father can send to see that the Indians do not intrude upon the frontier settlers, and that they do not intrude upon the Indians nor introduce whiskey into your country, which will lead to the ruin and destruction of your people."

Jutan, the principal chief, replied "that he would listen to the advice, that they intended next year to have a big field and raise large quantities of corn and raise cattle and horses." Presents of blankets, knives, tobacco, strouding, etc., were distributed among them. They appeared well pleased, and requested permission to give the Colonel a war dance.

June 17.—A similar council was held with the Omahas and subsequently with other tribes, Col. Dodge adapting his "talk" to the different condition of each tribe.

July 4.—In the evening saw a large herd of buffaloes, the first we have seen.

July 5.—The Arickaras are considered the wildest and most savage tribe west of the Mississippi. They wander about like the Arabs of the desert, killing and robbing almost every one they meet. They were the best looking Indians we had seen, and were dressed in more gay and fantastic manner. Their dress consisted of a shirt made of buffalo skins, finely dressed and ornamented with different colored beads; their leggings and moccasins of the same material, beautifully embroidered with beads. The day was beautiful, the sky clear and cloudless, the air fresh and balmy. On one side was the river, on the other a vast extended prairie, not a tree in sight or a moving being save ourselves. It was the stillness and solitude of nature. In the council the Indians were seated around in a circle with their pipes in their hands listening with profound attention to every word. The scene was grand and impressive, one the pencil of the painter or the imagination of the poet would delight to portray.

July 6.—Marched twenty miles; on the 7th sixteen, on the 8th eighteen, and on the 9th seventeen miles in a southwest direction. The country began to exhibit a more rugged and rocky appearance. The buffalo surrounded us in large herds grazing upon the banks of the river and making the prairie almost black by their immense numbers; saw also great numbers of antelopes and some deer. The grass short, thick and dry; no timber; were obliged to use buffalo dung in cooking. This section of the country from the forks of the Platte almost to the foot of the mountains is called the neutral ground. It

will not admit of the permanent residence of any Indians and is only frequented by war parties. The Arapahas and Cheyennes sometimes move into this country for a short time in summer to hunt buffalo.

July 10.—Remained in camp during the day, the grazing being good and the buffalo numerous. Two parties of hunters were sent out who brought in an abundance of buffalo meat. Saw a large drove of wild horses.

July 15.—Entered upon a high prairie and came to a deserted Indian camp, supposed to have been lately occupied by the Arapahas. The poles of the medicine lodge were still standing, and emblems of their worship, such as buffalo heads and painted arrows. After we had encamped, the clouds which had been lowering around the western horizon cleared away and discovered to us a beautiful view of the Rocky mountains. The sight was hailed with joy by the whole command. The rays of a setting sun upon their snow-clad summits gave them a splendid appearance.

July 18.—Left the flour-wagon, burnt it and cached the irons. Passed the mouth of the Cache de la Poudre, a large stream entering into the Platte on the opposite side with timber on its banks. The buffalo numerous.

July 24.—Left the Platte near where it issues out of the mountains, and commenced crossing to the Arkansas close under the mountains. The valley of the creek which we ascended was terminated on both sides by a high range of mountains. On the east were the mountains of the dividing ridge between the Arkansas and the Platte. The creek we ascended we called Crystal creek, from finding some fine specimens of rock crystal of considerable size. Formerly there were large numbers of beavers upon this creek, but they have all been caught by the trappers who frequent it. Saw no buffalo, but deer are numerous.

July 26.—Every turn of the road presented a new variety of scenery. The mountains were in the form of an immense fortification with turrets and battlements, and pine trees relieved against a clear blue sky. Crossed the dividing ridge between the waters of the Platte and Arkansas.

July 28.—Visited the Fontaine que Bouille or spring that boils, a mineral spring near the foot of Pike's Peak. The water boils up out of a limestone rock, forming a basin two or three feet in diameter and of about the same depth; it has a pleasant acid taste, and was thought to possess properties similar to the waters of Saratoga; it is directly in the pass leading to Rio Salard, a large valley in the mountains, where the Arapahas frequently pitch their lodges and encamp for a considerable length of time during the summer. We saw the mountain torrent washing down through the pass, forming numerous cascades and waterfalls as it came tumbling down over the high rocks. We ascended one of the peaks to the distance of about a mile above the level of the plain. From the top we had a beautiful and extensive view of the country for many miles; we saw the timber of the Arkansas and the Platte, and a large extent of waving prairie between the two rivers; to the right, at an immense distance the feathery and indistinct outlines of the Spanish Peaks just rising above the horizon; while in our rear a long succession of high ranges of mountains, until the snowy summits of the last and highest appear-

ed to meet and mingle with the clouds. Nature appears to have given to the whole scene the impress of grandeur and sublimity. Found a number of fine specimens of different minerals near the base of the mountains, on the banks and in the beds of the creeks. Saw a species of goat which is said to live entirely in the mountains, leaping from rock to rock, and living on the shrubbery which grows upon the sides of the mountains. The valley of the Fontaine que Bouille is very much frequented by the Indians, especially the Arepahas, who come up here in the fall to gather the wild fruit that grows in abundance near the base of the mountains.

August 6.—On our arrival at Bent and St. Vrain's trading establishment we found two villages of Cheyennes encamped near, one upon this, the other upon the opposite side of the river. A party of Spaniards from Taos had been selling them whiskey upon the opposite or Mexican side, and we found a number of them intoxicated. They are very fond of whiskey, and will sell their horses, blankets and everything else they possess for a drink of it. In arranging the good things of this world in the order of rank, they say that whiskey should stand first, then tobacco, third guns, fourth horses, and fifth women. The Cheyennes are a better looking race of Indians than we have seen, and more cleanly in their appearance. The women are remarkable for beauty and neatness.

The Arepahas range with the Cheyennes between the Platte and Arkansas, and subsist entirely upon buffalo. The bow and arrow is the principal weapon they make use of in war and in killing game. Some few have guns and ammunition that they have bought of the American traders for robes and fur. They kill their buffalo upon horses by running at full speed into a large gang and shooting them with their arrows.

August 29.—Remained encamped one day for the purpose of killing buffalo to provision us to Fort Leavenworth. 30th.—Found the Pawnee fork swimming; in dry weather a small muddy stream, with high banks, bordered with timber, late rains had swollen it to a considerable height. Crossed our baggage in boats made of buffalo hides; swam the horses, and continued the march on the Sante Fe trail.

September 11.—A man of company "A" died. The colonel directed him to be buried on a high prairie ridge and a stone placed at the head of the grave with his name and regiment engraved thereon. 16th.—Our provision lasted until the day of our arrival. The expedition has exceeded in interest and success the most sanguine anticipations.

The following letter of Major General Gaines shows his estimate of the services of Col. Dodge in this expedition:

To Adjutant General Jones, U. S. Army, Washington City:

HEADQUARTERS WESTERN DEPARTMENT, NOV. 12, 1835.

I have the honor to transmit for the information of the proper authorities the letter and journal of Colonel Henry Dodge, commanding the United States light dragoons, reporting the details of his late tour of service, the results of which are not only deeply interesting, but in part extraordinary and

unprecedented; for example, a traverse of sixteen hundred miles of continuous wilderness in which many nations of Indians were conferred with, and impressed with the justice, magnanimity, humanity and power of our Government, without any casualty, except the short illness and death of one of the brave dragoons, and without any material injury to the horses of the battalion.

If we are to regard the maxim, "In peace prepare for war," and in our efforts to conform to this maxim should avail ourselves of occasions to notice with marked approbation officers or corps who discharge difficult or delicate duties in a manner worthy of imitation, I know of no officer or corps of my command to whom such a mark of distinction is more justly due than to Col. Dodge and his officers and soldiers engaged in this expedition. For it is not probable, if it is possible, that such an expedition could have been crowned with so many favorable results to the service, to the Indians, as well as to the frontier inhabitants, without great vigilance, care, and prudence on the part of the colonel and his officers, and constant attention, obedience and fidelity on the part of the non-commissioned officers and soldiers.

That it requires at least as high a degree of *moral courage*, that courage which on all occasions marked the character of our beloved Washington, to perform such a tour of service in the manner this has been accomplished, as to fight battles and win victories, there can be little doubt among men of experience. Indeed, it is not uncommon for idlers and tipplers and others, destitute of moral courage to do their ordinary duty even tolerably, who on the spur of occasion have turned out and made a respectable fight.

I am decidedly of the opinion that a sword given to Col. Dodge, a brace of pistols to each one of his commissioned officers, and a month's pay extra to each one of the non-commissioned officers and soldiers who accompanied him, would contribute much to the good of the service, by inspiring all officers and men with that vigilance which is essential to insure success of all wilderness movements.

The approaching disturbances in Texas admonish us of the importance of our officers and men being thoroughly acquainted with the whole line of our southwestern frontier from the Sabine bay to the Rocky mountains.

EDMUND P. GAINES.

The annual report of the Secretary of War, Hon. Lewis Cass, for 1835, said:

The regiment of dragoons has been carefully employed in penetrating into the Indian country, exhibiting to the Indians a force well calculated to check or punish any hostilities they may commit, and adding to our geographical knowledge of those remote regions. Col. Kearney with one detachment marched through the country between the Des Moines and the Missouri; Col. Dodge with another made an excursion towards the Rocky mountains; Major Mason with a third was employed in duties connected with an assemblage of a body of Indians at the Cross Timbers for establishing permanent specific relations between the remote wandering bands and the United States, and the more agricultural Indians who have migrated to that region. The duties committed to these troops have been well performed.

At the same time complaints were occasionally heard from settlers on the frontier that they were left without protection. From Clay county, Mo., came a remonstrance to Congress against the long journeys of the dragoons to the Rocky mountains, which were declared to be "of no earthly use to the Government," and asking that the dragoons might be employed patrolling the frontier from post to post. The change that in less than sixty years has come over the vast regions traversed by Col. Dodge was hidden from every human eye. George Catlin, writing in 1833, said: "The country from Mexico to Winnipeg is a plain of grass which must be ever useless to cultivating man." He recommended its preservation by the Government as a Nation's Park "where the world could see for ages to come the native Indian galloping his wild horse with sinewy bow and shield and lance amid the elks and buffaloes in the freshness of nature."

Full of exposure and hardships as were the summer campaigns of Col. Dodge, they gave him less anxiety than the jealousies and disputes which were fostered in camp among some of his officers during the winter months. The old Ranger officers and the regular Army officers did not always keep on good terms with each other. Col. Dodge made it a point of honor to observe an impartial course towards them. He resented the imputation of entertaining a prejudice in either direction. He attributed most of the difficulties to the intemperate use of ardent spirits, and was scrupulous as to his own example in that regard as always in life.

The following extracts are from the last letters in Col. Dodge's order book:

To Lieut.-Col. S. W. Kearney, U. S. Dragoons, Camp Des Moines:

FORT LEAVENWORTH, Oct. 12, 1835.

Your letter of the 14th of May on the subject of carbines for companies B, I, and H, was not received until my return to this post from my late tour of service, which will explain to you the reason why I have not answered you at an earlier date. The carbines supposed by Col. Bumford to be in my possession were on the Arkansas river. Gen. Arbuckle wrote that thirteen boxes containing two hundred and fifty carbines had arrived at Fort Gibson in June last. I have written the General to forward to the Quartermaster, Major Brant,

at St. Louis, the whole number of carbines, and I will direct Major Brant to forward to your address as many boxes as you require to arm the three companies under your immediate orders, which from your letter will be seventy-one for Captain Boone's company, and forty-five for Captains Sumner and Browne, making one hundred and sixteen carbines. On the receipt of the carbines please forward me receipt for them.

To Major General E. P. Gaines, Commanding Western Department U. S. A.:

FORT LEAVENWORTH, Oct. 15, 1835.

I am having a map now made of the country I marched over to the southwest last year, connecting it with the map I enclosed to you by the last mail; when completed I will forward it to you.

I think the present policy is calculated to improve and help the condition of the Indians. Much, however, is yet to be done to carry into effect what has been commenced. The remote nations of Indians I met with on my march to the mountains are like children; many of them are entirely unacquainted with the customs of the whites, and are liable to be greatly imposed on. I have laid the foundation of peace, I hope, between several nations of Indians that have been long at war with each other. I have endeavored to convince them of the great advantage that would result to them by remaining friendly with each other, there being a large extent of country on the south bank of the Platte where there are immense herds of buffalo, and where these Indians have been in dread of each other. They have promised me that they will bury the hatchet of war, and that in this buffalo country next winter they will smoke the pipe of peace.

To General R. Jones, Adjt. General U. S. A.:

FORT LEAVENWORTH, Oct. 22, 1833.

I have the honor to endorse for the information of the General-in-Chief and the Honorable Secretary of War a corrected map of the country the dragoons marched over on the late tour to the Rocky mountains, and the route of the dragoons from Fort Gibson to the Pawnee Picts village last year, as well as the route of the U. S. Rangers under Col. Many in 1833.

To Major General Gaines, Commanding Western Department:

FORT LEAVENWORTH, Dec. 21, 1835.

I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your several communications dated the 28th ult. I had your official letter copied and read to the command at this post. It was exceedingly gratifying to the officers, non-commissioned officers and soldiers, to know that their conduct on the late expedition had met the approbation of their General. It is the highest reward of a soldier to know that his services are justly appreciated by his commanding General. In any military station I have had the honor to fill, it has been my constant aim to meet as far as in my power the views of the Republic under whose orders I have had the honor to serve.

This regiment was intended for the more perfect defense of the frontier, and I have no doubt, if properly managed, will be equal to the protection of our whole extent of frontier. The settled policy of the Government appears to be

the removal of all the Indians now east of the Mississippi west of that river. With so large a number of Indians located on our frontier, it will require a mounted force constantly in motion to maintain peace between our border settlers and the Indians, and between the different nations of Indians themselves. If the renegade whites could be prevented from locating themselves among the Indians, and the introduction of ardent spirits could be prevented among them, and the young Indians could be learned to cultivate a portion of the soil, and at the same time if they could be taught a part of their time the rudiments of an English education, a change would be gradually produced that would have the most favorable results. It would enable the rising generation to depend upon the soil for support, instead of the uncertainty of the chase; they would become enlightened, and gradually prepare for a system of government that might be established. From what I have seen from the remote Indians during the past summer, I am convinced much can be done to ameliorate and help their condition, if the proper steps are taken.

To General William Clark,

Supt. Indian Affairs, St. Louis:

FORT LEAVENWORTH, Feb. 15, 1836.

I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your official communication dated the 22d of December, directing the removal of the intruders located in the Indian country between the western boundary of the State of Missouri and the Missouri river. I have delayed answering until I could inform you of the removal of the intruders. The severity of the weather in the month of January and the difficulties of travelling through the country induced me to remain until a change of weather. I travelled in person accompanied by a few officers and the sub-Indian agent through the different settlements of the intruders, and ordered them to leave the Indian country in ten days, or I would return with the dragoons and burn their houses and fences and remove them within the limits of the State. On the 11th inst. I received a copy of the enclosed document from the sub-agent. On the 12th I ordered a small detachment of dragoons under the orders of Lieut. Thompson to remove the two families still remaining in the Indian country.

Meanwhile, great changes were in progress upon the north-western frontier. There was an increasing tide of emigration in that direction to the lands which the treaties with the Sacs and Foxes and Winnebagoes at the close of the Black Hawk War had thrown open to settlement. During the summer in which Col. Dodge was marching to the Rocky mountains, a Convention of the people of Michigan Territory, as it was originally organized in 1805, were framing a State constitution which the people ratified the subsequent fall. The demand was imperative for a new territorial government to embrace both the country west of Lake Michigan and north of the

state of Illinois, and also the Black Hawk Purchase and the country north of the state of Missouri. Accordingly, the territory of Wisconsin was established, covering all those broad regions, by act of Congress, approved April 20, 1836, and President Andrew Jackson met the wishes and expectations of the people most deeply interested by taking Henry Dodge from the dragoon service and making him Governor of the Territory. The circumstances in which he received notice of his appointment are reported in *THE RECORD* of July, 1886, pp. 312-315.

His life as a soldier was now closed. He had established a reputation as a brave and energetic commander, and had won the respect and confidence of the highest military and civil authorities. His appointment brought him back to his old home among the pioneers of the Northwest, who gave him a hearty welcome to his new duties.

WILLIAM SALTER.

Burlington.

SOME EARLY JUDICIAL OFFICERS AND DISTRICTS.



THE First General Assembly of the State of Iowa, under the constitution adopted by a vote of the people, on the first Monday in August, 1846, created four judicial districts. James P. Carleton, of Iowa City, was elected Judge of the Fourth Judicial District over William McKay, of Fort Des Moines. The district was a large one, including Linn and other counties on the east, and Poweshiek, Jasper, Marshall, Polk, Story, Boone and Dallas on the west. From Linn county to Penoach, the then county seat of Dallas, was about 170 miles. Judge Carleton's residence in Iowa City was 150 miles east of Penoach. The name of Penoach was changed to Adel some years after. It is said that "Penoach" means in the Indian

language, "far away." Judge Carleton must have concluded that the town was properly named.

In the fall of 1847, Judge Carleton made the trip to Dallas county for the purpose of holding court. Whether there was any business to attend to, I cannot say. There were but few people in the county at that time, all living near the streams close to the timber; Des Moines and Raccoon rivers being the principal watercourses in the county. The judge after his trip to Dallas, came to Fort Des Moines to hold the first court under the State organization. On the morning of the day the court was to convene, the sheriff of Polk county called at the "Hotel Tucker," where the judge was stopping, and said at the proper time that he would come to the hotel and escort him to the court room. The sheriff was elated to think he was the high sheriff of Polk county. The sheriffs in a new country are thought to be men of great importance by the people. I presume the sheriff had read how important the office was regarded in the old countries, and as a title to the descendants of Mohammed; that the chief magistrate of Mecca has the title of "Sherif;" and also how important the office was in England, being a judicial office as well as ministerial.

At the time for opening court, the sheriff came to the hotel for the judge. The judge was ready. They marched to the court room, a large number of the citizens from the country following. It seemed that the people from the country were all in the village to witness the proceedings of the first court. The judge and sheriff entered the court room, a small frame building erected for a store room. At one end of the room was a high carpenter's bench with a chair on the top of the bench for the seat of the judge. Steps were made at the east end of the bench in order for the judge to easily ascend to the seat. As he stepped upon the upper step his head touched the ceiling, and he bowed himself and stepped to the chair. As soon as seated, the sheriff opened the court in due form. The grand jury was called, sworn and charged. The judge delivered a lengthy charge to the jury, stating to them it was

important that they should do their duty; that the court could not do anything in the way of punishing violators of the law unless properly presented by the grand jury. During the time the judge was delivering the charge to the grand jury every inch of the room was filled by the people.

The principal attorneys attending the court were Col. Thomas Baker and Major William McKay. Both had been in the territorial militia and were proud of the military titles they had received from the people.

As soon as the judge ordered the sheriff to adjourn court until two o'clock, he walked to the steps in a stooping position. When on the floor from his perch, he said, "Mr. Sheriff, have that carpenter's bench removed, and put in its place a platform about one foot in height, and then place the chair upon it," which order was complied with. The sheriff then escorted the judge to his room at the hotel. He continued to pay particular attention to the judge, anticipating his every wish, during the few days of the term of court.

THE PASSAGE OF THE ACT CREATING THE FIFTH JUDICIAL DISTRICT BY THE SECOND GENERAL ASSEMBLY.

The Second General Assembly met at Iowa City on the first Monday in December, 1848. On the second or third day of the session, the first time I addressed the President of the Senate, I asked leave to introduce a bill creating the Fifth Judicial District, which was granted. The bill was read the first time for information, the second time by its title, and before I could get on my feet to move its reference to the Judiciary Committee, a motion was made and carried to lay the bill on the table. The bill seemed to meet with considerable opposition, but finally its friends had it referred to a select committee consisting of one from each Judicial District, to wit: Espy, Bradley, Wright, Cook and Casady, all being members of the Judiciary Committee except Senator Cook, I being the only Senator from the contemplated district. The Committee reported recommending the passage of the bill, but after var-

ious motions the bill was indefinitely postponed. The opposition to the bill did not want it to include Pottawattamie county on account of the Mormons who lived there. Soon after the defeat of the bill, Judge Olney and I asked to have an interview with the Senators from Dubuque and Jackson counties, which was granted, the interview to take place at the "Crummey House" at nine o'clock that night. In the meantime Judge Olney prepared another bill, omitting Pottawattamie county and also made a few plats showing the counties to be taken from the Third and Fourth Judicial Districts. We saw Dr. Flint, the member of the House from Wapello county, who agreed to introduce the bill in the House the next morning, said it was important that the bill become a law. At the interview with the Senators at the Crummey House, they agreed to vote for the bill as it passed the House. The bill was presented in the House by Dr. Flint and referred to the Judiciary Committee, which reported in favor of its passage. When it was before the House for discussion there seemed to be a good deal of prejudice and opposition to it. One man in his place said, among other things, "that it was a bill to give some poor lawyer one thousand dollars a year and that he could hold under his arm all the law books in the contemplated district." But finally the bill passed the House notwithstanding the opposition. After the usual course the bill passed the Senate leaving the Mormons out in the cold. Judge Springer made a speech in the Senate in opposition to the bill, making the principal objection that Pottawattamie county should be included in the act.

Judge James P. Carleton was a man well versed in the law, and was particular not to do anything that would lower him in the estimation of the people of the State. He had been nominated by the Democratic members of the First General Assembly for one of the Judges of the Supreme Court, but on account of the members not agreeing as to the proper persons to be elected United States Senators from the state, the General Assembly adjourned without electing Senators and

Supreme Judges. At the time the bill creating the Fifth Judicial District was pending before the Senate, Judge Cyrus Olney of the Third Judicial District requested Judge Carleton to use his influence with the members residing in the Fourth District urging them to vote for the bill. He refused, saying he was elected in his district and would hold court in said district until the legislature would see proper to create another district; that if any of the members wanted to be informed as to his opinion on the subject he would cheerfully state his views, but that he would not lobby with them, etc.

Judge Olney, an able Judge, believed it was not beneath the dignity of a judge to inform the members of the necessity for the creation of another district, taking a number of the counties from the Third and Fourth Districts and making a new district. I have frequently said, and still believe, that if it had not been for the active work of Judge Olney and his good management, the bill would have failed to become a law at that session.

Col. Thomas Baker, a Democrat, and Major William McKay, a whig of the Henry Clay school, were the candidates for judge for the new district. The election took place on the first Monday in April, 1849. The Major was elected over the Colonel and by that act lost his title of Major and became the Judge of the Fifth Judicial District. Judge William McKay was a Kentuckian by birth, a man of good habits and ordinary ability as a lawyer, possessed of a good deal of common sense, and strictly honest and upright, always deciding the questions presented to him without fear or favor. He had an experience as a lawyer and politician in southwestern Indiana, having been a candidate for the legislature, and also in Iowa at Fairfield, Jefferson county. He served the full term of five years as judge, with satisfaction to the people and credit to himself. He was afterwards elected commissioner of the Des Moines river improvement. After the expiration of his term as Commissioner, he removed to Kansas, making an investment in the town of Wyandot,

thinking that would become the city of Kansas. In this he was disappointed. It was too soon. Kansas City, Missouri, overshadowed it. He then went to Denver, and there a few years since passed away.

Col. Thomas Baker was a man of rather slender build, about five feet ten inches in height, light complexion, fair scholar. He first settled in the vicinity where Washington stands, in the fall of 1836. In May, 1838, he received the appointment of Clerk of the District Court for Slaughter county, now Washington county, from David Irvin, Judge of the Second District of Wisconsin Territory, and was afterwards re-appointed by Judge Joseph Williams, Judge of the Second Judicial District of Iowa Territory. Baker was a member of the Fourth and Sixth Territorial Legislative Assemblies, and the first senator under the state organization from the counties of Marion, Polk, Jasper and Dallas. He was elected President of the Senate in 1846, being the first one to preside over the Iowa Senate. Soon after his defeat for judge, he removed to California and there entered into politics, was elected to the legislature and afterwards Receiver of Public Moneys. The duties of these offices he discharged faithfully.

THE FIRST COURT HELD IN WINTERSSET, MADISON COUNTY.

Judge William McKay, after his election as Judge, held the first court, May 31, 1849, at Winterset, the new county seat. The county had been attached to Marion for elective and judicial purposes. The entire county had been one precinct and had two justices of the peace, the same as one township of Marion county. After the location of the county seat, Enos Berger built a small log cabin for a dwelling and a log house for a grocery store. When the time arrived for the convening of the District Court, Berger vacated his place behind the counter and said the Judge would have to take his place behind the counter. The judge took his seat and ordered the sheriff to open court. The sheriff then in a loud voice said

that the District Court of Madison was now ready for business. He was a tall, lean man, with a voice that could be easily heard for miles away. The licensed lawyers present were Alfred D. Jones, living at a place called the "Narrows" in the county, and Robert L. Tidrick and P. M. Casady from Fort Des Moines. After the grand jury was empanelled, the sheriff took the jury out on the prairie, in full view of the people, and appointed some four bailiffs to guard them. There, in the open prairie, with the bailiffs appointed to guard them standing about, sometimes with their backs to the jury, at other times looking at them and in full hearing of all that was said by this prairie jury, they soon disposed of all matters presented for their consideration and reported to the court no further business.

No indictments were found at this term of court. The business consisted of two or three appeal cases which were disposed of on motion. The attorneys from Fort Des Moines had to borrow money from Jones, the resident attorney, to pay their bills, not having received a single cent from clients.

P. M. CASADY.

DES MOINES, IOWA, February 17th, 1892.

GOVERNOR KIRKWOOD AS A POET.



IN THE excavations Mr. H. W. Lathrop is making in the long buried manuscripts of the War Governor for material for his forthcoming book, "The Life and Times of Governor Kirkwood," some poetical effusions, written by the Governor in his youthful days, have been unearthed. Here is one of them, which the Governor, at our earnest request, permits us to publish.

WRITTEN BY REQUEST FOR THE ALBUM OF A FRIEND.

Lines for an Album? let me see,
What the deuce shall the subject be?
Love? 'tis hackneyed; Friendship too;

Moonlight, any thing but new;
 Pangs that despairing lovers feel,
 Though they would rend a heart of steel,
 Are common; common as the darts
 With which sly Cupid strikes the hearts
 Of blushing maidens; as the strain
 In which fond lovers still complain
 When they by fate or rival art
 From those they love are forced to part.
 Now, I hate all things common: so
 I'll choose a subject bran, span new.
 But what shall it be? What will suit?
 I'll tell you what: my own old boot.

And lest you here exception take
 And say that I a "bull" do make
 In calling an *old* boot a subject *new*,
 I say "at least in poetry 'tis so."

I like an old boot; so does every one
 Who has upon his toe a tender corn.
 It sits so easy, like a good old friend,
 Knows all the tender points, and still will bend
 With every motion of the foot, so that
 It never presses on, or hurts the toe that
 Occasions all your trouble; now a new one
 Is harsh, unfeeling, cruel, nay inhuman;
 It cramps and pinches you at every turn,
 Makes corns to ache and tender joints to burn,
 Cripples your steps, confines your gait, and so it
 Makes you sincerely wish them all in Tophet.
 So with some friends; Oh Lord, how I do hate them,
 Sans salt and pepper, almost could I eat them.
 With lengthened phiz and brow severe they meet
 Their hapless *friend*, and thus they do him greet,
 (That is when he, by strong temptation led,
 Has swerved from the straight path of rectitude):
 "I'm sorry you've not ceased full sway to give
 "Unto your passions; you can never thrive
 "In the opinion of good men (*like me*)
 "Unless you shun these courses. I must say
 "Your conduct is unworthy of your name,
 "Covers yourself, your kin, your friends, with shame;
 "At least for them consideration have,
 "And all the vices and these follies leave."
 And after having thus your feelings wrought
 Into a state of frenzy, having brought
 The healing wounds of conscience to their first
 Fresh thrilling soreness, lest your heart should burst

With rage at outraged feeling, they apply
 The ever ready, smiling, treacherous lie:
 "Oh I'm your friend, I hope I'm understood;
 "All I have said is only for your good;
 "I meant not to upbraid; forgive, I pray,
 "My bluntness; 'tis with friends my only way."
 Such friends, as these If I my mind may tell—
 I wish were with new boots all safe in ———.

WASHINGTON CITY, D. C., December 29th, 1834.

GLIMPSES OF EARLY IOWA.



PROF. T. S. PARVIN delivered the principal address before the Pioneer Law-makers' Association at their third biennial meeting in Des Moines, February 10th, 1892. In furnishing a copy of it for THE RECORD, at our request, he adopts for it the title at the head of this page—Glimpses of Early Iowa. The address is a valuable contribution to the early history of Iowa. Its length being too great for our limited space, we reproduce only the last topic:

WHO MADE IOWA?

Two or more important papers have been issued within the past two years by distinguished citizens of Iowa enumerating and descriptive of "The Men who made Iowa." The writers of these papers were distinguished in their profession but missed their vocation when they attempted to write upon this theme. Those papers are noted more for the omissions than the sins of commission they contain, the principal one of which is, the *exclusion* of the men who in our early history had much, very much, to do not only in laying the foundations but erecting thereon the fair fabric of our State Government, while they include the names of men who had little or nothing to do with "The making of Iowa," but found it already made and well made to order when they became citizens of the State.

Of all parasites the mistletoe is one of the most beautiful and renowned. It attaches itself to the highest branches of the live oak of the south, and when the leaves of Autumn have fallen by its conspicuous greenness attracts the attention of the passer by. It however draws all of its vitality from the giant oak upon which it lives, while it is useless in the construction of the navies of the world or even for the woodman's ax. So some men instead of helping to make the State and give to it the character it has, derive all or much at least of their notoriety from their connection with it in the later periods of its history. I would not under any circumstances detract one iota from the merits of such men, but I propose to vindicate the majesty of the truth and speak a word in behalf of some few at least of those who, in my humble judgment, lent not only a helping hand but contributed most largely in their several spheres to the making of Iowa what it is to-day, one of the greatest States of the Union.

The first in point of time is *Robert Lucas*, first Governor of the Territory, a native of Virginia, advanced in years and ripe with experience. For two decades President of the Ohio State Senate, twice Governor of the Buckeye State, he came to Iowa its chief Magistrate, not only clothed with authority but with the gathered wisdom of experience and of age. Few no doubt even of the professed historians of to-day ever saw, much less read, his first message in which the keynote to the advancing progress of the Territory and State is foreshadowed. With prophetic vision he declared that "The eyes of the people of the United States were upon the pioneers engaged in its first Legislation." They had an interest in the new Territory and felt anxious solicitude for its prosperity and hence they regarded as of immense importance the laying of good foundations of the Government of the Territory soon in his view "to become one of the States of the Union."

Prominent among his recommendations, most or all of which became then or later incorporated into law, in accord-

ance with his views, and which have been the rule of action ever since, I may mention that of "Township Organization," the corner stone of the people's Government both in the administration of its civil and criminal affairs, and especially in regard to "The System of Public Education," upon which he urged the Legislature to enter.

"Religion, morality and knowledge being necessary to good government, and the happiness of mankind, schools and the means of education, he said should be encouraged and provided for, as Congress in the ordinance of 1787, had wisely directed."

He also urged the compilation of "a Code of Laws," especially a Criminal Code, and so declaimed in severe terms against the practices of the early period, and not by any means gone into disuse in later years, of "gambling and intemperance," which he considered the fountains from which almost every other crime proceeded. He suggested and urged that a committee of three, learned in the law and of experience and weight of character, be appointed to prepare a complete Code during the recess of the Legislature. He also suggested that provision be made for "the location of the Territorial Capital" and that Commissioners to that end be selected by the Legislature, and last but not least he became the founder of our growing "State Library," and I recall with pleasure that I was by him appointed the first Librarian, and made the purchase with the \$5,000 appropriated by Congress for the purpose, of the books constituting the Library.

Few Executives live to see so many of their recommendations, all wise and good in themselves, carried into execution by the legislative authorities of the State. More than this he became one of "the makers of Iowa," in that through his efforts more than any other did Iowa secure the confirmation of her title to the strip bordering upon her southern boundary to which claim had been set up by the great State of Missouri. Iowa a weak and humble Territory, the ward of Congress, would have lost that most valuable strip of land but for the timely and efficient efforts of her first Territorial Executive.

Next to Governor Lucas we would present the name of the *Hon. Charles Mason*, who became the first and continued Chief Justice of the Territorial Courts from the organization of the Territory in 1838 to its admission into the Union in the winter of 1846. He was a native of New York, had graduated at the head of his class from the Military Academy at West Point, having as fellow members the no less distinguished persons of the late General Lee, Joe Johnston and President Davis, of the Confederate States. He was learned in the law, a model Jurist and rendered most essential and efficient service not only to the Territory but the State in that he in 1851 became one and the chief of the three of the Codifying Commissioners who reported the famous Code of 1851, which continued until 1860, when it was somewhat revised, the Code of Laws, under and by which the State was governed. His master mind is written upon every page of the early laws and reports of Iowa.

In connection with the Legislative and Judicial department of the Territorial Government an actor and a very prominent one in its legislative history should not be overlooked or omitted.

Prominent if not the most prominent of all the "Law Makers" of those Territorial days was *Stephen Hempstead*, who later, (1850), became the second Governor of Iowa. He was a native of Connecticut, a resident of Galena, at the breaking out of the Black-Hawk war in which he served as an officer of an Artillery Company. After the defeat of that chieftain which resulted in the cession of a part of the Indian lands in Iowa, he removed to and located in Dubuque, and like Judge Mason was a citizen and practicing attorney in the "Iowa District" when the Territory was organized.

He was elected to the first and the succeeding Territorial Councils and presided over one of them. He with Judge Woodward later of the State Supreme Court was associated with Judge Mason in the preparation of the Code of 1851 and in that capacity rendered efficient service. The Code then

enacted became and has since continued the *basis* of the subsequent Codes of Iowa. He was largely influential in much of the most important legislation of the Territorial period and has left the impress of his genius and superior knowledge upon the statute book through many years.

As all good government is based upon the education and morality of its citizens we are pleased to refer to two gentlemen most prominent then and through all the period of their lives.

The man who of all others has had the most to do in the founding and building up of the educational system of our free schools in Iowa was *Thomas H. Benton, Jr.*, one of the earliest settlers and for many years Superintendent of Public Schools in the State. He was an early educator himself, taught a Classical Academy in the later thirties in the city of Dubuque, where we first met him. Later he became conspicuous as a legislator, devoting his attention more particularly to the subject of public schools, and no man deserves that his name should be held in more grateful memory by children and parents than does Thomas H. Benton, Jr.

Another is "*Father*" *Turner* as he later became known and whose history has been presented to the public in a most valuable and readable form entitled "*Asa Turner and his Times*" by President Magoun of Iowa College.

No minister of his day in Iowa exerted so wide an influence in behalf of Churches, Sabbath Schools, public and higher schools of education than he, and his influence was felt for good by Legislators, Judges, and the chief Magistrates as well as in the more familiar walks of home life, and in all these departments he well fulfilled the highest and noblest mission of man on earth which is to promote the moral and social well being of all the people, and no more fitting example than "*Father Turner*" could be selected to illustrate the influence, wide spread then and now, of the *Pulpit*, the Churches and Christian teachers, of the land.

While Commerce, Manufactures and Mechanical Arts, con-

stitute an essential portion of every State life, "Iowa is" and must remain preeminently "an Agricultural State," and as a practical farmer and an Agriculturist in its highest sense no one of the many thousands whose names have been before the public stands forth so prominently as that of the late Hon. C. F., familiarly known as "Father" Clarkson. He proclaimed the right and dignity of labor and the working man, in his teachings and by his example ennobling labor, for by his labors in the field and at the desk as a worker in behalf of his fellow men he made his mark and left the impress of his mind and his hand more deeply than any other in the Agricultural districts of the State.

The *Press* has always been an influential agent in every community and in selecting a member as a representative man of the early Press of Iowa, I at once turn to *James G. Edwards*, the founder and for many years the editor of the "Burlington Hawkeye," in its earlier days, the leading paper of the Whig party, of the Territory and State, and since one of the recognized leaders not only in the Republican party but among the chief papers of the State. He was both a practical and theoretical printer, a Christian gentleman, whose influence was ever exerted in the cause of morality and good order, and he was as conspicuous in the affairs of his church (Congregational) as in politics.

Of all of these builders of Iowa, with possibly a single exception, it may be said, they were God-fearing men, Christian gentlemen. They not only believed, but in their lives, exemplified their faith in the doctrine, that "righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach to any people," and so sought in their public services to impress this truth upon the people.

We have spoken of two of the chief factors of that early period, neither of which however was so prominent then as they became in later periods, yet were both powers for good in promoting the general welfare of the people. They were the Press and the Pulpit, which leads me briefly to mention

the remaining one of the illustrious trio of P's, the *Petticoat*, an unknown factor then in the solution of the great problems of the State and of Society but destined in later years to predominate if possible, in that the Petticoat has not only entered into the Pulpit and Press but our schools of Medicine and of Law as well as the halls of learning, and while excluded from the halls of legislation its influence in this and in all other walks of life is seen and felt throughout the land.

A good woman of early days once said to me when I had congratulated her upon coming, (as she did in advance of myself), to the beautiful land of Iowa that "Iowa was indeed a beautiful land, beautiful for men and horses, but not by any means so beautiful and goodly a land for women and oxen." The good woman did not live to see the ushering in of the time when the oxen should vacate the land and traverse the unknown regions to the west, bearing thither to distant Washington, Oregon and California, many of the pioneer settlers of Iowa, and to see her own sex elevated to positions of honor and influence in the land.

I would do injustice to my theme did I not lend a willing and loving testimony to the worth of the women in those early days. Many a time have I shared their hospitality in their humble cabins throughout the Territory, always met with a hearty welcome, where the latch string was ever out to the stranger traveling that way. Often have I seen the mother and the motherless woman watching at the bedside of the lonely stranger and new comer, when stricken with the fever so prevalent in those early days and ministering to his comfort as only ministering "angels, with their wings cut away," could lend relief when most needed.

Often too have I heard their voices raised in "songs of praise" in the improvised places of worship when there were no "Meeting Houses" in the District or even throughout the County. Mid the toils and trials and discomforts of frontier life they were ever ready to share with their husbands, fathers and brothers in their labors to make for them homes upon

our prairies and along the streams where clustered the narrow strips of woodland which rendered our State a land of beauty and to become in future years a joy forever to those who had made their homes upon its soil.

From among the many pioneer women whom I knew in those early days I may mention in addition to the one already named,¹ the daughters of our first Governor and the wife of the first Chief Justice of our State and who through all the Territorial period was an associate Justice of the highest Court, the Misses Lucas and Mrs. Williams, christian women noble representatives of their sex, whose lives of self-sacrifice and loving labors lent encouragement and aid to the sterner sex in the work to which they had devoted their lives.

Why then in the name of truth should the names we have named and others be omitted and much more why some others less deserving be substituted by those pretending to write of the men most prominent in "the making of Iowa."

We are not yet done. One other name, not known to public fame in the field of his greatest usefulness, is deserving of the highest honors and no man more than he deserves to be commemorated in our history or have a public monument erected to his memory.

I refer to the late Lieut. Governor of Iowa, *Enoch W. Eastman*, the author of Iowa's famous motto, "Iowa, the affections of her people like the rivers of her borders flow to an inseparable union," and so great was his love for Iowa that he would not see her dismembered and shorn of her chief beauty.

It may not be, and doubtless is not, known to a majority even of the pioneers of this Law Makers Association that the people of the State of Iowa are indebted more to Enoch W. Eastman for her *present boundaries* than to any other man living or dead. When the Constitution of 1844, prescribing substantially the same boundaries as now, was adopted by the

¹ Mrs. Lockwood, later the wife of our first State Auditor, Jos. T. Fales, referred to in a previous portion of this address.

Convention and sent to Congress for ratification before being submitted to the people for their approval, Congress struck out the boundary and in lieu of that adopted by the Convention, and since, provided that the western boundary should be a line drawn from the intersection of the Little White Earth river with the Minnesota river south, passing about thirty miles west of the Racoon Forks or the present city of Des Moines to the Missouri line, thus cutting us off from the western half of the State, known in later years as the "Missouri slope," and directed that the boundaries as prescribed by it be submitted to the people.

All the office holders and office seekers were anxious for the adoption of the Constitution to the end that they might secure the preferment they desired. Mr. Eastman, then a young lawyer recently arrived in Burlington, from New Hampshire, where he was born in 1810, united with the late Capt. Mills, who lost his life during the Mexican War and also a prominent attorney of the same place, to defeat the measure before the people. They undertook to stump the Territory but finding the job too large a one they invited myself to relieve them in the second Judicial District of the Territory, which I did, taking as the text of my discourses before the people the famous distich of Bishop Berkeley, "Westward the star of Empire takes its way" and from that I proceeded to urge the people that inasmuch as emigration followed the parallel lines of latitude we should insist upon our State extending to the Missouri river and that the only way to accomplish this would be the rejection of the boundaries prescribed by Congress.

Our efforts in the first and second Districts were successful and the Constitution was defeated by some four hundred votes, and but for the efforts of Mr. Eastman in organizing that effort and combination against its adoption the Congressional boundaries would have been imposed upon our people and there would now be two States where there is but one, Iowa.

I am compelled in the presentation of this historical fact to allude to my own efforts because being the only survivor of the three and there being none left of the early pioneers who were conspicuously witnesses to those efforts, without which I could not do justice to the memory of one to whom the people are so greatly indebted.

And yet not one of all these names has received the credit or any portion thereof their due from the historians of to-day, whose laudation has been so liberally expended in the presentation of other names, some of whom well merited all the praise bestowed upon them and others while deserving men have *no place* among the pioneers who contributed so largely to "the making of Iowa" as it is to-day and as it will remain when we shall cease to be actors upon the stage and when our memories too shall have faded from the public eye.

Iowa was not made in a day. It did not spring into being full fledged for life's destiny like Minerva from the brain of Jupiter. Her wisdom was the growth of years and the fruits of the labors of many who toiled in her harvest fields of intellectual labor. Much less was it made in Congress, nor yet upon the battle field. Iowa was made upon its home soil and by home spun men. Still her citizens have won honorable mention and deserved fame in the noble deeds done and valiant record made in the National Halls and upon many a bloody field where victory was won in the sacrifice of noble lives, offerings upon their country's altar. Their services we recognize and their memories we revere.

These men, who builded wiser than they knew, are all dead and but few of their co-laborers left to tell the tale of their deeds, some earlier and some later have crossed the dark river to the unseen shore. The builder dies but the temple of our grand State, which they builded upon the virgin soil of fair and "beautiful Iowa," once the hunting ground of Black Hawk, Keokuk, and Appanoose, Poweshiek, Wapello and their brave warriors, still goes up, and generations in the future will come to succeed us, rise up and call them blessed,

and share in the rich inheritance of the fathers who labored not in vain nor spent their strength for naught, but to prepare the way for earth's teeming riches to go to far off lands, to feed the hungry, and the richer and more beautiful harvest at home of virtue, of educated manhood, to bless the State and the Nation.

While we contemplate these things we are reminded that there yet remains a connecting link between the past and the present, one above all others well deserves the name of soldier's friend, one whose victories of peace made those of war a noble record, one whose praise is upon every tongue, as he who so nobly helped to turn aside the fratricidal war and save the Nation with the dome of its Capitol pointing skywards to welcome the morning sun of peace on earth, good will to men.

Need I tell this Pioneer Law Makers Association that he as one of the leaders of the seventh general assembly (1858) made the way clear for the higher honor of becoming Iowa's "War Governor," Samuel J. Kirkwood of Iowa City.

POSETOE IN ILLINOIS.

IOWA CITY, IA., March 30th, 1892.

HON. JACOB RICORD:

Dear Sir:—



ON reading in the January number of the Iowa Historical RECORD your account of "Pasetoe" or the "Old Man of the Creek," it occurred to me that I had read in the history of Fulton County, Illinois, of a singular character who was found living near Spoon river in 1821, when the first white families moved in to make a permanent settlement. He is mentioned in history as "Dr. Davidson the Hermit," (See history of Fulton County, Ills., 1879, p. 194), and on making examination of the account there given I incline to the opinion the Fulton County Hermit, and the Old

Man of the Creek of Johnson County, Iowa, were one and the same. Both were from the State of Pennsylvania, both had been in the army, both were physicians or "Medicine Men," and both had withdrawn from civilized society in consequence of some disappointment in early life.

It will be noticed also that the Fulton County Hermit left that country in 1824, about the time Pasetoe is supposed to have located on "Old Man's Creek" in Johnson County, Iowa. I send for your examination the History of Fulton County.

Whether they are one and the same person or not, it may interest you to learn something of the life of the singular "Dr. Davidson the Hermit."

Yours Respectfully,
L. F. Ross,

LINCOLN ON NEGRO SUFFRAGE.



HE appended letter has no direct reference to Iowa history, to which THE RECORD is devoted, but being authentic and, as is believed, hitherto unpublished, we unfold it to the light, at the suggestion of Mr. H. W. Lathrop, to whom we are indebted for it, as indicating the views entertained by Abraham Lincoln on the grave and perplexing subject of negro suffrage, when it first confronted the statesmen who had to do with the reorganization of the Southern States after the civil war.

EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON, March 13th, 1884.

Private.

HON. MICHAEL HAHN:

My Dear Sir:—I congratulate you on having fixed your name in history as the first free-state Governor of Louisiana. Now you are about to have a convention which, among other things, will probably define the elective franchise. I barely suggest for your private consideration, whether some of the colored people may not be let in, as, for instance, the very intelligent, and especially those who have fought gallantly in our ranks. They would probably help, in some trying time to come, to keep the jewel of liberty within the family of freedom. But this is only a suggestions, not to the public, but to you alone.

Yours truly,
A. LINCOLN.

A CORRECTION.

IN AN article from the pen of Gen. Marcus J. Wright, appearing on page 139 of the last August number of the Magazine of American History, in relation to Gov. Merriweather Lewis, the statement is made that the company composing the expedition across the continent in 1804, under Lewis and Clark, "consisted of Capt. Lewis, Capt. Clark, nine young men from Kentucky, and a negro servant of Capt. Clark."

Patrick Goss, who was a member of the company, was with it all the time, and was its journalist, states on page 12 of his published journal, that "it consisted of forty-three persons, part regular U. S. troops, and part persons engaged for this particular enterprise."

H. W. LATHROP.

DEATHS.

ERIE K. LEECH, Chief of the Order of Odd Fellows of Iowa, died at his home at Keokuk, August 29th, 1891, aged 65 years. He was born in Erie county, N. Y., removed to Ohio in 1828, and to Iowa in 1849. He held several public offices in Lee county, and also served in the 3d Iowa Cavalry.

MRS. ELIZABETH MCKAY died at Taylorsville, Kentucky, February 18th, 1892, aged 105 years and five months. She was the mother of Judge William McKay, who died at Denver, Colorado, a few years ago, and of Rev. Uriah McKay, one of the oldest settlers of Des Moines. Mrs. McKay had lived under the administrations of Washington and the twenty-two succeeding Presidents of our country. She has about one hundred and twenty descendants, all except two living in the United States and their Territories.

NOTES.

THE Legislature, at its late session, increased the appropriation for the State Historical Society by the amount of one thousand dollars for the two years from January last, to secure the continuance of THE RECORD, and to enable the Society to go on with the binding of early and current volumes of Iowa newspapers.

AN excellent portrait and biography of Rev. Oscar Clute, President of the State Agricultural College of Michigan, appeared in a recent number of The Michigan Agriculturist. Mr. Clute, until a short time before his removal to Michigan, a few years ago, was for a considerable period a resident of Iowa, and was an occasional contributor to THE RECORD. But for the present inviolable rule of the Board of Curators excluding portraits and biographies of living characters from the pages of their publication, we would be tempted to transfer the picture and sketch of Mr. Clute to THE RECORD.

AN interesting and able series of free public lectures has been given in Iowa City, during the past winter, under the direction of the State Historical Society. The initial address was delivered by Prof. Samuel Calvin, of the State University, on Prehistoric Iowa, the second by Dr. J. L. Pickard, President of the Historical Society, on the Indian Tribes of Iowa, the third by Dr. C. M. Hobby, a member of the Board of Curators of the Historical Society, on the Louisiana Purchase, and the fourth and last by Chancellor Emlin McClain, of the Law Department of the University, on the Influence of the Civil Law upon the Civilization of the Mississippi Valley. The course was received so well by the public as to encourage its continuance during the next lecture season.



Ernst Lowe

IOWA HISTORICAL RECORD

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No. 3.

DR. ENOS LOWE.

BY T. S. PARVIN.



THIS is a source of pleasure to me as to the few surviving pioneers of territorial days to speak a kind word of the early settlers of Iowa, whether living or having gone to join the greater number on the other side. In this paper we are to speak of one who, while his name may not be uttered by the newcomer, yet had much to do in the "making of Iowa" in its formative period.

The subject of this sketch in various capacities and through a long career of usefulness as a citizen in private and public life had much to do in the making of the great State of Iowa. Especially is this true in his capacity as the presiding officer of the Convention which formed the Constitution under which the Territory became the State of Iowa and was admitted into the Union, in 1846, as one of the sovereign States of this great Republic.

His influence in the enactment of the organic law under which the State has formed and has grown to such magnificent growth was fully recognized at the time and duly appreciated by all of his contemporaries.

Our acquaintance with Dr. Lowe commenced in the early summer of 1838, when Iowa had ceased to be a part of Wisconsin and was created into a Territorial Government of its own. Burlington was that year made the Capital of Iowa by proclamation of Governor Lucas. It was, though but a simple village, to remain for a time the Territorial seat of Government and to become one of the chief cities of the State. Dr. Lowe was at that early period the postmaster of the village, although it was dignified in the public prints as a town. The mails were brought from the east in a two horse hack and ferried over the Mississippi from Illinois once a week, and the postage upon all such letters was an even quarter of a dollar, paid upon delivery and not in advance as now; and hence while Dr. Lowe had no disposition to magnify his office it nevertheless was, in the estimation of us old settlers, an office of the first class in magnitude, interest and importance.

His labors, while not laborious therein, were nevertheless highly acceptable to his patrons and approved by the appointing power. Associated with the Governor and the Government of Iowa, I was at once brought into close contact with the postmaster, was often an inmate in his family, became familiarly acquainted with him and learned to esteem him as a gentleman and most useful public citizen. The early friendship then formed continued unabated to the time of his death, a period upwards of forty years. He was at that time and continued during his professional career, the leading physician of the town, and many a friend and family to whom he ministered learned in those early days to appreciate his services, rendered quite as much as a friend as a professional man.

He was some years our senior in age, having been born on the fifth day of May, 1804, in the County of Guilford, State of North Carolina, from which his parents emigrated and located in Greencastle, Indiana, in 1814. His education was such as he could acquire in the best schools, not colleges, of that period and in that locality. When he had arrived at a

suitable age he commenced the study of medicine and graduated from the Ohio Medical College at Cincinnati.

Returning to his adopted home he entered upon the practice of his chosen profession to which he devoted all the riper years of his life. While engaged in the practice of his profession he was elected a member of the Legislature of Indiana and served his constituents acceptably as such.

When about thirty-three years of age and in the year 1837, he removed to and located in the village of Burlington as stated. Here he resumed the practice of medicine and rose rapidly in success and in popularity with the people among whom he had located. In the winter of 1843-44, provision was made by the Territorial Legislature for the calling of a Convention to form a State Constitution, which met at Iowa City in May, 1844.

Of this Convention Dr. Lowe was chosen a member from Des Moines County. The Constitution, a most conservative and excellent document, adopted by that Convention, was rejected by the people because of the boundaries sought to be established by Congress in its Enabling Act.

Two years later another Convention was called and to this Dr. Lowe was not only elected but chosen to preside over it, which he did most acceptably to the members of the Convention and the public. That Constitution was adopted by the people and under it Iowa, in 1846, was admitted into the Union as a sovereign State.

A majority of the members elected to these Conventions were democrats, and they succeeded in engrafting upon the Constitutions the views most firmly held by the party at that period, prominent among which were the provisions of the Constitution against banking. The Legislature of Wisconsin Territory had created the "Miners' Bank at Dubuque," the democrats of the Legislature of Iowa Territory failing to secure the repeal of its charter, resorted to the courts in which they were successful, and to guard against the creation of another institution of like character they incorporated a

prohibitory provision in the Constitution. Another was limiting the amount of State indebtedness.

The Constitution under which Iowa became a State continued in force until 1857, when the State being strongly republican, another Convention was called primarily to get rid of these two provisions, the result of which was the enactment of a Constitution providing for and under which the "State Bank of Iowa" was soon after incorporated, and also the enlargement of the amount of indebtedness which the State might incur by way of internal improvements.

Associated with Dr. Lowe in the first Convention, as a member from Des Moines County, was the Hon. Shepherd Leffler, who was chosen president of the Convention, and the relative positions of Dr. Lowe and Mr. Leffler were changed in the second Convention. Mr. Leffler became one of the first two Congressmen elected at large from the State upon its admission into the Union. Among the delegates to this first Convention were, Robert Lucas, first, and James Clarke the last Territorial Governor; and Elisha Cutler, Jr., who became the first Secretary under the State organization. Prominent among the members also were Dr. Gideon S. Bailey, a leading Legislator of Territorial times; Jonathan C. Hall, who was really the leading spirit of the Convention and who became subsequently Justice of the Supreme Court; Ralph P. Lowe, of Muscatine, later Governor and then Chief Justice; Elijah Sells, Secretary of State under the new Constitution; Stephen Hempstead, prominent as a Legislator of Territorial times and the second Governor of the State; Wm. W. Chapman, first delegate to Congress from the Territory of Iowa.

Among these gentlemen and their associates Dr. Lowe not only sustained himself with credit but was most highly esteemed by them all. There were much fewer prominent men in the Convention of 1846 than that of the first, the leading members being Dr. Lowe, Shepherd Leffler, Alvin Saunders who afterwards became Governor then Senator from Nebraska, General Hedrick, James Grant, and a very few others.

The land office which had been opened at Burlington in 1838, and later removed to Fairfield, had now been, upon Iowa becoming a State, removed to its Capital at Iowa City, when Dr. Lowe received the appointment of Receiver of Public Monies, which necessitated his removal from Burlington to Iowa City where he resided during the four years of his official career. Before and during these years he had become extensively known among the leading politicians of the State not only as a high minded honorable man but as a leading public citizen, and among them he was always held in high repute.

Upon the organization of the Territory of Oregon he was tendered by the President the appointment of Collector of Customs at Puget Sound, which he declined. The western part of the State was about this time attracting considerable attention. The Mormons had tarried a year upon the Missouri slope, preparatory to their great migration to the Salt Lake Valley, and it had been brought further into prominence by reason of the contested Congressional election of 1849, determined by the vote of that precinct. Dr. Lowe, who had acquired a considerable amount of real estate in Burlington, which he had seen grow from a village to considerable of a city, was yet led by reason of the sentiment that "westward the star of empire takes its way" to remove to the Bluffs after the Mormons had left that region and to locate in the city of Council Bluffs in the year 1853. A land office had recently been created there to which he was appointed the Receiver of Public Monies, and in this capacity he served another four years.

He was one of the first to see the growing importance of the country beyond the Missouri, and soon after united with others in organizing a town upon the west bank and establishing a ferry, of which company he became president. Dr. Lowe may therefore with propriety be styled one if not the chief founder of the city of Omaha, where they laid out a town in the month of June, 1853. He lived to see the town

he had thus founded grow into a great and magnificent city. He was also largely instrumental in getting the Capitol building of the State erected on the hill whereon is now seen one of the most magnificent school buildings in all the west, the old Capitol building being consecrated to higher and more noble uses upon the removal of the Capital to the city of Lincoln.

We remember receiving a cordial invitation from him to attend a Fourth of July celebration which the citizens of the village of Omaha had arranged to celebrate on Capitol Hill in the year 1854. The influence of Dr. Lowe was largely felt in the plans adopted for the improvement and growth of the embryo city and later he was handsomely remunerated, by the rise of property, for the labor bestowed and capital invested in these enterprises. In 1866 the early settlers of Omaha, like those among whom many of them had associated in earlier years upon the Mississippi river, organized an "Old Settlers' Association." Of this he was chosen its first president and continued in that position until his death.

Dr. Lowe also exerted himself and successfully to secure for the city of his adoption the great and important results growing out of the location of the Union Pacific Railroad through the city and the erection of the magnificent bridge which spans the Missouri at that point.

He continued through all these years and to the end of his life a leading and unswerving democrat and was ever considered as one of the firm and intelligent counsellors of his party, retaining however to the last the cordial friendship of all those from whom he differed in matters of State and party policy.

He left an only son whom we first knew as a little boy about his father's house in Burlington, but who rose to distinction during the Civil War and is now well known as General Lowe.

In his children the father always took a very deep and affectionate interest and when last we visited the Doctor we

remember the kindly and loving terms in which he spoke of the pleasure they afforded him.

He was well and favorably known throughout Omaha and Nebraska as he had been in Burlington, Iowa City, and the Territory and State of Iowa, as a worthy and influential citizen. His honor was never questioned nor his integrity challenged. He possessed a well stored and bright intellect, a happy faculty of interesting those with whom he associated and his conversation was always instructive and entertaining. He was not only held in high esteem for his intelligence and manly bearing but for his sincere kindness and good feeling toward those with whom he mingled and associated. He was singularly gifted as a physician and possessed a deep insight into the diseases prevalent in a new country, and by his faithful practice and kindness of heart he won the veneration and remembrance of all those to whom he ministered.

The "Board of Trade of Omaha," the "Old Settlers' Association," and the "Pathological and Sanitary Societies" of the city, in all of which he had been an active member, passed not only resolutions of sympathy in the affliction his family and city had suffered by his death but also testified in suitable resolutions their high appreciation of his services and his personal worth. The District Court even, at the suggestion of its presiding Judge, passed resolutions recognizing his pre-eminent services as one of the founders of the city and greatest promoters of its welfare.

Capitol Lodge, of which he was a member and which had received its charter from the Grand Lodge of Iowa (1857), not only attended his funeral and conducted the services, but paid a suitable tribute to the memory of their distinguished brother.

He died February 13th, 1880, lacking but three months of being seventy-six years of age, living through three-fourths of the most eventful century in the world's history, all of whose progressive movements he had witnessed and in some of the most prominent taken an active part.

He not only lent his son to the service of his country in an

important military capacity but he also served her with equal fidelity as chief surgeon of the First Nebraska Regiment, in which his skill as a physician, his knowledge of men and his wise counsel proved of essential value. When one who has so long and so prominently moved among us has passed away the living feel that a vacancy has been created which may never be supplied.

One who knew him and loved him well, bore this tribute to his memory in view of the opening grave that was to receive his mortal remains:

"He moved among us in the eyes of all a great figure: his outward form proclaimed the man; his grave countenance, his noble bearing, his venerable aspect, his measured tread, his dignified modes of action and of speech, commanded the attention and compelled the respect of all. He was beautiful in old age, beautiful as the soft light of the mellow glorious autumn with the garnered fruits of a well spent life, and the children and grandchildren who bear and shall carry on to future years the name he illustrates, he awaits the end, the inevitable end that comes to all, and when it comes who shall mourn? Sorrow for him whose years are not full nor his services done, but rejoice with the man full of years, of service and of honors who has filled the measure of human life. To him shall not return,

" Day, or the sweet approach of ev'n or morn,
Or sight of vernal bloom or summer's rose,
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine,"

but upon his intellectual comprehension, upon his mind and heart, the light of Heaven shall never cease to shine."

HENRY DODGE.

V.

GOVERNOR OF THE TERRITORY OF WISCONSIN, AS ORIGINALLY CONSTITUTED, INCLUDING THE PRESENT STATES OF WISCONSIN, IOWA, MINNESOTA, SOUTH DAKOTA EAST OF THE MISSOURI RIVER, AND NORTH DAKOTA EAST OF THE MISSOURI AND WHITE EARTH RIVERS, 1836-8.

IT HAS been shown in the first chapter of this Memoir (Record, October, 1889, pp. 354-9) that Henry Dodge advocated the establishment of a new Territorial Government west of Lake Michigan, separate from Michigan Territory, in 1829, and that he continued his efforts for that object until the Black Hawk War, when he was occupied afterwards in military service for four years.

The opening of what is now a portion of southern Wisconsin and of what is now the eastern portion of Iowa to settlement on the first day of June, 1833, was consequent upon the treaties made with the Winnebagoes and with the Sacs and Foxes, September 15th and 21st, 1832. A great rush of settlers to those lands immediately followed, and the demand for a new territorial organization was intensified.

The vast country between the Mississippi and Missouri and White Earth rivers, lying between the State of Missouri and the British line, had first been part of the District of Louisiana, then of the Territory of Louisiana, and afterwards of the Territory of Missouri, as they were successively organized by Congress in 1804, 1805, and 1812, but all territorial government over that region had lapsed upon the admission of the State of Missouri into the Union in 1820, so that the pioneers of Iowa found themselves in a condition of "political orphanage." For more than a year they had no laws but what they made for themselves by virtue of "squatter sovereignty," as such authority was termed at a later day. To remedy the matter, Congress

by act of June 28th, 1834, attached the region to the Territory of Michigan "for temporary government," and extended the laws of that Territory over it. Under an act of the Sixth Legislative Council of that Territory, September 6th, 1834, the original counties of Dubuque and Des Moines were organized, the boundary between them being a line drawn due west from the foot of Rock Island; courts were established, and those counties elected each two members of the Seventh and last Legislative Council of Michigan Territory, and also participated with Brown, Milwaukee, Iowa, and Crawford counties in what is now the State of Wisconsin, in an election for delegate to Congress from that Territory. At the semi-centennial of Iowa, held at Burlington, June 1st, 1883, the Hon. George W. Jones recalled with pride the fact that he received at that election all the votes of Des Moines County for delegate save six. He had been put in nomination for the office upon motion of Augustus C. Dodge at a meeting of citizens of Iowa County, held at Mineral Point, May 23d, 1835. The other principal candidates were James D. Doty, Morgan L. Martin, and William Woodbridge. Mr. Jones was elected, and his skilful and energetic action in the Congress of 1835-6, was largely instrumental in securing the final passage of a law creating the Territory of Wisconsin. A memorial on the subject was presented to Congress on the 30th of March, 1836, from the Seventh Legislative Council of Michigan Territory, which met at Green Bay, January 1-15, 1836. It stated the necessity of the case as follows:

Thrown off by Michigan in the formation of her new State, without an acting governor to enforce the fragments of the laws under which we live, without a competent civil jurisdiction to give security to our lives and property, we ask the intervention of the national aid to give us a new and efficient political existence. It had been decided by the Federal Courts that the population west of the Mississippi are not within its jurisdiction, and, presuming such decision to be correct, the monstrous anomaly was presented that ten or twelve thousand freemen, citizens of the United States, living in its territory, should be unprotected in their lives and their property by its courts of civil and criminal jurisprudence, which was unparalleled in the annals of republican legislation.

The action of Congress was complicated and delayed by difficulties connected with the admission of Michigan as a State, there being on hand a dispute as to boundary with the State of Ohio, and by the fact that the admission of Michigan was coupled with that of Arkansas, according to the then popular fad that to preserve the balance of power a free State and a slave State must come into the Union together; now Arkansas was not only a slave State, but worse, its constitution forbade emancipation. It was hard to overcome the abhorrence which this provision excited among generous minds in the free States.

Some letters of the Hon. George W. Jones, which are preserved in the manuscript collections of the Wisconsin Historical Society, afford inside views of Congress and of President Jackson at this period.

To Thomas P. Burnett, Prairie du Chien:

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 13th, 1836.

I have still a lively hope that our Territorial Bill will pass. Horner will be nominated for Secretary of the Territory, and I have only to hope for his rejection by the Senate, for which I shall make a bold and fearless effort. The President told me the other day that there would be a thousand applicants for the offices of our Territory. There is scarcely a day that I am not asked for my feeble influence in favor of some rascally office-hunter from this District or some State. I assure you I have become so disgusted with the hungry wolves that I cannot treat them with common civility. I hate the sight of them, and look upon them as robbers of the dearest rights of my constituents. We ought to drive them from our soil if they succeed in stealing our offices. What say you? Senators Linn, Benton, Wright, Talmage, and many other members are my warm friends on this subject at least, and I may say others generally.

To T. P. Burnett, Prairie du Chien:

WASHINGTON, D. C., April 10th, 1836.

Our Territorial Bill will, I have little doubt, become a law this week, it having been returned to the Senate with amendments from the H. R. The Bill is not exactly in the shape you wished as to the election of Governor, etc., for the reason that the Memorial was received too late to effect the objects without endangering the passage of the Bill itself. It is decidedly the best law of the kind ever passed, and I am gratified at the reflection that it will be so looked upon and hailed by the people for whose benefit it was framed. Judge Clayton, of Delaware, has proven himself a most valuable friend to me, and I am happy to inform you that I have many distinguished friends here who are disposed to render service to me.

My duties here have been by far more arduous than I had any idea of, and I shall have much cause for rejoicing even if I accomplish no other act of Congress for our benefit than the Territorial Bill. This would be glory enough for one year, but I will not stop here in efforts to serve the country to which I am so warmly attached.

General Dodge, if he wishes, will be our Governor; Horner, our Secretary, unless I can procure his rejection by the Senate. It is shameful that any other than our own citizens should fill our offices. I am told Col. Daniels, Irwin, and Morell (of Michigan) are to be our Judges. I tell you as I have told them, Horner, and everybody, and in every place, I go for Wisconsin and her citizens before the world. But, sir, we have no votes to give for President, and are not worth pleasing. These office-seekers are strongly recommended, and it is a difficult matter, as the President told me, to get over the importunities of his numerous political influential friends who have their friends to please.

Mr. Bailly arrived here day before yesterday, Gen. Dodge expected daily. I will send you the "Territorial Declaration of Independence" in a day or two.

To T. P. Burnett, Prairie du Chien:

WASHINGTON, April 30th, 1836.

The Bill has become a law, and in pursuance with its provisions the President has nominated Gen. Dodge for Governor, which nomination was a few moments since unanimously consented to by the Senate [he received the highest compliments from Col. Benton and Mr. Preston]; John S. Horner, of Virginia, for Secretary, to which I of course objected, and protested against, and which I hope to see the Senate reject, although I do not expect to succeed. I will communicate to the Senate the proceedings of the Council and a statement of my own. The President told me sometime since that he would nominate him, and therefore I did not name you for that office. Col. Charles Dunn, of Illinois, who was in our Sac War, and was wounded, as our Chief Justice; Wm. C. Frazer, Esq., of Lancaster, Pa., every way qualified, with David Irwin, of Virginia, as Associate Judges; W. W. Chapman, of Burlington, Des Moines County, for Attorney, and Capt. Francis Gehon, of Pennsylvania, for Marshal.

I presented to the President in person, and in black and white, your name for an appointment of Judge with the unanimous recommendation of the Legislative Council. He was sorely beset from all quarters for all our offices, and although I protested against the appointment of any but our own citizens I was not gratified except as to but three. In making the selections from abroad, however, the President permitted me to have my preference in every case except as to Horner, who had received a promise when he went to Michigan, and Irwin's, which was made solely to gratify Messrs. Rives, senator, and Garland and Beall, representatives, from Virginia, who plead warmly for him on account of his numerous family and friends in Virginia, who had to be gratified at your and our expense, and for the sake, as they aver, of our cause in Virginia. I am mortified, I assure you, that I could not succeed for you against this man who has shown he has no good feeling for our Territory, and

been wholly neglectful of his duty to us for the last four years. He will be my enemy, as will Meeker, who is still here endeavoring to serve him and himself, but I shall do what I believe to be my duty to my constituents, regardless of such fellows as they.

I could have succeeded for you but for the interference of Irwin, who claimed to be one of our citizens, and was so considered by the President, though I denied it to the President, as does Judge Doty with me, and so I informed Irwin before he left when courting me for my influence. I have personally nothing against him or Mr. Horner, but I know they have neglected their duty to us, and therefore I opposed and will continue to oppose their appointment to our offices. I have done my duty to my country, to my friends and constituents, and my conscience whispers peace.

[After regrets as to Mr. Burnett's course against Mr. Cass, then Secretary of War.] Gov. Cass has been particularly attentive to my business since my arrival here, treats me with great kindness.

I regret that my "Territorial Bill" should not be satisfactory to you or any of my constituents or friends, and particularly am surprised at your objection to the provision as to the Assembly on account of its being composed of two bodies and your preference for one. This is the feature I most prided myself on, as it was the most democratic of all clauses in it. You certainly blame me wrongfully there and upon the whole you are mistaken as to the Bill's being a "poor one." It is admitted by all members of Congress and other persons to be decidedly the best and most liberal ever passed for any Territory by this Government. The Governor, too, under this Ordinance, is made a constituent part of the Assembly, as the Committee unanimously agreed, upon my expressing a wish to disconnect him from the Council. He will not sit in that body, but will swear in the Council, and approve or veto bills. It is understood that the Assembly and Governor by law, or if they please by Commissioners, will locate and establish the seat of Government.

Col. Johnson was anxious for your appointment, and went with me to the President on the subject.

Present my respects to Gen. Street, and say that the House has agreed to appropriate twenty thousand dollars for holding treaties, and forty thousand dollars to remove the Winnebagoes west of the Mississippi. I'll watch the Bill in the Senate.

To promote a better understanding and a better state of feeling on the part of his old friend Mr. Burnett, as to the Hon. Lewis Cass, Gov. Dodge addressed him the following letter:

WASHINGTON CITY, May 14th, 1836.

It is certainly not my wish to interfere in matters that do not immediately concern me. When, however, I think there exists a misunderstanding between gentlemen with whom I am friendly, and when harmony and good feeling can be restored between them without compromising the honor or integrity of either gentleman, I have always felt desirous to interpose my kind offices to effect that desirable object.

The Secretary of War disavows having directly or indirectly injured you in word or deed. Let me ask you, as the mutual friend of you both, to say nothing further on the subject until I see you. The Secretary has evinced the most friendly disposition in supporting the best interests of the new Territory of Wisconsin. We have much to ask from the General Government, and I think it a matter of duty as well as sound policy to observe a friendly and conciliatory course towards the constituted authorities at Washington.

I hope you will not consider for a moment that I wish to dictate to you the course you should pursue; that is not the case. I have entertained the most friendly regard for you from the commencement of our acquaintance, and it is not my wish to interfere in any way between gentlemen except to produce harmony and good feeling between them without compromising the honor of either, when in my power to do so.

I shall leave this place for Baltimore this evening, and hope to arrive in the Territory by the middle of June. I should be much pleased to see you early after my arrival and my friends in that country generally.

In addition to his executive duties, the Governor was made Superintendent of Indian affairs. His appointment was for three years, and his annual salary was two thousand five hundred dollars.

Henry Dodge took the prescribed oath of office at Mineral Point on the 4th of July, 1836. It was the sixtieth anniversary of the Nation's birthday, and the event was blended with a patriotic celebration by the people of the mining region. The Governor had been invited to a similar celebration and to a public dinner on the same day at Dubuque. His old friends at that place said: "He has been our leader through two Indian wars, and is now Governor of the Territory and Superintendent of the various Indian nations in the northwest. His great experience as a frontier-man and Indian-fighter had pointed him out for these responsible stations." (Dubuque, 1855, by L. H. Langworthy, p. 46.)

Pursuant to the fourth section of the organic law, the Governor ordered a census of the different counties to be taken by the sheriffs. The returns showed a total population of 22,218, divided as follows:

Brown County,	2,706
Crawford County,	854

Iowa County,	5,234
Milwaukee County,	2,893
	<hr/>
East of the Mississippi river, .	11,687
Des Moines County.	6,257
Dubuque County,	4,274
	<hr/>
West of the Mississippi river, . . .	10,531

On the 9th of September the Governor issued a proclamation apportioning the members of the Council and of the House of Representatives to the several counties, seven members of the Council and fourteen of the House to the counties east of the Mississippi, and six members of the Council and twelve of the House to the counties west of the Mississippi, and ordering an election to be held on the second Monday in October, and also calling the members then elected to convene at Belmont, Iowa County, on the 25th of October in a Legislative Assembly. It was also directed that a delegate to Congress should be chosen at the same time, when the Hon. George W. Jones was chosen.

As the population of the Territory had come from nearly every part of the Republic, so nearly the whole Union was represented in the Legislative Assembly. Of the thirty-nine members, twenty-five represented in the places of their nativity ten of the original States, to-wit: eight were natives of Pennsylvania, five of New York, three of Massachusetts, two of Virginia, two of South Carolina, and one each of New Hampshire, Rhode Island, North Carolina, and Georgia. Of the remainder, four were natives of Kentucky, four of Tennessee, one each of Vermont, Ohio, and Illinois, and three were natives of Ireland.

Iowa County had then the largest population of any county east of the Mississippi river, and the Assembly was convened at a new town within its limits, called Belmont, which occupied a commanding position upon the principal thoroughfare

of the region, that led from Mineral Point to Galena, Ill. A building was prepared for the accommodation of the Assembly, a picture of which is here given:



CAPITOL OF WISCONSIN TERRITORY, 1836—AT BELMONT, IOWA COUNTY.

In this primitive structure the Governor administered the oath of office to the members of the Assembly, and on the second day of the session delivered his message to the Houses jointly assembled. The views he presented upon the all-important subject of the public lands and upon the tenantry system are pertinent after the lapse of more than half a century to discussions now current. The Governor said:

The actual settlers on the public lands have brought this Territory into notice and have been the means of producing a large amount in the treasury of the United States. [The reference is to rents from mining lands.] The public lands were intended for the benefit of the actual settler who depends alone on the soil for support. The policy of the Government in granting pre-emption rights to actual settlers has grown with the growth and strengthened with the strength of the western country. It is a policy wise and just. The relation of landlord and tenant should never exist in this country; it is contrary to the spirit of our free institutions; and surely the representatives of a

great and enlightened people will shield the actual settler and his family from the avaricious grasp of the speculator. From the present state of the U. S. treasury it would seem there could be no necessity for selling the public lands to the actual settler at the high price of one dollar and a quarter an acre; in justice, the price should be reduced and graduated according to the value of the land.

The Governor also recommended memorials to Congress for appropriations to remove the obstructions to navigation at the rapids in the Mississippi river, for the improvement of the navigation of Rock river, for the survey of Fox river, for the construction of harbors and light-houses on Lake Michigan, for a donation of land to aid in the construction of a railroad from the Mississippi through the mining country to Lake Michigan, and for the donation of one township of land for the establishment of an academy for the education of youth.

The most exciting question before the Assembly was the location of the seat of government. Upon this question the Governor assured the members of the Assembly in advance that he would not interpose the power given him by the organic act to negative their action. In closing his message he said:

I deem it proper to state that my assent will be given to its location at any point where a majority of the representatives of the people agree it will best promote the public good.

In expectation that the new Territory would continue to extend over both sides of the Mississippi river for an indefinite period, some speculators had pitched upon a beautiful site on the east bank of that river, about twenty miles below the mouth of the Wisconsin river, for its capital, and named it Cassville, after the Hon. Lewis Cass. Peru, Dubuque, and Bellevue, on the west bank of the Mississippi, also had their advocates. But the surprising growth of the country west of the Mississippi had already suggested the probability of an early division of the Territory, and, as this became more obvious, a central situation between the Mississippi and Lake Michigan in the country of the Four Lakes was selected, and Madison was chosen as the capital with a proviso under

which the next session and also a special session of the First Legislative Assembly of Wisconsin Territory were held at Burlington in Des Moines County.

James D. Doty, afterwards a Governor of the Territory, and Stevens T. Mason, the first Governor of the State of Michigan, were the proprietors of the town of Madison; the former was reported as distributing lots among members of the Assembly and their friends, to influence votes. There were also bids for votes from other places.

The spirit of the occasion appears in some remarks by a member from Des Moines County, David R. Chance, upon the bill to make Madison the capital, November 26th, 1836:

Mr. Chairman:—I have waited patiently 'till the doctors and lawyers get through, to make a speech on the location of the seat of government. I was raised in the wilds of Illinois, and used to wear a leather hunting shirt and sleep under a buffalo rug. I was educated in the woods. The early part of my life was spent in tracking Indians; but it is harder tracking these gentlemen. I have been watching to get the hang of the question, and now I think I have it. It is slang and ridicule. Mr. Chairman, we are honest men from Des Moines; we are not here to be bought or sold. When I left home, my intention was to locate the seat of government in the east of the Mississippi and divide the Territory with the river. If they did not wish to divide, I meant to sustain the place selected by the executive, Belmont. We said to the delegation on the east, fix your place, and we go for it. In the meantime, behold, a beast appeared from the east, having six heads and twelve horns. [*Six voters for Fon du Lac and \$12,000*]. Then I looked to the west, and behold another beast exercising all the power of the first beast, with six heads and eight horns. [*Six voters for Dubuque¹ and \$8,000.*] Then I said to the boys, look out for snakes! The delegation from Des Moines refusing to bow down to the beast, its friends cry out, "Boons, bargaining and selling! perjury, day of judgment!"

The final vote, after a stormy debate of three days, was seven to six in the Council, fifteen to ten in the House. All the members from Des Moines County voted for the bill; all the members from Dubuque County voted against it. The course of events abundantly justified the action of the Assem-

¹ Early in the session the Governor, Secretary Horner, and a number of members of the Legislative Assembly visited Dubuque and were handsomely entertained. David R. Chance and George W. Teas, members from Des Moines County, preached in the Methodist church. "A crowded audience gave profound attention to the thrilling discourses of these worthy ministers and legislators."—*Dubuque Visitor*, Nov. 9th, 1836.

bly, and for more than half a century the people of Wisconsin within the limits given it in 1838 as a Territory, and in 1848 as a State, have had universal satisfaction with the location of their capital, which is confessedly one of the most beautiful in all the States.

There was some soreness over the result at Dubuque. Even the Governor had not escaped aspersion. Stephen Hempstead, afterwards the second Governor of the State of Iowa, charged him in the *Dubuque Visitor* with convening the Legislature at Belmont from interested motives. The imputation had no warrant whatever, and John Atchison, of Galena, the proprietor of Belmont, published a certificate that Henry Dodge had no interest in the city of Belmont at the time of its location, nor has any since, and that there was no concert or understanding between them as to the place of meeting of the General Assembly. The story was long current that after the settlement of the matter, Judge Doty called upon Governor Dodge, and said to him with bland smile, in his usual complaisant manner, that it would give him great pleasure to present him with a deed of a few lots in the new capital of Wisconsin. At once the Governor sprang to his feet, and rising to his full height, with right hand clenched and lifted up, giving emphasis to his words, he gave Judge Doty the indignant rebuff: "Judge Doty, when I want any lots in Madison, I will call on you, sir."

At this session an act was passed dividing the county of Des Moines into the counties of Lee, Van Buren, Des Moines, Henry, Louisa, Musquitine, and Cook. With the exception of the last named, these counties as thus constituted remain component parts of Iowa, with some changes of their boundaries. Cook County was attached to Musquitine for judicial purposes. It was named for Ira Cook, one of its early settlers, whose sons Ebenezer and John P. came to eminence and honor among the public men of Iowa. In 1837, at the next session of the Legislative Assembly, a portion of it with a portion of the original County of Dubuque was made a new county under the name of Scott.

As Superintendent of Indian Affairs in the Territory, Governor Dodge was charged with composing difficulties between the different tribes, keeping them both at peace with each other and with the United States, and making treaties with them for cessions of land. In this work his duties were arduous and of great responsibility and importance, and of similar service in the settlement of the northwest with those at an earlier day of William Henry Harrison, Governor of Indian Territory, Lewis Cass, Governor of Michigan Territory, and William Clark, Governor of Missouri Territory. With the exception of the twenty-two thousand white persons found to be living, by the census taken in August, 1836, in six counties, the occupants of the Territory at the the time of its organization and the masters of the soil were the redmen of the Winnebagoes, the Sacs and Foxes, the Menominees, the Chippewas, the Sioux, the Pottawattamies, the Iowas, and other tribes, who were scattered over its wide area.

On the 3d of September, 1836, Governor Dodge met the chiefs and headmen of the Menominee nation, at Cedar Point, on Fox river, near Green Bay, and concluded a treaty for the purchase of more than four million acres lying along the Wolf, the Menominee, the Fox, and the Wisconsin rivers, embracing valuable pine lands. This treaty opened those lands to lumbermen, and led to the establishment of one of the great industries of Wisconsin. A few saw mills had been erected previously under special permits from the War Department. As a result of this treaty the whole region became alive with mills, and in the course of a few years the vast prairies of Illinois, Iowa, and Missouri began to be dotted over with houses and barns built from the lumber of the Wisconsin pineries. Oshkosh was the principal of the chiefs with whom the treaty was concluded. The Governor said to him that he was glad the Indians had submitted to his wishes, and made a treaty to cede part of their lands. He assured them that their great father, the President, would always protect the Indians like his own children, and hold their hands in his.

On the 27th of September, 1836, Governor Dodge held a convention with the chiefs, braves, and principal men of the Sac and Fox tribe of Indians, at Davenport, in which they relinquished to the United States all their interest in the strip of land between that part of the original western boundary line of the State of Missouri which ran due north from the mouth of the Kansas river, and the Missouri river. He was the first to call attention to the expediency of attaching that strip to the State of Missouri.¹ He was now instrumental in forwarding his own suggestion, which had been promptly taken up by his half-brother, Senator Linn, and by Senator Benton, and had met with the sanction of Congress. The relation of the "Platte Purchase," as it was called, to the political condition of the country at that period, is the subject of an instructive chapter by Senator Benton in his "Thirty Years View," I, 626-7.

On the following day, September 28th, 1836, Governor Dodge made a treaty with the same Indians, by which they relinquished to the United States the four hundred sections of land lying along the Iowa river, which they had held under the treaty of September 21st, 1832; the Indians agreeing to remove from off said lands by November 1st, 1836. An eye witness gave the following description of the scene:

The two bands of Foxes (Wapello's and Powesheik's) were camped on the west side of the Mississippi on the slope of the bluffs opposite Rock Island. At a distance the encampment looked quite picturesque, as the Indians arrayed in their showy green or red blankets flitted about the bulrush and bark tents, their horses browsing on the bluff tops; the scene appeared like a picture of an Arab encampment. A nearer view showed the dirty paraphernalia of skinning, jerking meat, and cooking, around the tents.

About half a mile above this encampment, nearer the river bank, on a kind of promontory, were the more neatly arranged tents of the Sacs, in the form of a crescent. Above them, fronting the hollow of the crescent, was the Council Lodge. At one end was Governor Dodge, Captain Boone, Lt. Lea, General Street,² and the Indian traders; on the east side of the Council House

¹ *Record* for April, 1892, p. 253. Switzler's History of Missouri, pp. 229-231.

² General Street was now Indian Agent of the Sacs and Foxes, and was stationed at Rock Island. He entertained the Governor at his house during

were the tawny warriors decked in their finery, the mass of them standing, the chiefs and headmen sitting in front, all listening to the propositions of the Governor, and, as each sentence was interpreted to them, signifying their approbation by the exclamation, "Hugh!"

Wapello commands respect amid his apparent indifference and air of nonchalance. Appanoose is a bleary-eyed, young-looking fellow, talented but dissipated. Pashapahoo, the Stabbing Chief, with uncombed, unshorn hair, his fierce countenance is rendered hideous by smearing it fantastically with black.

Keokuk is of noble countenance, fine contour, tall and portly, yet not corpulent; his chest, shoulders, and right arm bare, save a necklace of bear's claws, and a large snake skin encircling and pendant from his right arm. His left arm passing through the folds of his blanket brought the blanket close to his form without checking the freedom of his left arm. In the left hand he sported a fine Pongee silk handkerchief. The snake skin was lined with some rich material, and had little bells attached to it, giving a tinkling sound at every gesture that added grace and impressiveness to his elocution. He advanced with stately step, the trappings of his white buckskin leggings, half-concealing, half-disclosing, set off his finely formed and comparatively small foot to advantage. He advanced to the Governor's stand and shook hands with him. Then, falling back half a dozen steps, with eyes fixed on the Governor, he began his speech. As he advanced, his broad and massive chest swelled with the force of thought and feeling, and his voice rang clear as a trumpet. Fluent in words, he was energetic and graceful in action.¹

George Catlin, the painter, who, it will be remembered, was with Governor Dodge in his Dragoon Campaign of 1834, has recorded his impressions of the scene:

We reached Rock Island (descending the Mississippi from the St. Peters) luckily in time to see the parades and forms of a savage community transferring the rights and immunities of their natural soil to the insatiable grasp of pale-faced voracity. Our neat little "dug out" by the aid of our paddles brought my travelling companion and myself in safety to this place, where we found the river, the shores, and the plains contiguous, alive and vivid with plumes, with spears, and war-clubs of the yelling redmen. We were just in time to see the conclusion of the Treaty. It was signed yesterday. This day is one of revels and amusements, war parades and dances. The whole of the

the Council. In a letter of July 24th, 1836, to T. P. Burnett, he said: "Governor Dodge has instructions about a treaty with the Sacs and Foxes. They believe he can do what he pleases with red or white men. The Indians went to the buffalo hunt about eleven days past. They came to the island and stayed one day only. All are gone that could muster a gun and a horse, or even a horse and a good bow and arrows. Some prefer the bow and arrow."

¹ Col. John H. Sullivan, Zanesville Gazette, Ohio, October, 1836. Western Star, Lebanon, Ohio, November, 1836.

Sacs and Foxes are gathered here; their appearance is thrilling and pleasing. They have sold so much land that they have the luxuries of life to a considerable degree — may be considered rich, are elated — carrying themselves much above the humbled manners of most of the semi-civilized tribes whose heads hang and droop in poverty and despair.

Keokuk was the principal speaker. Black Hawk was present. The poor dethroned monarch looked like an object of pity. With an old frock coat and brown hat on, a cane in his hand, he stood the whole time outside of the group in dismal silence, his sons by his side, also his quondam aid-de-camp, Nahpope, and the prophet (White Cloud). They were not allowed to speak, nor sign the Treaty. Nahpope, however, arose, and commenced a speech on Temperance! but Governor Dodge ordered him to sit down, as out of order.

After the Treaty was signed, Governor Dodge addressed a sensible talk to the chiefs and braves, and ended by requesting them to move their families and property from this tract within a month, to make room for the whites. This created some excitement, but the chiefs and braves soon broke into a hearty laugh, which one of them explained: "My father, we have to laugh; we require no time to move; we have left the lands already, and sold our wigwams to Chemokemons (white men), some for one hundred dollars, some for two hundred dollars. There are already four hundred Chemokemons on the land, and several hundred more are moving in; and three days before we came away one Chemokemon sold his wigwam to another for two thousand dollars to build a *great town*.¹

Governor Dodge had been brought into close relations with the Winnebagoes from his first coming to the mining region in 1827. We have seen the treacherous part that many of them assumed in the Black Hawk War, and the difficulty he experienced when Major of the U. S. Rangers in securing their observance of the treaty made at the close of that war by which they agreed to remove from the country south and east of the Wisconsin river and the Fox river of Green Bay before June 1st, 1833. Their removal from the whole country east of the Mississippi was now earnestly desired, and in hope of inducing them to sell their remaining lands north and west of the Wisconsin river, Governor Dodge summoned their chiefs and headmen to a council at Fort Winnebago at the time of their payment in October, 1836. The traders and half-breeds all the way from Green Bay to Prairie du Chien came with them. Pierre Pauquette, an accomplished half-

¹ Catlin's North American Indians, II, 207-9, 216, 217. Smithsonian Report, 1885, Part 2, pp. 525-6.

breed, a man of remarkable adroitness and skill, who had served with the Governor in the Black Hawk War, used his influence adversely, and the Winnebagoes refused to sell. In his exultation at defeating the sale he became intoxicated, and lost his life in a drunken broil at the hands of a son of Whirling Thunder. The next year Governor Dodge induced the Winnebago chiefs to visit Washington where they made a treaty of sale; but it was charged that they had been unduly influenced, and the removal of the Indians was long embarrassed and delayed. Many refused to leave, falling upon their knees, kissing the ground, moaning and crying at the graves of their fathers; and when transported by military authority west of the Mississippi, some found their way back. Yellow Thunder was of the number. He inquired at the land office at Mineral Point whether Indians could enter land, and on being told that there was no law against it, he entered forty acres, and secured a homestead, declaring that he was going to be a white man, and there he spent the rest of his days. In 1844, Dandy, another chief who refused to be removed, was brought before Governor Dodge, who expostulated with him on his making so much trouble in the matter. Whereupon Dandy took a Bible from his bosom, and asked the Governor if that was a good book. In reply the Governor wanted to know where he got that book. Dandy answered that if the Governor would answer his question, he would tell him. Then the Governor said it was a good book, that he could have no better one in his hand. "Now if a man would do all that was in that book," asked Dandy, "could any more be required of him?" The Governor answered, "No." Then Dandy said: "Now look that book all through, and if you find in it that Dandy ought to be removed by the Government to Turkey river, then I will go right off; but if you do not find it, I will never go there to stay." And Dandy kept his word. Though set on horseback, his legs fastened with ox-chains under the horse's belly, and though at another time the corporal who had him in charge was obliged to carry him on his back,

Dandy succeeded in effecting his escape, and secured a safe retreat on one of the bold bluffs on the west bank of the Wisconsin river, where he lived for nearly thirty years, until he died in June, 1870, at the age of about seventy-seven years.¹

In the summer of 1837, Governor Dodge held a council with the chiefs of the Chippewa and Sioux Indians, at Fort Snelling, to promote peace and friendship between those tribes who were in constant feuds and wars with one another and to procure from them cessions of land. The young braves of both tribes mingled in friendly sports and games with each other. A valuable cession was secured from the Chippewas, covering the great pine forests of the St. Croix valley, and a deputation of Sioux proceeded to Washington and concluded a treaty by which they ceded to the United States all their land east of the Mississippi and all their islands in that river. J. N. Nicollet, the eminent geological explorer, was present at the treaty with the Chippewas, and a witness to it. Verplanck Van Antwerp was Secretary to the Commission.

After hearing the proposals of Governor Dodge, one of the Chippewa chiefs, Aish-ke-bo-ko-ke, the Flat Mouth, said:

My father, your children are willing to let you have the lands, but wish to reserve the privilege of making sugar from the trees, and taking fish from the lakes and rivers. It is hard to give up the land. It will remain and cannot be destroyed. But you may cut the trees, and others will grow up.

My father, you know we cannot live deprived of lakes and rivers. There is some game on the land yet, and for that we wish to remain. Sometimes we scrape the trees and eat the bark. The Great Spirit above made all the earth, and causes it to produce that which enables us to live. Yes, the Great Spirit placed us on this land, and we want some benefit from the sale of it. If we can derive none, we will not sell it. What I say is the language of the chiefs.

I have heard many things said: that we were going to put out the fires of the white man, to send the white traders away. I know nothing about it; and when I speak it is not with honey in my mouth.

My father, your children are rejoiced to see the agents here to-day, one of whom is to live on Lake Superior, the other on the Mississippi, to keep peace in the country. We are pleased that our young men, women and children may go home with their hearts glad.

We will wait to hear what you offer us for our lands, and then make you our answer.

¹Wis. His. Coll., VII, 364-5, 393-4.

Ma-ghe-ga-bo, a Chippewa warrior, highly painted in red, hair hanging down his shoulders, a coronet of feathers of the bald eagle placed by the chiefs on his head, medals around his neck, advanced towards the Governor with a map before him, and, pointing with his finger, said:

My father, this is the country which is the home of your children. When we first met, we smoked, and shook hands together. Four times we have gone through the same ceremony. I stand here to represent the chiefs of the different bands of my nation, and to tell you that we agree to sell you the land you want.

My father, in all the country we sell you, we wish to hold on to that which gives us life, the streams and lakes where we fish and the tree from which we make sugar.

I have but a few words to say; but they are the words of the chiefs, and very important. The Being who created us made us naked. He gave you and your people knowledge and power to live well. Not so with us; we have to cover ourselves with moss and rotten wood, and you must show your generosity towards us.

The chiefs will now show you the tree we wish to preserve. Here is a branch of it. Every time the leaf falls from it we will count as one winter passed. If you offer us money and goods, we will take both. You see me count my fingers. Every finger counts ten. For so many years we wish you to pay us an annuity; after that our grand-children who will have grown up can speak for themselves. My father, take the lands you ask from us.

Our chiefs have good hearts. Our women have brought their half-breeds among us. They are poor, and we wish them provided for, and their children. We wish you to select a place for them on this river, where they may live and raise their children, and have the joys of life. Once more, we recommend our half-breeds to your kindness.

(Taking the Governor by the hand) I will not let go your hand until I have counted the number of our villages. The Great Spirit first made the earth thin and light; It has now become heavier. We do not wish to disappoint you and our great father beyond the mountains in the object you had in coming here. We therefore grant you the land you want from us.

While Governor Dodge was thus engaged in securing new cessions of land from the Indians, the settlement and improvement of those portions of the Territory which were open to the white people went forward with a rapidity unprecedented in western history. The rich and fertile soil, the salubrity of the climate, and the facilities for reaching the Territory by Lake Michigan on the east and by the Mississippi river which intersected it, attracted emigration from every part of the

United States and from Europe. Before township or section lines were fixed by Government surveys, the settlers held their claims under rules and regulations which themselves made, and they adjudicated disputes and contentions as to claims and boundary lines fairly and justly to the general satisfaction. The Hon. Alfred Hebard, a venerable pioneer of 1837, says, after the lapse of half a century :

We took our land by a club law of which I am proud, as I was a judge of that law myself, and the results were as good and as near justice as any that have ever been enforced in the State. We organized courts and tried cases without lawyers, and the decisions were final, fatal, and eternal. Camping in the groves that fringed the water-courses, our pioneers lived in cabins made of logs, uncleaned of their bark, with doors made of split clap-boards, and greased paper for windows. Nothing daunted they saw promise ahead, and willing hearts and working hands wasted no time. Kindred circumstances begat kindly, social relations, and no new comer, when ready to raise his rude cabin home, failed to find strong hands ready and willing to give him the needful lift. Then followed the simple spread of coffee and good cheer, more enjoyable than any royal banquet or any fashionable luncheon that modern society contrives.¹

The settlers relied upon the extension of the pre-emption laws to the public lands of the Territory, to make them secure in their claims and in their homes, and save them from the grasp of speculators. The Legislative Assembly in a petition to Congress joined with Governor Dodge in deprecating the relation of landlord and tenant, and an unlimited moneyed aristocracy, as "dangerous to civil liberty."

The second session of the Assembly convened at Burlington, November 6th, 1837, in a building that was erected for the purpose by an enterprising citizen, the Hon. Jeremiah Smith, a member from Des Moines County. He had given an assurance to the Assembly at its first session in Belmont that he would provide a suitable building for the next session. The building stood on Front street, facing the Mississippi river, and was occupied by the Assembly until destroyed by fire on a bitter cold night, December 13th, 1837. Accommodations were afterwards provided in small buildings that

¹ Pioneer Law-Makers Association Re-union, 1886, 1890; pp. 33, 59.

stood on the southeast and northwest corners of Main and Columbia streets, opposite the present court house of Des Moines County. The presiding officers of both Houses were members from Des Moines County, Arthur B. Inghram being President of the Council, and Isaac Leffler, Speaker of the House. Governor Dodge delivered his message in person to the two Houses assembled in the Representatives Hall. Recommending a memorial to Congress for a pre-emption law, he said:

Land was the immediate gift of God to man, and was designed for cultivation and improvement, and should cease to be an object of speculation. The just and proper policy of the Government would be to reduce the price of the public lands, and sell them to the actual settler alone.

At this session the original County of Dubuque was divided and the following counties, which now remain as thus constituted, were established, viz: Dubuque, Clayton, Jackson, Benton, Linn, Jones, Clinton, Johnson, Scott, Delaware, Buchanan, Cedar, Fayette, Keokuk. An act was passed incorporating a bank at Prairie du Chien, which was disapproved by Congress. Six divorces were granted. The University of the Territory of Wisconsin was established at Madison, and charters were given for six other institutions of learning in places east of the Mississippi, and for ten in places west of that river. "The Milwaukee and Rock River Canal Company" was incorporated for the construction of a canal connecting Lake Michigan with Rock river. Imprisonment for debt, which had existed under the laws of Michigan Territory, was abolished. A memorial to Congress was adopted asking for a separate territorial government west of the Mississippi river. It stated that "the Territory of Wisconsin now contains fifty thousand inhabitants, one-half of which, at least, reside on the west side of that river." An act was adopted providing for another census, which was taken in May, 1838, and showed a population of 22,859 west of the Mississippi, and 18,149 east of that river. The Assembly adjourned on the 20th of January, 1838, and convened again in Burlington,

in special session, on the 11th of June. Meanwhile an act was pending in Congress to provide a separate territorial government, on the 4th of July, 1838, by the name of Iowa, which became a law June 12th, 1838. The special session passed an act incorporating the M. E. church of Burlington, and made a new apportionment of members of the House of Representatives; twelve for the counties east, and fourteen for those west of the Mississippi, contingent however upon the division of the Territory, in which case the Governor was to make an apportionment. When the news of the division of the Territory reached Burlington, the Legislative Assembly adjourned *sine die* on the 25th of June, 1838.

The faithful and energetic administration of Governor Dodge had won universal approbation. Nowhere was he more highly esteemed than by the pioneers west of the Mississippi. James G. Edwards, the founder of the Burlington *Hawk-Eye*, voiced their sentiment: "If the division of the Territory takes place, we hope Governor Dodge will be transferred to the gubernatorial office in Iowa. It would be more agreeable to the settlers of Iowa to have him for Governor than any other man."—(Fort Madison *Patriot*, May 2d, 1838). The executive office in Burlington was in a building still standing, now known as the Harris House, No. 615 North Main street.

Burlington.

WILLIAM SALTER.

GOVERNOR KIRKWOOD AS A POET.



Our earnest request Gov. Kirkwood permits the publication in the RECORD of the verses which follow, written in the fervor of youth. As the Chartist movement, in its day as formidable and threatening to the British Monarchy as Fenianism in its time, has now been forgotten, we append a short notice of it, taken from Johnson's Encyclopedia, Volume I, page 888.

Chartism [so called from "the people's charter," noticed below], a political movement in Great Britain between 1835 and 1850, in which attempts were made to secure universal male suffrage, equal representation, the vote by ballot, annual parliaments, the abolition of property qualification for office-holders, and the payment of salaries to members of Parliament. These changes were demanded in "the people's charter" of 1838. The movement was primarily caused by the sufferings of the working-classes; and as a whole, the demands of the Chartists were reasonable, moderate, and just; but they excited the greatest alarm in England, and the movement was opposed by force, some of their meetings being fired upon by the troops, prominent Chartists being imprisoned, and Parliament refusing to entertain their petitions. But various parliamentary reforms and the repeal of the corn laws in 1846, having in a measure relieved the distress of the working-classes, Chartism gradually declined.

ON READING THE PETITION OF THE CHARTISTS OF
ENGLAND.

What sound comes over the mighty deep?
Do the fierce wild winds its bosom sweep?
Is the demon of death from his whirlwind car
Scattering woe and death afar?
Whence that deep sound? Does the earthquake's shock,
Shiver and scatter the mountain and rock,
The castle of noble and cottage of swain,
Alike undistinguished afar on the plain?

Louder and clearer it comes again.
Hark! 'tis the deep strong shout of men,
Rising and pealing and swelling around,
Like the "deep toned thunder's bellowing sound."
What can it be? Can earth's tyrants dare,
Once more with their banners taint the air?
Have the masters again led the slaves forth to die,
And is it the fearful battle cry?

Hark! Once more on the startled ear
It rises again distinct and clear;
But 'tis not the wild tumult of deadly strife,
Thrilling the hearts of maiden and wife.

What can it be? Do I hear aright—
 "The slaves have arisen in Freedom's might."
 Is it, Great God! Oh, can it be!
 Hark again to that shout, "We will be free."

It comes from the land whence sprang our sires,
 Whose hands first kindled those beacon fires
 Whose broad, bright light, by the blessing of Heaven,
 Now reaches the land from which they were driven;
 Has dispelled the deep darkness by tyranny cast
 O'er the souls of men in times long past.
 God grant that its beamings may brighten and spread.
 'Till no slave stains the earth with his desolate tread.

They will—aye, they must; for that fire from above,
 While fed with the patriot's devotion and love,
 Neither princes of earth nor the powers of Hell
 Its light or its increase can darken or quell.
 It will stream to the sky; 'twill encircle the earth,
 'Twill blaze on the altar, 'twill cheer the rude hearth,
 God's mockers, Earth's Kings, from their proud seats be hurl'd,
 And Freedom's fair sunbeam will gladden the world.

NEWVILLE, Richland County, Ohio.

Dec. 25th, 1839.

THE OLD PIONEER.



LIKE his prototype and antagonist the redman, the "Old Pioneer" is fast melting away in the sunset glow of the western mountains. There has been from time to time chronicled in these pages, the deeds of daring and devotion, the struggles and successes of those who found the path leading to this land of promise, and sent back the tales, at least, of garnered grapes and the truth of the rare fertility. As with my ancestors, the old English rebels, and the later American rebels (of '76 not '61), so my lot has been to travel in the footsteps of pioneers, and see their shadows lengthened by the setting sun.

Clear in my mind is the story of the British occupation of New York during the Revolution, told to me while nestling in the arms of one who danced with the red coat officers

while her betrothed was with Washington at Valley Forge. Into central New York my grandfather followed the retiring Iroquois; my father watered his horse in the Mississippi while Black Hawk's authority was recognized on both sides of the river.

Feeling that the glorious energy that laid the foundations of this Western Empire had vanished, never to be recalled, save by the fitful dashes of an Oklahoma land-grabber, or the persistent vigilance of a Cherokee-Strip watcher, judge of the surprise awaiting me while paying a visit of courtesy to a brother practitioner of medicine under the shadows of Longs Peak. Responding to the good doctor's request to see a patient, I met an encyclopedia of early Iowa history, in the person of Capt. Jonathan Shinn, a pioneer of pioneers, for he was an "early settler" of Illinois, Iowa, Nebraska, and Colorado; in the last three States witnessing the transition from territorial subordination to state independence. Ferry-man and stage driver, horse dealer and land viewer, a veteran of the Black Hawk War, and a participator in "border affairs" without number, the old man assures me that upon his hand rests no stain of human blood, and that amid the wild lawlessness and chaos of territory and state building, he passed unharmed and without harming.

In better language than mine he has had printed the simple chronicles of his long and eventful life, and has instructed me to donate a copy of it to the State Historical Library.

C. M. H.

His book is thus dedicated:

TO THE PIONEERS
WHO CAME INTO THE WILDERNESS
TO MAKE HOMES AND FOUND STATES
AND BY THEIR RUGGED VIRTUE AND HARDIHOOD
HAVE LEFT THEIR IMPRINT
UPON THE PEOPLE AND INSTITUTIONS
OF TO-DAY,
THIS LITTLE WORK IS AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED
BY CAPT. JONATHAN SHINN,
GREELEY, COLORADO.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE REV. JOHN JOHNS,
OF WEBSTER COUNTY.

BY CHARLES ALDRICH.

I CAME to Webster City, Hamilton county, thirty-five years ago, to start a Republican newspaper, *The Hamilton Freeman*. That was before we had any railroads west of Iowa City. Northwestern Iowa was then, in summer-time, one of the most beautiful regions that the sun ever shone upon. Belts of timber skirted the large streams, water was everywhere abundant, fish and game were plenty, and from May until October the prairies were beautiful with a profusion of flowers. Such grass as one would see in a journey across the prairies! It was splendid everywhere, but I think the finest I ever saw was on an upland near the present town of Dayton, Webster county. Covering a wide tract of land, it seemed to have a uniform height of fully four feet. In those days I used to cross the prairies quite often, and I came to know the country so well that when on horseback, I paid little attention to the roads. It used to take at least two days by stage or private carriage to come to Des Moines, a trip now made in a trifle over three hours.

But I only had it in mind just now to write my recollections of sturdy old John Johns, a pioneer Baptist clergyman, who resided south of the center of Webster county, on Skillet creek, not far from the Des Moines river. He was there when I came to Iowa and I don't know how much earlier. Politically he was a stalwart republican; what he might have been in these days when other issues divide the people, I cannot tell. But then the great issue was whether human slavery should be allowed to extend itself into all the territories, or be restricted to its then limits. And more than that, if a poor black man should come our way in making his

escape from bondage, we were liable to be called upon by the United States Marshal, to assist in his capture and return to his master. Upon all such issues the venerable Father Johns was a most pronounced anti-slavery man. He believed that all men should be equal before the law. I think he would have sooner gone to the stake than have aided and abetted in the enslavement of any man. Men who received letters from old John Brown in those days did not dare to keep them in their houses. How wonderfully things have changed!

During these times it occurred that Hon. James Harlan had some appointments in our section, to speak upon the political issues of the day. He travelled many portions of his route in stages, but more often in the newer regions was carried from one point to another by men who were enthusiastic politicians and willing to help him on his way. I forget how he reached our town, but his next appointment was at Border Plains, a little hamlet near the center of Webster county. I had a buggy and a pair of fine ponies and was very glad to help him along. The next morning after his speech at Webster City we started out for Border Plains, where he was to speak at 2 P. M. in a log school house. When we reached the place we found twenty or thirty pioneer settlers waiting for the distinguished speaker, and among them Father John Johns. Mr. Harlan was in excellent humor and made them a good speech. At the close of the remarks, Father Johns offered a series of resolutions, covering the issues of the times, and warmly endorsing the course of Mr. Harlan in Congress. It was far on the outside of our frontier settlements, in a little and most primitive log school-house, among a very poor, but hardy and industrious people, a very marked contrast to the speaker's usual surroundings when making a public address. But the resolutions were most expressive and highly appreciative of the work of our senior Senator. Mr. Harlan was visibly affected when he rose to thank his hearers and Father Johns for their words of generous confidence.

After the meeting was over, I carried Mr. Harlan to another little hamlet, Homer, which was on the stage road to Boonsboro and Des Moines. We staid that night with a most popular pioneer landlord, William Church. It was one of the cosiest and most comfortable hotels one ever found in a pioneer land, the fare much better than at hotels in many larger towns. We had an excellent supper and beds which were a simple luxury. I went home the next morning, leaving Mr. Harlan to take the stage, which went at ten o'clock. The next time I saw "Bill Church," he gave me a regular "cussing" for not telling him Mr. Harlan had been a clergyman! "Why, d—n it all," said he, "I went round swearing as hard as usual; and then, I should have invited him to ask a blessing! When you bring another preacher to my house, don't you fail to tell me all about him!" William L. Church was a soldier in the Mexican war, and in the 1857 expedition to Spirit Lake, and served also in the Second Iowa Cavalry. He died in the State of Washington in 1891. His wife killed one of the marauding Indians at Springfield, Minn., about the time of the Spirit Lake massacre. She is still living.

Probably as interesting an episode in the life of the Rev. John Johns, was his trip to the Chicago convention, which nominated Abraham Lincoln for the presidency. The old man was quite poor, and in his travels often started without "purse or scrip." He came to Des Moines to attend the Republican State convention, which had been called but a few days before the national convention at Chicago; but I do not think he was even a delegate from Webster county. The convention met in Sherman Hall. Gen. Ed Wright was the temporary chairman. The platform was a large one, some three or four feet high, and several of us sat around the edges. Father Johns appeared in blue home-made jeans, wearing a coarse blue and white woolen yarn cap with a tassel on the top, and sat on a bench to the left of the chairman. The committee on credentials was out a most unreasonable time, during which there were loud calls for speeches

from Kasson, Nourse, Grinnell and others, but no one came forward. Finally, a single voice sang out, "Johns!" Quicker than a flash, without waiting for another call, the old man sprang to the stage. He wore a long, ragged, white beard, and that excruciatingly funny cap! His appearance was much like that of old John Brown, when running a train on the "underground railroad." No such vision had ever appeared before a Republican State Convention. He was instantly greeted with the most uproarious laughter and applause, during which he stood as impassive as an iron man. During this most protracted "noise and confusion," Gen. Wright caught my eye and dodged down to where I was sitting on the edge of the platform, asking, "Who in thunder is that old chap?" "Why," said I, "that is Father John Johns of Webster County, and if you'll get this infernal mob still enough to hear him, he'll give them a good speech!" The General was quickly in his seat, and after much pounding on the desk, succeeded in securing something like order, though everybody wanted to laugh. For a wonder, the old man was not tedious in his remarks, for he could have talked all day. But he really made splendid speech to his young friends, telling them that it was no time to hang back, when one was asked "to give in his testimony." He made so good an impression that he was very promptly elected a delegate to the national convention at Chicago, though I am of the opinion that Webster county had not thought enough of him to send him to Des Moines.

The old man used to stop with the brethren of his church while going about preaching, and it is said that he billeted himself upon the Republican "brethren" of Des Moines; but I do not know how this may have been. There were rumors that he stopped one night with "Brother Kasson," and one with "Brother Nourse." Some way, he got to Chicago, where it was found that he was an uncompromising Seward man. He was opposed to Abraham Lincoln, and stood out to the very last. He was one of the "characters" in that

memorable convention. There were stories out that he had walked all the way from northwestern Iowa, from his inability to pay his fare, and the Missouri delegation started a subscription to buy him a horse to ride home. But that matter fell through, owing to the fact that the convention speedily finished its proceedings. I believe, however, that money was raised by the Iowa delegation to pay his fare home. Despite his very uncouth appearance and his rough ways, he was a good man, with a large share of natural ability. He must have been in Webster county as early as 1854. He was hospitable and kind-hearted, intelligent, for one who was so thoroughly a borderer, and for several years married all the couples and officiated at all the funerals in the southwestern part of Webster county. He was gifted with much native eloquence, and never failed to secure the close attention of his audience. It is my present impression that he lived eight or ten years after the war for the Union.

Des Moines, July 1, 1892.

MEN WHO MADE IOWA.



HAVE read in the HISTORICAL RECORD Professor Parvin's address before the early law-makers at Des Moines last winter. I have never read any paper that gave me more real satisfaction; it is timely, it is fair and true; but to some extent the Professor is liable to the same objection that he makes against the previous historians of "the men who made Iowa." Iowa was pretty well made as to character before Governor Lucas came to the Territory. The first settlements were in 1834, and with the first settlers came preachers and church members of *all denominations*; the lands were unsurveyed and not in market; the settlers were almost entirely farmers; speculations of all kinds were unknown; to make homes was the main object. The new comers were always welcomed and assisted, as Pro-

fessor Parvin says, by the earlier settlers. The latch string was always out, there were no locks to doors, and none were needed until civilization required locks and policemen for protection; the sick were cared for and the needy assisted. All the churches were represented, but the Methodists took the lead. Their itinerant system gave them great opportunities and they had most self-sacrificing, earnest circuit preachers. One in particular deserves to have his name written in gold. His name was Cartwright, he lived in Des Moines County; his circuit embraced Lee and Van Buren counties, and during the long and dreary winter of 1836-7, he preached every week at West Point, where I then lived, and the next morning went to Van Buren, about sixteen miles; and from the head of Little Sugar Creek to Baker's Point on the Des Moines timber, through the prairie, facing the northwest wind coming down the long open prairie divide was a trying ride. But Cartwright never missed a day; he went through rain, snow, sleet and ice. Other Methodist circuit riders were no doubt equally entitled to credit. The town of West Point was owned and settled by Col. Wm. Patterson, whose name is doubly entitled to be enrolled with the best who gave character to Iowa. A. H. Walker, Green Casey, the father of Judge Casey, and one of the noblest of the noble, and myself coming, the first thing we did was to build a school house of good size and free to the preachers of all creeds, and it was weekly occupied by some minister; and soon after we organized a Presbyterian church. It was the first Presbyterian church that was organized in the Territory. There were in West Point a Methodist and a Presbyterian church, a Methodist church on Little Sugar, and a Methodist church in Primrose. In Howard Settlement there was a Cumberland Presbyterian church where they yearly held camp meetings. At Franklin there were two Lutheran churches, in Fort Madison a Presbyterian, Methodist, Christian and Catholic church; in Grenbay township a large Christian church; in Denmark a large Congregational church and College, and in the Skunk River timber a Methodist church.

This was before the organization of the Territory of Iowa, before Gov. Lucas came, and up to the time Prof. Parvin commences, and all in Lee County. Des Moines county was older and more populous than Lee, and had more churches, and Henry County about as many as Lee. I am satisfied that more than one-third of all the heads of families of Lee, Des Moines and Henry Counties were members of some church at that time. Was not this a fairly good foundation for building on? Has the foundation been improved since? At that time there were the following named lawyers in Lee County: Reid & Johnstone, Daniel F. Miller, Alfred Rich, Judge Viele, Judge Eno, L. R. Reeves. In Burlington were David Rorer, Grimes & Starr, Higgins, Boone, Milt. Browning, Shepherd Leffler, Eastman, Thurston, Judge Stockton, J. C. Hall, a great lawyer; Newman, in Henry County, William Thompson, Leroy Palmer, George W. and J. B. Teas, and Marsh. These names I give from memory, there were others doubtless. What three or what six counties in the State can at this time duplicate the lawyers named? And outside of these counties were George G. Wright, Judge Baldwin, P. M. Casady, J. B. Howell, Judge Carleton, Ralph P. Lowe, the Cooks, Judge Grant, Tom McKnight, Judge Hempstead, and a host of others who had impressed their character on the young Territory. I think, and it can safely be said, that the foundation of the present great and noble State was solidly laid before the Territory of Iowa was organized. A noble set of men have settled in the Territory and State of Iowa and have made a State to be proud of. I hope that Prof. Parvin's address will inspire the writing up of the history of the different old counties up to 1838. The future historian cannot write a perfect history of the State without this data and there are few now left of us who went to the Territory between 1834-8. This was very forcibly brought to my mind a few days since. I was sheriff of Lee County in 1841, when the division of the half-breed tract of land was made by decree of the court. I was writing

an article about that decree, when I had doubt about one fact. I said to myself, I will enquire about it, but the judge was dead, so was the clerk, the three commissioners who made the partitions were dead, *every lawyer and client connected with the case on both sides was dead*, there was no one left to enquire of. There is no time left to gather up early data.

Prof. Parvin naturally commences with Governor Lucas. He was the Governor's private secretary and went to Iowa with him. I do not think an honest man ever lived than Governor Lucas, nor one more anxious to benefit his people, and but for meddlers I do not think there would have been any trouble between him and the Legislature.

The Wisconsin Legislature, the winter before at Burlington, divided the counties of Dubuque and Des Moines to make new counties. Burlington made a county to suit Burlington, crossing Skunk River and including that part of Denmark Township across the Skunk River. I, early in the session, introduced a bill making Skunk River the line between the two counties, and with some other members we went one evening to electioneer the Governor for our bills. The Governor had each bill as printed sent to him and it so happened that my bill was the last on his book. I waited for my associates to have their grist ground, when the Governor pointed to my bill saying, "if you pass that bill I will veto it, I will sign no bill that divides a township." I was the more determined to pass the bill and did get it passed with little opposition, the Burlington people relying on it being vetoed. Gen. Brown, of the Council, and I, of the House, were of the opposition, while the other three members of the House supported the Governor. Just before the close of the session, Dr. Walker, an old friend of the Governor, came to Burlington from Fort Madison and told the Governor that if he did not sign that bill he would ruin Col. Patterson, a great pet of the Governor, and give the county to Brown, and so the bill was signed and Patterson was reelected to the Legislature. The Governor did, as good politicians should do, saved his

friends when he could do so honestly. Judge Mason is entitled to all the Professor said in his favor, and I think it can be truly said that Judge Mason's speech before the Supreme Court in the boundary case between Iowa and Missouri contributed potentially to Iowa's success. Governor Hempstead was a most genial man. There were no political parties during the first Territorial Legislature and Hempstead was a great favorite. He always had a pleasant word and was full of anecdotes. Timothy Fox, Lewis Epps, and George Shed, as a committee came out from Massachusetts and located the town of Denmark; they located many claims for others. This was before the public lands were surveyed. They went back home and returned with their families and many other families, and with them came Father Turner as their minister. They brought with them more means than most settlers had done, and they at once built a church, one of the largest and best in the Territory, and from the start they acted like a well ordered family, Father Turner at the head. They met in church meetings to determine on the policy to be followed, no matter whether it was the candidate to be voted for at the election, or the charity to be given to the many applicants they had. I was closely intimate with Father Turner, and I feel that I can safely say that of all the good men I have ever known, *Father Turner was the best*. An incident will illustrate his thoughtfulness. There was a certain man, smart and tricky, who lived near Denmark, who was mad at the Denmark people because they would not support his political ambition. There was a simple-minded religious fanatic supposed to be harmless that lived or rather stayed in the Skunk timber near Denmark. One day Father Turner, who lived a little outside of the town, saw this man coming down the road walking rapidly, with a gun. Father Turner knowing that the man was not fit to have a gun, went out to the road and enquired what he was going to do with his gun. The man said he was going to town to shoot Fox, Epps and Shed, all very bad men. "Well," said Father

Turner, "are these bad men fit to die?" "Oh no," said the fanatic." "Then," said Father Turner, "would it not be better to imprison and convert them before killing them?" This proposition was at once accepted and Father Turner sent him to Fort Madison for writs for the bad men, taking from him the gun to keep until his return. No more was heard of the fanatic, and many months afterwards the tricky man claimed and got his gun. Nothing could be said that was too good of Father Turner.

James G. Edwards and his good wife have never been and never will I fear be duplicated. There was no good work that they did not lead in, and, having no children of their own, the good wife was the mother of all the children of Burlington, and was always leading in all the good works that women engage in and that make the community so much better and happier. Edwards was a great news gatherer. There was no convention of any kind that he did not attend. He was a regular attendant on the Legislature, and during their long married life this couple were never separated a single night during his life, which was a very remarkable thing.

Mrs. Lockwood, of the Lockwood House in Burlington, during the session of the first Territorial Legislature, and afterwards the wife of J. T. Fales, was a grand woman. During the rebellion she devoted her entire time to the nursing and caring for the wounded soldiers in Washington, and there was no better man than Fales. The wife, before her death, exacted a promise from her husband and sister that they would in proper time get married. The sister had lived with them for a long time. She was a good methodical home woman and is still living, I think. I wonder that so little was said of Judge Williams. Judge Wright said to me, when in Washington a few years since, that he thought Judge Williams impressed his character on the people of the Territory and State equally with any man of the early days for all that was good. He was always cheerful, always a leader in any crowd, always a leader in church and the temperance cause,

would join Jack Cook, Ed. Thomas and Richmond in a serenade, would join in innocent jokes, and play off ventriloquism as a joke. The praise of Enoch W. Eastman by the Professor was a well deserved compliment. There probably never has been a harder contest in Iowa than the one made to have that first Constitution adopted. Gen. Dodge, who by common consent was to be United States Senator, had secured, before he left Washington, letters from army officers, trappers, Indian agents and traders, certifying that the "Missouri Slope," as now called, was a barren, sandy desert that never could be settled by white men and was only fit for Indians, wolves and coyotes. These letters he incorporated in a circular in which he said that there never could be authority had from Congress to extend the State line to the Missouri River. Both parties accepted the statement of Dodge as substantially true. The fight was substantially by the Democrats to get the offices and by the Whigs to defeat them from getting the offices. Lee County, I think, gave at least half of the Democratic votes that defeated the Constitution. There were about fifteen hundred voters on the half-breed tract. Dodge had failed to get an Act of Congress in their interest passed and they were mad at him and mostly voted against the Constitution. This same influence afterwards kept Dodge two years out of the Senate. When the State was admitted, Eastman had just come to Burlington with enough good old-fashioned honest New Hampshire democracy for a whole regiment. He did not like the boundaries of the Constitution, but he liked less the taxing of a people that almost literally had no money to create a herd of offices to be paid for by the people, and he went into the fight on this line with a will. Mills joined him, and from the time that they took a stand against the adoption of the Constitution there was nothing too bad for the friends of Dodge to say of them. Eastman was very poor and had not much to do but talk politics, and the friends of the adoption of the Constitution claimed that he was a demented fanatic, and that Mills was simply trying to defeat

Dodge. These charges only maddened Eastman and Mills, and with the farmers who paid the taxes, they had the advantage. There was almost a unanimous vote of the farmer Democrats between Fort Madison and Burlington against the Constitution. Eastman was of the highest type of stubborn, honest conviction and it was only in his last years that he was estimated at his true worth.

There can no true history of Iowa be written that leaves out Gen. G. W. Jones, Dan Miller, J. C. Hall, Rev. J. B. Grinnell or George G. Wright.

HAWKINS TAYLOR.

Washington, May 2, 1892.

WAR MEMORIES.

I WELL remember the first time I ever saw Gen. Wm. T. Sherman—Tecumseh Sherman—him who afterwards marched to the sea. It was at Gen. Grant's headquarters in the rear of Vicksburg during the siege, where I had gone with some comrades on their invitation. I did not see Gen. Grant there, but there were many others, all strangers to me, one of whom particularly attracted my attention. He was a tall, straight man, wearing a dirty blue blouse, without shoulder straps, but I judged him to be an officer. His hair was light in color, and his beard, which was red, did not seem to draw the line anywhere on his face, but grew nearly as luxuriantly on the end of his sun-burned nose as on his chin, and altogether he had a weather-beaten looking countenance. But it was not his dress nor his face that was his drawing card—it was his manner. He walked about in all directions within the limits of the apartment, making all kinds of gestures and motions with his arms and legs, sometimes bending his knees as a woman does in curtsying. When we got away, I asked my companion who he was, and was amazed to learn that that was General Sherman. It was

about this time that the troops had learned his middle name and began to call him "Tecumseh."

I did not see Gen. Sherman again for nearly a year. I was at Ringgold, Georgia, in April, 1864, at the headquarters of Gen. Baird, the commander of the third division of the Fourteenth Corps. This command at that time occupied the extreme advance of Sherman's army, awaiting the time for the beginning of the Atlanta Campaign. One gloomy morning I stood on the porch of one of the three little frame buildings which formed the headquarters and faced the steep mountain from which the signal corps detachment waved or flashed their communications to Lookout Mountain, fifteen miles behind us. A tall, lithe man, whom I immediately recognized as Gen. Sherman, stepped up with almost a sweet smile and inquired for Gen. Baird. He wore a new uniform, on each shoulder of which were two stars, the insignia of a Major General. He was like, but still unlike the Sherman of Vicksburg, for his restless manner had given place to one of calmness. There was no sternness, hauteur or disdain in his air.

The next glimpse I got of him was on the following Fourth of July. The head of our division, which on that day had the advance, at noon struck the skirting timber of the Chattahoochee river and surprised the rebels there at their dinners, resulting in a brisk skirmish with the accompanying rattle of musketry, soon followed by the victorious cheers of the Union troops who drove their foes across the yellow stream at Pace's Ferry. Here Gen. Sherman came up, almost alone, to a point where the road forked, and dismounting from his horse, took from his pocket a map, which he looked at for a moment and then remounted and rode on.

My next glance at this chieftain was after the fall of Atlanta and the chase after Hood. A few days before the "March to the Sea" began, it fell to me to be lodged at Kingston in the same little frame house that sheltered Sherman, with only a narrow hall between our quarters. Although I had not a

word of communication with him there, I could not but see what manner of a man he was—a social, unassuming, and at times hilarious soldier, as his voice in merry laughter told, who, when unofficially engaged, did not stand upon the stilts of rank.

Next I met him at Savannah for a few moments after the surrender of Johnston on some business personal to myself, and my last look at him was at Louisville, Kentucky, in the following June, when in an open carriage with ex-Senator and ex-Secretary of the Treasury Guthrie, who did the honors, he had a public reception from the metropolis of Kentucky, escorted by my old comrades—Crocker's Iowa Brigade.

INDIAN NAMES.



SOON after the suppression of the Indian outbreak at Pine Ridge Agency, Nebraska, in the winter of 1890-91, as an outlet for the war spirit of the young braves, the War Department undertook the experiment, which has become so successful as to have been adopted as a policy, of enlisting whole companies of young Indians and attaching them to already organized regiments under their regular white officers. One of these companies is attached to the Tenth Infantry, and the following roster taken from a late number of the *Army and Navy Register* gives the Indian name of each soldier and its English equivalent:

Sergeant Ga-ho-chas-ey, Obed Rabbitt.

Corporal Na-paz, Thomas Friday.

In-clad-en-esh-ky, James Ames.

Klon-shi-ta, Fred Archer.

Kane-e-gam-gay, John Astor.

Zhellie, Charles Ayres.

Ka-tod-wa, George Beauty.

Chow, Big.

Es-kla-nach-to eh, John Bones.

Da-hay, Edwin Booth.

Na-tlo-da, Aaron Burr.

Chee-bas-ty, Hugh Capet.

Co-hy, Amos Kent.

Chee-nul-ti-ay, James Lane.

Chinning-gaz, Frank Loco.

Dal-so, David Morton.

Ba-the-da, Francis Murphy.

Zah-gay, Pacer.

Sub-a-see bay, William Pitt.

Na son-it-teu-ay, James Polk.

Gose-chu-zhe, Redfield Proctor.

Jo-nah, Rodney Ray.

Dos Laya, Roped.

Jack, Charles Ross.

Nos-te-say, Stephen Chinney.
 Gou-day, Peter Cooper.
 Da-le-boh-lay, Francis Drake.
 Ti-ya-tla-ga, Cyrus Field
 Ta-gou-cho-ay, Robert Good.
 Za-go-do-ale, Jay Gould.
 Es-chal-a-go, Abel Gow.
 Cheeky-Nos, Grasshopper.
 Cho-gay, Charles Henry.
 Koo-los, Peter Hermit.
 Chow een-ay, George Hicks.
 Ta-ha-cle-ay, Robin Hood.
 Es-ke-nal-za-ha, Henry Hudson.
 Ge-al-ay, Henry Irving.
 Ba-to-ay, Charles James

Sa-be-no, Juan Sabeno.
 Jo-dy, Samuel Smiles.
 Es-keu-tle-zay, Arthur Stanley.
 Nas-to-dew-ta, Luke Star.
 Ti-lay, John Tilay.
 To-nol gay, Seth Tonolgay.
 Toh-nay, Albert Tony.
 Tos-ka, Emil Tosca.
 See-lay, George Train.
 One, Mark Twain.
 Bay-nul-to-dy, Thomas Way.
 Lah-gay, Walter West.
 Es-ki-on-dy, Oscar Wilde.
 Lunnay, Wool.
 Zogay Eskel, Yellow Boy.

DEATHS.

FRANC B. WILKIE, volunteer soldier, war correspondent, journalist and author, died at his residence in Chicago, April 12th, 1892, aged sixty-two years. He was a native of the State of New York, but as a youth came to Dubuque, Iowa, where he joined Capt. Herron's company of the glorious First Iowa Infantry, in whose ranks he fought at Wilson's Creek, Missouri, August 10th, 1861. From that red field he sent to the Dubuque *Herald* a true but glowing story of the battle framed in such good form as at once to establish the fame of both his Regiment and himself—for thenceforth, during the Rebellion, his services were in quest by the northern press as a war correspondent in the field. In this capacity he joined Halleck's army in the siege of Corinth, establishing his sanctum in a tent at the headquarters of the 11th Iowa. After the war he became associated with the silent and impersonal but resistless editorial forces of the Chicago newspaper press, notably with the *Times* in its most brilliant and powerful days. While so engaged he abstracted from rest and recreation time enough to write several works which he published in book form, thus shortening his life, but lengthening his fame. About five years ago he visited Europe, where he spent some months, publishing in the Chicago *Times* the results of his observations there, and afterwards tendering

them to the public in a collected and revised form in a handsome volume. He wrote the Biographical Sketch of Gen. George W. Jones which appeared in the April number of the HISTORICAL RECORD for 1887.

COL. JAMES MONROE REID, formerly Captain in the 15th Iowa Volunteers, died at his home in Keokuk, April 22d, 1892. Capt. Reid was more than an average man in any sphere he occupied. He was a lawyer by profession, but donned his sword to join the Regiment of his brother, Col. Hugh T. Reid, when the war broke out. There was a strong attachment between him and his men. He sought no detail or promotion from his Company, but served with it, veteranized with it, and disbanded with it. His warm-hearted benevolence was often shown by kind acts to the colored people who visited his camp where he often bestowed upon them gifts of medicine and food.

NOTES.

AT a meeting of the "Society of the War of 1812" lately held in Philadelphia, an increase was reported in its membership of forty survivors of the "Second War of Independence." These veterans ranged in age from 88 to 104 years.

CAPT. C. W. FRACKER, of Des Moines, the Recording Secretary, has lately issued in a nice volume of 223 pages from Kenyon's Press, "Proceedings of Crocker's Iowa Brigade," at their Fifth and Sixth Biennial Reunions, held respectively at Council Bluffs and Des Moines, September, 1889, and September, 1891. The book is embellished with the portraits of Gen. James Wilson and Gen. W. W. Belknap, and contains much to interest any one, whether a member of the Brigade or not, including addresses by such worthies as Judge P. M. Casady, George G. Wright and J. S. Polk, of Des Moines, and Senator Paddock, of Omaha.



James W. Barnes

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JAMES W. GRIMES¹.

THIRD GOVERNOR OF THE STATE OF IOWA.



HE colonization of Ulster in the north of Ireland by the people who became known as "Scotch-Irish," at the beginning of the seventeenth century, was followed at the beginning of the eighteenth century by a "test act," which drove numbers of that same people to America. Their descendants were among the foremost advocates of American independence. Of this sturdy stock came James Wilson Grimes, who was born at Deering, N. H., October 20th, 1816. In his sixteenth year he entered Dartmouth College. Among his class-mates were Samuel C. Bartlett, late President of the College, John Wentworth, late of Chicago, and Charles Burnham, an early Congregational minister at Brighton, Iowa.

Mr. Grimes read law with James Walker, Esq., of Peterboro, N. H., and came west early in 1836. After spending a brief period in the law-office of George T. M. Davis, Esq.,

¹ This article is taken partly from the "Life of James W. Grimes, Governor of Iowa, 1854-58, a Senator of the U. S., 1859-69," by the author; published by D. Appleton & Co., N. Y., 1876. The accompanying portrait is from a photograph taken in 1859.

at Alton, Ill., and visiting Peoria and Monmouth in that State, he came to Burlington, in the "Black Hawk Purchase," which was then attached to Michigan Territory, on the 15th of May, with a letter of introduction to William R. Ross, one of the chief founders of Burlington, its first surveyor and post-master. Soon afterward the region west of the Mississippi was constituted a part of a new Territory under the name of Wisconsin, with Henry Dodge Governor. Mr. Grimes's earliest public service was as secretary to Governor Dodge at a council held at Rock Island, September 27th and 28th, 1836, in which the Sacs and Foxes ceded to the United States a tract of land lying between the then western boundary of the State of Missouri and the Missouri river, and also ceded the reservation which they had held upon the Iowa river; as was described in the article upon Henry Dodge, in the last number of the RECORD, pp. 309-311.

He was admitted to the bar at Burlington by Judge Irvin, February 24th, 1837, and in April following was appointed city solicitor. He declined the appointment on the ground of nonage, but the President of the Board of Trustees, Hon. David Rorer, insisted upon his acceptance, and he was employed in drawing up the first police laws of the town. Governor Dodge also appointed him one of the justices of the peace for Des Moines county. At this period he served as assistant in charge of the Territorial Library, James Clarke, afterwards third Governor of Iowa Territory, and then editor of the Wisconsin Territorial *Gazette*, being librarian, and he formed a law-partnership with William W. Chapman, U. S. District Attorney for Wisconsin Territory.

Upon the organization of the Territory of Iowa in 1838, he was chosen one of the representatives of Des Moines county to the Legislative Assembly, and was made chairman of the Judiciary Committee, and all laws passed through his hands. In the conflict which arose between the Assembly and the Governor, Hon. Robert Lucas, as to their respective authority, Mr. Grimes vigorously defended the right of the

Assembly to pursue their legislative duties untrammelled by executive interference. At this time the patronage of the Governor was large, he having in his hands the appointment of sheriffs and justices of the peace. At a Convention of the members of the Council and House of Representatives convened to consider the course of the Governor, December 8th, 1838, Mr. Grimes said:

The Governor supposes he is invested with more power than was ever granted to any governor of the British Colonies. According to his idea, he has not only the restraining, but the advising power; and more, he seems determined to exercise those powers. Bills have been introduced into both houses direct from his office. One required that all future bills should be submitted to him before their final passage in either house. I would ask, gentlemen, if this savors of republicanism; if this is compatible with the spirit of free institutions and independent legislation. I ask them for a precedent to such a course in the legislative history of any state or country.

The question now is, whether we will maintain the dignity and authority of our Assembly, or not; whether we will act under the exclusive direction of the Governor, without regard to the rights of our constituents, or our own ideas of right or wrong; whether we will bend the knee before executive patronage and power, or whether we will be of the number of those who, knowing their rights, dare maintain them. For my own part, I know the honorable and high-minded men who placed me upon this floor as their representative never intended I should bow before executive power, or quietly acquiesce in executive assumptions. If I did, sir, I should conceive myself unworthy of them, and unworthy of being a descendant of one of those who resisted the tea and the stamp acts.

By act of March 3d, 1839, Congress amended the organic law of the Territory and curtailed the Governor's power. The subject is presented in a light favorable to Governor Lucas by the late Charles Negus in the *Annals of Iowa*, January, 1870, pp. 3-8.

In this Legislative Assembly a bill to prevent the wearing of concealed weapons was amended on Mr. Grimes's motion to include the "bowie-knife" among prohibited weapons.

The Fourth of July, 1839, was celebrated at Burlington by a patriotic celebration in "Old Zion" church, at which Governor Lucas presided; prayer was offered by the Rev. John Batchelder, the first minister of the Protestant Episcopal church in Iowa, and a graduate of Dartmouth College, 1827,

and of Andover Theological Seminary, 1830; the Declaration of Independence was read by Hon. A. C. Dodge, and an oration was delivered by Mr. Grimes.

In January, 1841, he formed a law-partnership with Henry W. Starr, Esq., a native of the State of Vermont, and for twelve years the firm stood at the front of the legal profession in Iowa. Mr. Grimes was a candidate for the council in 1841, but was defeated by the Hon. Shepherd Leffler. He was elected to the house in the Legislative Assembly of the Territory in 1843, and voted in favor of imprisonment for life in place of capital punishment for the crime of murder.

On the 9th of November, 1846, Mr. Grimes was married to Miss Elizabeth S. Nealley, at Burlington. She was a lady of superior character. A tribute to her worth was given in the RECORD of October, 1891, pp. 180-184.

He had a fine taste for trees and flowers, and adorned his home with the choicest varieties. He took an active part in the cause of public education which he held to be the duty of the State, in the temperance reform, in improving the roads and in building railroads, in the struggle against the extension of slavery, and in establishing charitable institutions for the insane and for the unfortunate classes. Upon these subjects he represented the most enlightened sentiment of the age, and as such he became a recognized leader in the Fourth General Assembly of the State.

Upon the death of Daniel Webster, October 24th, 1852, Mr. Grimes was appointed, by the bar of Des Moines county, chairman of a committee to draw up an expression of sentiment, which he did as follows:

The Nation is again called to mourn the loss of one of its noblest ornaments.¹ The profound lawyer, the philosophic statesman, the logical and conclusive reasoner, the forensic and intellectual giant of America, Daniel Webster, is no more. He has departed ripe in years and full of honors. In his own sentiment, he has gone to join the American constellation, having Washington for its centre, in the clear upper sky. He circles round that centre, and the heavens beam with new light.

¹ Henry Clay had died the previous summer.

The bar of Burlington, in common with their fellow-citizens of every class and party, have received the intelligence of his decease with the greatest sorrow. It is a national bereavement. For nearly half a century his name and his efforts have been a source of national honor. He has given a new value and power to the English language. He has expounded the constitution and laws of the country with a vigorous, undaunted and commanding eloquence, unequalled by any of his contemporaries. He has explained and enforced the principles of international law with a logical analysis, with a power of language and with a national spirit superior to any of his predecessors. He has elevated the character of statesmanship at home, and he has elevated the character of the nation abroad.

In the legal forum he was matchless. There he bore undisputed sway. To the profession of the law he was a brilliant ornament, and will ever be an encouraging example.

Stimulated by that example, "beneath this illumination, it becomes us to walk the course of life, and at its close devoutly commend our beloved country, the common parent of us all, to the Divine Benignity."

The action of Mr. Grimes as to railroads in Iowa, in 1852, is indicated by his letter to the Hon. A. C. Dodge, U. S. Senator at Washington, under date, "House of Representatives, Iowa City, 24th December, 1852," in which he said:

The project of a road from Dubuque to Keokuk is entirely dead. It has only twenty-one friends in the House to forty-two against it, and the disposition is about the same in the Senate. The memorials passed are for three roads:

- 1st. From Burlington to the Missouri river at or near the mouth of Platte.
- 2d. From Davenport *via* Muscatine to Kanesville.
- 3d. From Dubuque to Fort Des Moines.

No other memorials will pass this winter, and the above may be regarded as the settled policy of the State.

In a letter from Iowa City of January 8th, 1853, he wrote with reference to the University fund:

I proposed to Grant, who is our speaker (Hon. James Grant), and the member from Davenport, a distribution of the University fund, with a slice to the Iowa College (then located in Davenport), but he objected to it upon the ground that that institution "was a nest of abolitionists."

At commencement of 1854 the nation was thrown into one of the most violent political excitements it has ever known by the proposition of Senator Douglas in congress to repeal the Missouri Compromise. In the midst of the agitation Mr. Grimes was nominated at a Whig Convention for Governor. A candidate who had been earlier nominated by a Free Soil

convention withdrew in his favor. Mr. Grimes conducted a spirited canvass of the whole State. A convention held at Crawfordsville, Washington county, March 28th, declared:

1. That the object of our suffrages is to elect candidates who will resist the extension of slavery over the territory of the United States, and give the people of Iowa a Maine law.

2. We recommend the Free Democracy to cast their votes for James W. Grimes, of Des Moines county, for Governor, because we believe, if elected, that he will maintain and carry out these principles.

While some members of the Whig party deserted Mr. Grimes, the anti-slavery sentiment of the State rallied in force to his support, and he was elected by a majority of 2,468 votes. An entire change at once came over the political history of Iowa, and soon followed over the whole country, Mr. Grimes's election being the first prominent movement towards the organization of the Republican party that six years later elected Abraham Lincoln President of the United States. As Governor of the State he maintained the dignity of his office without the slightest personal assumption, and he advanced the honor and fame of Iowa. Condemning the *rate* system which then existed of supporting schools by a tax upon scholars, he insisted upon free schools open to all and supported by general taxation, and he saw the former system supplanted by the latter at the close of his term of office, with the vigorous co-operation of the Hon. J. B. Grinnell and other enlightened friends of public education in the legislature. He introduced measures to develop the resources of the State by a geological survey, and called to the work one of the ablest scientific men of the times, Prof. James Hall. He gave careful attention to the subject of prison discipline, and to the more humane treatment of the insane and of the unfortunate classes. The advocate of railroads and of liberal privileges and grants to them by the State, had his counsels been followed, they would have been built without burdening cities and counties with debt. On the subject of temperance he said in his inaugural:

There is a strong public sentiment in favor of a radical change of the pres-

ent laws regulating the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors. Every friend of humanity earnestly desires that something may be done to dry up the streams of bitterness that this traffic pours over the land. I have no doubt that a prohibitory law may be enacted that will avoid all constitutional objections, and meet the approval of a vast majority of the people of the State.

In view of what the Missouri Compromise had done for Iowa by prohibiting slavery within its limits in advance of its settlement, Mr. Grimes deemed it a duty to resist the introduction of slavery into any other part of the vast region where slavery had in like manner been "forever prohibited" by that Compromise. He said December 9th, 1854, in memorable words which struck the key-note of the political history of the State for many years:

It becomes the State of Iowa—the only free child of the Missouri Compromise—to let the world know that she values the blessings that Compromise has secured to her, and that she will never consent to become a party to the nationalization of slavery.¹

He was a close observer of the efforts that were put forth to make Kansas a slave State, and he gave the influence of his station and his personal exertions to counteract those efforts. He watched the struggle at every step, and as the Governor of the nearest free State, from which many persons had gone to Kansas, he felt a special responsibility for their protection and defence. He stated the facts in the case in a letter to the President of the United States, and as the Executive of Iowa demanded for her citizens in Kansas protection of their property, their liberty, and their political rights. He regarded

¹ Mr. Grimes received a warm letter of thanks for his inaugural from Joshua R. Giddings, and the following letters from S. P. Chase, then U. S. Senator from Ohio, afterwards Secretary of the Treasury under Mr. Lincoln, and, by his appointment, Chief Justice of the United States:

WASHINGTON, Jan. 10, 1855.

I read your message with the greatest pleasure. Clear, bold, and decided, it does honor to your judgment and ability and no less to your moral firmness. The recommendations on slavery will hereafter be quoted as the first expression from the Gubernatorial Chair of a State of the true idea of the proper final settlement. I rejoice that this voice came first from Iowa.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 12, 1855.

It is to be regretted that the Legislature of Iowa cannot speak out as her

the question of slavery extension as overriding all other issues, and he declared that by no act of his, either of omission or of commission, should slavery be extended over free territory, and further that under all circumstances, whether the Republican party was defeated or victorious, the Union should be preserved. His vigorous sentiments and his energetic action upon this subject, together with the ability of his whole administration, won him respect and honor throughout the State and in the country at large. Under the new constitution (1857) his tenure of office lapsed ten months before the completion of the term of four years for which he had been elected under the constitution of 1846. On the 26th of January, 1858, he was elected U. S. Senator for six years from March 4th, 1859. On the 16th of January, 1864, he was re-elected, when he received the votes of one hundred and twenty-eight out of one hundred and thirty-six members of the General Assembly.

At Washington Mr. Grimes found in the Senate several gentlemen who had been governors of their respective States, as Mr. Seward, of New York, Mr. Anthony of Rhode Island, and Mr. Bingham, of Michigan. Among other leaders of the Republican party in the Senate were Hamlin and Fes-

Governor has done; but you gain by the contrast. It is much to have the honor of leading off as you have done, and I greatly mistake the character of the people and the signs of the times, if you ever have occasion to regret your courageous fidelity to the duty of the hour. I am glad that the hour found the man, and that the man was yourself.

Dodge you see is Minister to Spain. Thus the administration is providing places in the hospital for the wounded in the Nebraska war.

CINCINNATI, April 13, 1855.

The Whig party may be set down as obsolete. The Old Line Democracy retains most of its members, a great deal of vitality, and the prestige of its name which is a power of strength. In place of the Whig party we are to have the American party, which with the aid of its secret organization will carry most of the slave States If we can only have the earnest men of last fall organized as an Independent Democracy I should have no apprehension about the result. Why not initiate a movement for a national convention of the anti-Nebraska forces in Iowa? It would come well from the youngest sister in the freedom States.

senden, of Maine, John P. Hale, of New Hampshire, Collamer and Foot, of Vermont, Sumner and Wilson, of Massachusetts, Preston King, of New York, Cameron, of Pennsylvania, Trumbull, of Illinois, and Harlan, of Iowa. The leaders of the Democratic party in the Senate were Mason and Hunter, of Virginia, Toombs, of Georgia, Jefferson Davis, of Mississippi, and Douglas, of Illinois. At the head of the American party was J. J. Crittenden, of Kentucky. John C. Breckenridge, who had commenced the practice of the law by the side of Mr. Grimes about twenty years previously at Burlington, presided over the Senate. With all these gentlemen Mr. Grimes gained acknowledged weight and influence, while Messrs. Fessenden, Collamer, Foot, and Trumbull were his special friends with whom he was in substantial harmony upon public affairs. He early established his reputation as a working member of the Senate, and as acting in all matters from deliberation and independent conviction. As the impending conflict drew on, he watched every step of its progress, and he clearly forecasted the future. On the 16th December, 1860, he wrote:

South Carolina will leave the Union, so far as she has the power, this week. Five or six States *may* follow her, and some of them will be sure to. There will be an effort to go peacefully, but war of a most bitter and sanguinary character will be sure to follow in a short time. We can never divide the army, the navy, the public lands, the public buildings, the public debt, the Mississippi river, in peace. All these questions must be submitted to the arbitrament of the sword, and the strongest battalions will be victors. This is deplorable, but there is no help for it. No reasonable concession will satisfy the rebels. It is not that Lincoln is elected, or that there are personal liberty laws in some of the States, or that their negroes occasionally run off, that troubles them. They want to debauch the moral sentiment of the people of the North by making them agree to the proposition that slavery is a benign, constitutional system, and that it shall be extended in the end all over this continent.

General Cass (Secretary of State) has resigned as well as Mr. Cobb (Secretary of the Treasury). The whole cabinet is tumbling to pieces, and what remains is without influence. Mr. Buchanan, it is said, about equally divides his time between praying and crying. Such a perfect imbecile never held office before. When Cobb resigned, he sent him a letter, saying that he was going home to Georgia, to assist in dissolving the Union; and Buchanan replied to the letter and *complimented Mr. Cobb*.

On the 28th of January, 1861, he reviewed the condition of public affairs in a letter to the Governor of Iowa (Hon. S. J. Kirkwood), in which he said:

I look with amazement upon the course of the Northern sympathizers with the disunionists. The question before the country has assumed gigantic proportions. It has become more than an issue on slavery. The issue is, whether we have a country, whether or not this is a nation. Is this a government which Florida with eighty thousand people can destroy by resolving herself out of the Union and seizing the forts and arsenals within her borders? Can a great and prosperous nation be destroyed by an act of secession of some of its members? Florida and her sister revolutionary States answer in the affirmative. We deny it.

Iowa has a peculiar interest in this question. If this right of State revolution be conceded, her geographical position is such as to place her completely in the power of revolutionary States. Will she agree that one State can secede, and take from her the mouth of the Mississippi river, that another can take from her the mouth of the Missouri, and that others shall deprive her of the right of passage to the Atlantic ocean? If she will not agree to this, it becomes her people to insist that the Constitution of the country shall be upheld, that the laws of the land shall be enforced, and that this pretended right of a State to destroy our national existence shall be sternly and emphatically rebuked. I know the people of Iowa well enough to believe that they will risk all things and endure all things in maintaining the honor of the national flag and in preserving the national Union.

Seven years after the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, Mr. Grimes saw a partial redress of that wrong in the admission of Kansas as a free State, just at the time when the strife which that repeal had enkindled was bursting out into a horrid civil war. Knowing how fiery and resolute were the master spirits of the rebellion, he advocated prompt and energetic measures by the President and Congress. The navy was his favorite arm of service. He saw that it would be indispensable upon our coast-lines and in the Mississippi and other rivers. From the beginning to the end of the war he served upon the naval committee of the Senate, and during the whole period was in the closest confidential relations with the Assistant Secretary of the Navy, Gustavus V. Fox. While congress was in session, Mr. Fox met Mr. Grimes at least three times a week in Mr. Grimes's parlor, when all naval matters of every description were discussed and settled. They consulted upon all important commands and expeditions.

From his full information upon these matters Mr. Grimes was recognized in the senate as an authority in naval affairs, and senators called him "The Admiral." He was the first to suggest in the Senate the introduction of iron-clad vessels into the navy, and to call public attention to the subject. He was upon intimate terms with the great naval commanders, Farragut, D. D. Porter, A. H. Foote, Du Pont, Worden, John Rodgers, C. R. P. Rodgers, and others, and he vindicated their fame as equally entitled to renown with the great generals of the army. It was largely owing to his appreciation of the enterprise and genius of John Ericsson that the services of that illustrious inventor were secured for the building of the Monitor which turned the tide of the rebel victory on the 9th of March, 1862. The achievements of the Monitor, and of the Western Naval Flotilla in connexion with the capture of Fort Donelson, were honored by Mr. Grimes before the Senate in glowing terms. Mr. Ericsson said: "It would prove a great stimulus for exertion if all who labor for the public good could have their deeds placed before the country in such striking and eloquent language."

Mr. Grimes was foremost to condemn the surrender of slaves who came into our military lines. He denounced it as a fatuous policy, and he advocated making soldiers of such refugees. The rebels had thousands of slaves throwing up intrenchments and performing military duty, and in a vigorous speech in the Senate on the surrender of slaves by the army, April 14th, 1862, he asked: "How long shall we hesitate, and doubt the propriety of employing the same race of people to defend ourselves and our institutions?" In this matter, as in some others, his earnest and resolute spirit was chafed by the timidity and blundering incapacity that were shown in some of the departments at Washington, as well as by generals in the field. He distrusted the administrative ability of some members of the cabinet, and regarded their influence as adverse to emancipation and to the vigorous prosecution of the war. With these convictions he joined on the

18th of December, 1862, with Mr. Collamer and seven other senators in presenting a paper to the president, drawn up by Mr. Collamer, calling his attention to these things, and recommending a change, which, if it did not accomplish all that was desired, yet helped to strengthen the resolution of the president and impart greater vigor to the conduct of the war. He gave his ardent support to the Emancipation Proclamation and to the enlistment of colored men as United States troops. No man was ahead of him in these things, as he said in the Senate. At the opening of the war a large number of escaped slaves were confined in jail in the city of Washington and also a large number of colored persons who were held on suspicion of being fugitive slaves. Mr. Grimes was then chairman of the Senate Committee on the District of Columbia, and he felt it to be his duty to visit the jail and inquire into the matter. After a personal inspection of the jail he went to the Secretary of War, Hon. Simon Cameron, on the 3d of July, 1861, and called his attention to the facts in the case,—to the hopeless condition of the slaves, and to the helpless plight of the free men, the former looking forward to the lash for daring to seek liberty, and the latter bound to serve a period after their freedom was legally established. The Secretary thereupon issued an order for the enlargement of all such prisoners on the following day, the 4th of July, 1861. The District of Columbia was then under martial law. Mr. Grimes attended himself promptly to the execution of the order, and this was the first act of practical emancipation during the war.

Upon the overthrow of the rebellion in the field of arms, Mr. Grimes was appointed upon the Joint Committee of both Houses of Congress on Reconstruction. The matters referred to this committee involved questions which were more vital to the Nation than any that had arisen since the Nation was founded. They concerned the principles upon which the insurrectionary States should be restored to their former place in the government of the United States, and the guarantees

against future treason and rebellion which they should be required to give. To these matters Mr. Grimes gave his assiduous attention for months. He was chairman of a sub-committee upon the condition of Tennessee, and that State was the first of the insurrectionary States to be restored to the Union, and to be represented again in Congress. The Joint Committee, of which Mr. Fessenden was chairman, after a long and careful comparison of conflicting opinions, and as the result of mutual concession, concluded their labors by proposing an amendment to the Constitution, which was subsequently incorporated therein, and is known as the Fourteenth Amendment. This amendment is the bulwark of the Nation against treason and rebellion in the future. The report of the Committee in support of that amendment was regarded by Mr. Grimes as the ablest State paper of the whole period of the civil war. It was drawn up by Mr. Fessenden. It sets forth in a clear and succinct manner the *status* of the so-called confederate States, both when they levied war against the United States, and when "all their armies were captured, their military power destroyed, their civil officers, State and confederate, taken prisoners or put to flight," and shows the necessity of requiring from them adequate security for the peace and safety of the country before they should be entitled to representation in Congress. "The anti-coercive policy which, under pretext of avoiding bloodshed, allowed the rebellion to take form and gather force, would be surpassed in infamy by the matchless wickedness that would surrender the halls of Congress to those so recently in rebellion until proper precautions shall have been taken to secure the national faith and the national safety."

At two points on the eastern boundary of Iowa the action of Mr. Grimes in Congress has left landmarks that are to be lasting as the State: one is the national armory and arsenal at Rock Island, which he regarded as the place above all others on the continent for such an establishment; the other is the freedom to navigation and commerce of the canal

around the Des Moines rapids, and the provision of law that no tolls shall be collected thereon. The achievement of these measures was largely due to his exertions.

Mr. Grimes was a friend of railroads all his life, and gave them his aid and support. When the building of the first railroad to the Pacific was endangered by its hazards and risks, and by a loss of public confidence, he joined with Mr. Oakes Ames, whom he respected for his uncommon enterprise and capacity, and with other gentlemen, in the final effort that completed the road.

With the collapse of the rebellion and the discharge of the volunteer army of the Republic came a reduction in the expenses of the government and the duty of relieving the country of some of the heavy taxes that the burdens of war had imposed. A new adjustment of internal taxes and of the tariff on imports was demanded. In these matters Mr. Grimes advocated equality with respect to all the industries of the country, that agriculturists and manufacturers might stand upon the same footing. He was watchful to protect the people of Iowa against the high tariff which various manufacturing combinations demanded in their own interest to increase their profits. The chief labor of the country is done upon the farms, and he was not in favor of imposing burdens upon that labor by taxing either its implements or articles of necessary consumption in every home. During the war he supported all the war taxes, but with the return of peace he reaffirmed the views which he had expressed in the Senate before the outbreak of the rebellion, when he said on the 18th of February, 1861:

I will not now, I never saw the time when I would, and I never expect to see the time when I will, vote for a duty on tea and coffee and sugar. Standing here as the representative of the people of my State, I do not think I should be representing their wishes—indeed I know I should not—in voting in favor of either of those propositions. As the representative of that State, interested in the agriculture of the State, I will not consent to tax the farmers of my State upon the iron they use for the benefit of Pennsylvania, and upon their jack-knives for the benefit of the States of Connecticut and Massachu-

setts, and upon their woolens and cottons for the benefit of New England, and then add to that a tax upon tea and coffee and sugar, the necessities to every man's home.

In 1867 he made a vigorous speech against "the inequalities and partialities," as he called them, of the tariff bill of that year, and he, as also the other Iowa senator at that time, Hon. S. J. Kirkwood, voted against that bill. When represented by Senator Cattell, of New Jersey, as denying the principle of protection to American industry, he said that the senator was "entirely misinformed as to his views on the subject of tariffs, that he had never declared himself a free trader, or opposed to the protection of American industry, but had always avowed himself in favor of a revenue tariff, with incidental protection to such branches of American industry as needed the fostering care of the government." A year later, March 18th, 1868, Mr. Grimes said the same things in the senate upon his motion to reduce duties to the extent of ten per cent. upon all importations. His motion failed of adoption.

Mr. Grimes gave full attention to the proceedings pertaining to the impeachment of President Johnson before the Senate sitting as a court under a special oath, the Chief Justice presiding, and, having heard the testimony and the arguments he found the evidence inconclusive to convict the President of an intent to violate the laws or the Constitution, and gave an elaborate opinion that he was "not guilty of an impeachable offense, by reason of anything alleged in either of the articles preferred against him at the bar of the Senate by the House of Representatives." The failure of his health at this time and his entire prostration by paralysis did not deter him from the full discharge of his public duty. At the risk of his life he was carried from his sick bed to the Senate chamber to record his vote. When his name was called in the alphabetical order of Senators by the Chief Justice who told him he might remain seated, he insisted upon rising, supported by friends on either side, and answered "not guilty."

In the heated state of the country foul abuse and detraction

fell upon him. Calumny and vituperation exhausted themselves upon his name. He bore the reproach with a heroic spirit, and gave a fine example of unshaken and unterrified faith, loyalty, and zeal, in a crisis of the Nation. Neither the honors nor the wealth of the world could have induced him to act otherwise, and he never for a moment regretted that he voted as he did. He said the following year:

I shall always thank God that He gave me courage to stand firm in the midst of the clamor, and by my vote not only to save the Republican party, but prevent such a precedent being established as would in the end have converted ours into a sort of South American republic, in which there would be a revolution whenever there happened to be an adverse majority in Congress to the President for the time being.

In April, 1869, Mr. Grimes visited Europe for the improvement of his health, and remained abroad more than two years. On arriving in London he found a state of excitement among the English people growing out of a recent speech of Mr. Sumner's on the "Alabama" question, which they regarded as unfriendly and warlike. In his intercourse with John Bright and other gentlemen who had been friends of America during the rebellion, and in a letter to the editor of the *Times* which was published in that paper, Mr. Grimes disclaimed any but pacific feelings on the part of the United States towards England, and he helped to relieve the uneasiness of the English mind. Bishop Thirlwall, the most enlightened of the bishops of the English church of that time, said that he was glad to see the impression which Mr. Sumner's speech had made corrected¹. In the same letter Mr. Grimes stated in a forcible and direct manner the real grievance as to the "Alabama," that she was "built and fitted out in an English port, and had never ran into a confederate port so as to acquire the legal character of a confederate belligerent, but was in law and conscience a British vessel until she sank beneath the waves."

In the summer of 1869 Mr. Grimes suffered a second

¹ *Letters to a Friend*, edited by Dean Stanley, p. 223.

attack of paralysis, and confident that he could no more resume any public duty he resigned his seat in the Senate. His mental powers remained in full vigor, and he felt it hard to surrender all the ambitions of a lifetime, but he had the consolation of knowing that on the subject which induced the shipwreck of his health the intelligent sentiment of the country applauded the course he took, and he believed that that sentiment would increase more and more from year to year. In Germany he was filled with admiration of the industry of the people, their order, their sobriety, their schools, and their general freedom from poverty and misery. From Berlin he sent a collection of books of standard German authors to the public library of Burlington, of which he had been the founder in 1868. He returned from Europe in the fall of 1871, and had a few happy months in the bosom of his home and in the society of old friends. No one's visit gave him greater pleasure than that of Rev. Asa Turner, the patriarch of the churches of the Congregational order in Iowa, of whom he said on a public occasion many years before that he had "made" him, by the moral sentiment which he and such as he had created in the State. Of that visit Mr. Turner said:

I spent a night at his house in October, 1871. I conversed with him about the present and the past, especially about his visit to Europe. As it approached bed-time he called in his niece (afterwards the wife of Hon. W. B. Allison), took the Bible, and read, and asked me to lead in prayer, which I did. In the morning I was to go early to the cars; after breakfast he went into his library with his family, took the Bible, and read a portion of Isaiah. In both his readings I was impressed with the manner of his reading and the tone of his voice.

In regard to his religious convictions, he thought the preparation necessary for another world was to do our duty in this, be honest, kind, moral; such, he said, was the character of his father, and he could not hope to be better. He had the independence of character, that confidence in his own convictions when he had made up his mind, that he was willing to abide by what he saw to be right, and take the consequences. Few men were moved less by the popular sentiment, and we have had few so far-seeing, so wise in judgment, so firm in adherence to what seemed to him right. I said less to him on the subject of religion than perhaps it was my duty to do, but I felt so small in his presence I was afraid of doing injury when I would do good.

Mr. Grimes died suddenly, at his home, February 7th, 1872,

of organic disease of the heart. His funeral was attended by a large concourse of citizens, among whom were the Governor of the State, Hon. C. C. Carpenter, ex-Governors Hon. R. P. Lowe and Hon. Samuel Merrill, ex-U. S. Senator Hon. A. C. Dodge, and Hon. John H. Gear, afterwards Governor of the State. Resolutions of profound regret at his death were adopted by various bodies expressing their sense of his ability, integrity, public spirit, and eminent services, and their respect for his character as "one who fearlessly performed whatever he deemed his duty, uninfluenced by party bias, popular prejudice, or personal interest." Many felt, in the language of the widow of a naval officer, who laid down his life in the war, that "Senator Grimes had given his life for the nation as truly as those did who died in the war, and that a deep debt was due him for his steadfast clinging to what he knew was right, when the struggle was so hard a one."

At a Joint Convention of the two Houses of the General Assembly of Iowa, held on the 22d day of February, 1884, a portrait of Mr. Grimes, painted by George A. Baker, of New York, was presented to the State by Mrs. Grimes. On her behalf, the presentation was made by the Hon. Julius K. Graves, of Dubuque. In the course of an address recounting the public services of Mr. Grimes, Mr. Graves said:

He was the father of Republicanism in Iowa. He fought the Kansas-Nebraska bill with unflinching energy. His effort to stem the tide of slavery at a time when many of the faithful faltered and stood appalled at the condition of affairs along the southern and western borders of Iowa, is sufficient to canonize his memory. He was the friend and confidant of our martyred Lincoln, and believed the surest way to save the Nation was to enforce its laws. On the floor of the National Senate he was always faithful to his convictions of truth and justice, and under the impulse was brave enough to vote against the impeachment of Andrew Johnson. For this he was bitterly assailed, but he bore the censure with the same degree of christian fortitude that marked his entire life. A careful examination of the evidence of that trial will convince every intelligent reader that Senator Grimes voted right, and in accordance with the evidence; yet in those days he must indeed have been a true man who rising above political clamor could so vote. The story of his life should be read by the youth of your State. Such lives brighten and illumine the world, leaving memories which become more bright and radiant as time wears on.

The portrait was accepted on behalf of the State by the Governor, Hon. Buren R. Sherman, who said:

James W. Grimes was a very giant in mental and political stature. His leadership during the stirring events of the years 1854 to 1869, the most thrilling and important in the history of the State and Nation, was everywhere conceded. He occupies in history the enviable position of having been the first Governor of this Commonwealth who held the advanced ideas relative to the equality of all men before the law and their equal rights, and in denial of the color-line as the basis of the elective franchise.

The Hon. Benton J. Hall, Senator from Des Moines county, said:

It is with a degree of diffidence that I take occasion to express my high respect for the distinguished citizen whose memory is so vividly recalled to the Representatives of the State he served so well. Looking back to the fierce times and the fiercer struggles of the past, it may be appropriate that some words should come from the representative of the county which was his home from the time he set foot in Iowa until his death, and that a tribute should be paid his memory by one who then regarded him as a political adversary. In earlier years I was not taught to look upon him with favorable consideration. Perhaps I may not be able to do him the justice which I feel in my heart should be done him. But maturer years have taught me to look for great qualities, great faculties, and pure motives in those whom we regard politically as our enemies.

The first fact which will strike one who considers the life of James W. Grimes is that he was a typical American. What he was, and what he is, has been due to his own efforts and exertions, and to the opportunities presented in our glorious land where every avenue to grandeur and position is open to all who have the will and energy to avail themselves of them. Upon this occasion, if there be one thought that may be impressed upon us, it is that the youth of the land may be induced to behold and consider such a man. If anything can arouse ambitious effort, untiring zeal, and intellectual endeavor, such a life as this ought to be an incentive. Perhaps no other man had the opportunity, or used it with the avail that Senator Grimes did, to form and mould the State and its institutions. I knew him intimately and watched his political course. He was one of the living men in the Territorial legislation of Iowa; and it is impossible to look back to those times without finding his handiwork; and when you come to the later history of the State, the same thing is true. Afterwards, you find the same master mind finishing and moulding and forming the condition and affairs of the National Government. I doubt if any Senator ever impressed himself in a greater degree upon the Government in all directions and in all its parts. He seems to have been a man of equally balanced mind and of universal application and capacity. Whether in regard to the navy or the army, the foreign relations of the Government, the courts, or whatever subject came before the country, he made himself master of the subject, took

a controlling part in its administration, and left his impress on almost every page of the history of the Nation.

It may not be inappropriate to refer to another fact which marked him far above his fellow-men. I refer to that courage and bravery by which he was able to modify long cherished opinions. In early life a Whig, he had favored a protective policy; yet, as years passed on, his judgment became modified by experience and learning, and in the face of denunciation from many of his own party he placed himself on a more liberal platform, not in favor of free trade, but a middle ground more equitable to all conditions and classes.

And again in the last years of his life did he manifest the same moral bravery in one of the most remarkable scenes in our history, the impeachment trial of Andrew Johnson. Senator Grimes had voted for the act of Congress that restricted the tenure-of-office appointments in the hands of President Johnson. He had opposed the President in all his extraordinary exercise of power. He was opposed to him politically, and it was but natural he should consider the extreme action of the President as naturally productive of extreme proceedings on the part of Congress. The executive department was at issue with the legislative department. The country had just come out from under the darkness of one civil war, and now stood almost face to face with another.

At that trial Senator Grimes laid aside, as it were, the garments of the legislator, and took those of the judge. He listened to the arguments, and it has been said that he pronounced one of the most profound opinions that was pronounced by any man in the Senate, and that opinion stands to-day as a monument to his statesmanship as high as any that can be erected to him by human hands. Finally the vote was reached, and under the most solemn circumstances he answered, "Not guilty." That vote required a courage that never finds an occasion on the battle-field. In the chambers of still debate, when political considerations and friendships are in the balance, it requires more courage sometimes for a man to perform his conscientious duty, and it was never performed in a more purely unselfish and in my judgment more sublime manner than when he cast that vote which cost him years of life that would otherwise have been his.

I desire to say in regard to the distinguished statesman that in all the relations of life he lived quietly, modestly, without pretension, a plain, unassuming citizen, always ready to do his duty and to do it faithfully. It is well that we are able to recall to our minds this man whose name is a household word in all this land, and I for one, though long-opposed to him politically, trust his name may ever continue to be such.

Mr. Grimes was five feet eleven inches in height, with a well proportioned frame and a commanding presence. Somewhat careless of appearance and ungainly in early pioneer life, he grew with years into suavity and grace and dignity of bearing. Unassuming in every situation, simplicity, straightforwardness and independence marked his character. He abhorred pretension and indirection. To those who en-

joyed his confidence he was frank and hearty, and open as summer. Exposed to animosity and abuse in the fierce political agitation of his time, he kept himself from personality and recrimination. His candor was proverbial; friends sometimes objected that in political discussion, as was said of his practice at law, he conceded too much to opponents. He had a conscience for fair play.

His mind was not imaginative or fanciful, but critical and exact, with a superior power of analysis and comprehension. His perceptions were quick and clear; his memory ready and retentive. From boyhood he was a great reader. In the last months of his life he was reading Tacitus and Gibbon and Motley and a History of Switzerland. Lowell was his favorite American poet. Of strong common sense, he was cautious and deliberate in judgment. Forming his opinions from thorough information, he was positive and firm in conviction. He had a remarkable insight into men, and estimated character and capacity with surprising accuracy. He seemed to discern merit or detect artifice at a glance. Corrupt men, who appealed to him for office, did not call upon him the second time.

With a genius for public affairs, he evinced superior tact and practical wisdom in the Legislative Assembly of the Territory, and of the State, in the Executive chair, and in the Senate of the United States. He loved deliberative assemblies. The prosperity of great communities and the well-being of future times were his care. In office, he disclaimed consideration of party, and declared that he would not allow his conduct to be influenced upon that ground. In the Senate he maintained its ancient boast of unlimited debate, discussion and deliberation. He felt the full responsibility of the place, and regarded no other position as affording a better opportunity to conserve good government. Among senators of long standing his superior ability and judgment, his bluff and hearty frankness, his cool, clear and incisive treatment of all questions won appreciation and respect, and the country

looked to him as one of the firm pillars of the Republic in the dark and angry storm that threatened its fall. Shrinking from principles of humanity from the shedding of blood, he would have consented to peaceful arbitration, but when the blast of war blew, and the alternative could not be averted, he stiffened his mind, and called into vigorous and efficient action every faculty to retrieve disaster and ensure victory for the Republic. His knowledge of men, his quick penetration of character, his consummate art in guiding and directing important movements, and the actions of others, and in shaping affairs, with apparent unconsciousness on his own part, and keeping himself out of public sight, rendered invaluable service in maintaining the loyal cause in the District of Columbia, and preëminently in organizing the naval victories of the war. He brought Farragut from retirement, and by skilful management, amid jealousy and perplexity and doubt, organized the expedition which opened the Mississippi. In the changes from peace to war, and from war to peace, he knew the seasons, and was prompt to take occasion by the hand and conform his political action to new and altered conditions. He held those who had been enemies in war, as in peace friends. In war, no bugle blew a bolder blast; in peace, no one bade heartier farewell to the pride and pomp of war, or was more prompt to advocate a reduction of the army and the navy. He voted for the tenure-of-office act of 1867, to tie the hands of one President, he voted for its repeal in 1869, that the hands of another President might be untrammelled.

A leader more than a follower of opinion, his guiding hand was upon the institutions and laws of a new era in the State of Iowa and in the Nation. Foremost in the organization of the Republican party, he gave early and efficient help in bringing up the country and President Lincoln and his cabinet to the great measure of emancipation. The naval victories were organized with his counsel, and under his eye. No senator was more successful in carrying measures which he believed to be right. Never obtruding himself, he came

to be recognized by common consent as one among the foremost of those whose opinions ruled the Senate in the Nation's transformation. In the peril that threatened the land in the impeachment of President Johnson, the Nation owes its escape and safety at that crisis to him more than to any other one man. Thoroughly imbued with American principles, jealous for constitutional and representative government, and familiar with the history and legislation of the country, he sought to preserve the balance of power between the different departments of the Federal Government, and between the respective States and the United States, and to maintain the prerogatives of each, resisting encroachments from either side.

Among religious teachers he preferred Channing, whose writings gave a powerful influence to his hatred of slavery and to his interest in humane institutions. Distrustful of creeds, he was fully assured of the ethical, the practical, and the humane parts of christianity. He was a lover of good men, and won their respect and confidence. His friendship with Mr. Fessenden who was ten years his senior in age, was one of the beautiful incidents of his life. It was a rare case of pure and unalloyed affection among eminent men, each independent and self-reliant, not always coinciding in opinion, but standing side by side, and acting their part amid great events and under great responsibilities in the enjoyment of a warm mutual confidence, sympathy and esteem. Mr. Grimes deemed Mr. Fessenden the purest man he ever knew in public life, and the ablest public man in his day. George William Curtis called Mr. Grimes "one of the justest and purest of men" (*Harper's Weekly*, July 20, 1872).

Justum et tenacem propositi virum
Non civium ardor prava jubentium,
Non vultus instantis tyranni
Mente quatit solida.

Burlington.

WILLIAM SALTER.

The following letter which Mrs. Grimes received a few

months before her death illustrates the changed sentiment of many minds respecting Mr. Grimes's course in the Impeachment trial:

IRVINGTON, Ind., Dec. 2, 1889.

Mrs. Elizabeth Grimes—My Dear Madam:

Although personally almost a total stranger to you, I hope you will pardon the liberty I am now taking in sending you these lines. I have just been reading the *Life of your husband*, published in 1876, and have been so interested in it that I cannot refrain from telling you how much good it has done me. It refreshes and strengthens all my good opinions of him as a perfectly honest, fair-minded, courageous and just man. His soundness on all public questions is everywhere shown in the volume, while his amiable personal qualities are delightfully revealed. I was one of the many men whose partisan madness and exasperation carried them headlong into the impeachment movement, in which the heroic conduct of Senator Grimes has been so gloriously vindicated by time; but I was not long in discovering my mistake; and no man is more ready than myself to do honor to the brave men who faced the wrath and scorn of their party in 1868.

I hope you are in the enjoyment of health and as happy as any one can be in nearing the end of the journey of life.

Very truly, your friend,

GEORGE W. JULIAN.

THE TALLY WAR.

A CHAPTER IN THE LIFE AND TIMES OF GOV. KIRKWOOD,
NOW BEING WRITTEN BY H. W. LATHROP.

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WHEN in the year 1858, in the great debate between Abraham Lincoln and Stephen A. Douglas, in the statement made by the former, uttering that truism that "A house divided against itself cannot stand," and that "This country must eventually become all slave or all free," nothing was farther from the mind of that great man who made that utterance, than that he was to be the person whose one single act would make it so.

"But there's a Divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough hew them as we will."

It was his immortal "Emancipation Proclamation," that on the first day of January, 1863, made this country at once and forever free. Illustrating the truth of the adage, that "the pen is mightier than the sword," with one stroke of his trenchant pen he cut off the heads of 250,000 slave-holders, he wiped from the face of the fairest land on earth, an institution that had been the cause of more study, more discussion, more dissensions, more bitterness, and more anxious solicitude on the part of American statesmen, more planning and scheming by politicians, and more anxiety on the part of the friends of free government in our country, than any others.

This act by the President enraged and embittered the friends of this defunct institution, both north and south, more than anything else, and when in addition to this there was a prospect that a conscription would be had, and that they might possibly be drafted and be compelled to fight as soldiers in what they had been in the habit of calling the "Abolition War," their treason became more intense, and their opposition to the prosecution of the war more pronounced and more bold and emphatic.

In no place in the state was this feeling more deep seated, more manifest or outspoken than in Keokuk County. It arrayed neighborhoods one against another. The recriminations and bickerings of small feuds were magnified by the enormity of the contest prevailing, until passion glowed at a white heat. There was disloyalty to the Union which found open and intemperate expression from some whose sympathies were with the states of their birth south of Mason and Dixon's line. No more open or bolder defender of slavery existed than George Cyphert Tally, whose father was an original Tennessean. Young Tally was a Baptist minister, a rugged, forceful, crude, uneducated man with more zeal than discretion, but possessed of a natural gift of oratory. He was a product of the frontier. Imbued with a fervid belief in the justness of the Southern appeal to arms, he became the bold, fearless outspoken champion of the disloyal minority,

who discredited the valor of the Northern soldier, and denounced the prosecution of the war. While trying to preach the Gospel from the pulpit, he preached moral and political treason on the stump.

Saturday, August 1st, 1863, a great democratic mass meeting was held near English River, in Keokuk County, at which young Tally was the chief speaker. Several hundred persons were present. They came mostly in wagons and brought weapons concealed beneath the straw in the bottom of their vehicles. Wild, and doubtless idle, threats had been made to "clean out" the town of South English, a Union strong hold, whose people, learning of the menace to their safety prepared to defend themselves. A republican meeting had been held there and fire-arms had been displayed.

Tally had been in the habit of wearing a butternut breast pin, a badge only worn by the members of the disloyal party. When going through the town on his way to the meeting, he had an altercation with a couple of the citizens in regard to his wearing it, and they attempted to snatch it from him, but did not succeed.

In the afternoon the Tally party started for the town with the avowed intention of passing through it. The Rev. Tally stood up in the wagon that led the procession. Some one warned him not to enter the village, but he said he meant harm to no one, and only demanded the privilege of the street. As the party in the wagons reached the narrow crowded thoroughfare where the republicans had held their meeting, there were cries of "Copperhead," "coward," and "why don't you shoot?" Some one did shoot, but it was afterwards claimed to have been done accidentally, but it became a signal for a general fusilade, and from one to two hundred guns and revolvers were very soon discharged. Tally stood in his wagon in the fore-front of the affray. In one hand he grasped a long bowie knife, the other held a revolver. This revolver spoke among the first; once, twice, and then he fell dead in the wagon, pierced by three bullets,

one in the brain, and two in the body, grasping his weapons, one in each hand till they were taken from him, in the cold embrace of death. News of his killing was spread far and wide, and his friends vowed the direst of vengeance. An incredible excitement was fanned by the fury of the popular passion. The menace of a vendetta was at hand, and no man trusted his fellow or felt safe in his home, where before the door had been unlatched and every stranger was a welcome guest.

Monday a committee of influential citizens from Sigourney visited the Tally neighborhood for the purpose of assuaging the rising storm, by the assurance of prompt justice. But this had no effect, and from Wapello, Mahaska and Poweshiek counties the avengers began to gather.

The very next day after the murder the Governor was written to for help by three of the citizens of South English, and so pressing were their needs and so great their fears they repeated the request the following day.

By Monday night so serious was the aspect of affairs, that two citizens of Sigourney went to Washington, the nearest railroad station. on horse back, there they procured a hand car and went to Wilton where they took a train to Iowa City to see the Governor, who at once ordered forty stands of arms and ammunition to be sent to the scene to be used in suppressing the outbreak. This prompt action had a warlike appearance to one of the men, who said: "My God! Governor am I to understand you that we are to return home and shoot down our neighbors?" The Governor reflected a moment, and then replied; "On second thought I guess I'll go myself."

He went, but not till he had made arrangements for half a score of companies of infantry, and a squad of artillery to follow closely after him. As the artillery squad had no fixed ammunition for their guns, bars and rods of iron were cut into inch pieces to do duty in the place of canister, grape and solid shot.

In sending arms to the persons applying for them, the following letter was written:

STATE OF IOWA, EXECUTIVE OFFICE, August 3d, 1863.
MESSRS. ALLEN HALE, WM. COCHRAN AND THOMAS MOORMAN:
South English, Iowa.

Gentlemen:—I have learned with regret the unfortunate occurrence at your place on Saturday last, and also that there is danger of further conflict and disturbance in consequence. I of course cannot determine where the fault is, or who are the parties responsible, but it is very clear that this is a matter to be determined by the court and not by a mob. If it shall turn out that Tally was unlawfully killed, the law must show who is the guilty person, and must inflict the punishment. If a mob of his friends are permitted to determine who is guilty, and to inflict punishment, it is just as probable that the innocent will suffer as the guilty. Such proceedings unsettle society and render every man's life and property insecure.

I have sent to the Sheriff of Washington County, forty stands of arms, and ammunition for the same for you. These arms are intended only and strictly for the defense of your people against any lawless attack on your town by a mob, and for the purpose of aiding the lawful authorities in enforcing the laws and maintaining the public peace. They must not be used for any other purpose, or in any other manner. You must keep your people strictly on the defensive, and clearly within the law. You must not resist the execution of legal process but must aid in enforcing and executing it. If you are attacked by a mob of rioters and lawless men you will of course defend yourselves.

The public mind is much excited by the acts of mischievous and designing men, and it becomes law abiding and peaceful citizens not to add to this excitement. Act prudently, coolly and lawfully.

I trust the threatened danger may pass over without further disturbance.

I have written the Sheriff of your county to act in this matter. Until his arrival I must trust to your judgment and discretion, upon his arrival act under his authority.

Very respectfully,

SAMUEL J. KIRKWOOD.

Charles Negus, an attorney, of Fairfield, was sent for by the friends of Tally to assist in bringing the guilty parties to trial, and as he became a very close observer and a participant in many of the scenes that followed his arrival, and has published what came to his notice, portions of that publication are here inserted.

"My road to Sigourney led near where the Tally party, which had been constantly increasing by arrivals from the surrounding country and adjoining counties, had made their headquarters about two miles from Sigourney, on the south bank of Skunk River. I drove to the encampment and took a survey of the premises. Here were to be seen the offal of slaughtered beeves, the camp

fires where food had been cooked, the stacked arms, the places where men had taken their repose during the night, and large numbers of wagons, horses and men. The place looked warlike. * * * When I first met them they were not organized, but they soon went to work, divided themselves into companies, elected officers for each company, chose officers to command them as a Brigade, and became organized for regular military drill.

As soon as it was known that I was on the ground calls were made for me to address them. I did not think it a very desirable task to talk to such an audience, and at first declined; but finding I could not well avoid it, I ascended a stand, and told them the only thing I had to say was not to act under excitement but to be cool and deliberate in all their actions, and especially to maintain the character of law abiding citizens, and not to do anything they were not authorized to do by law. * * * * Under the then exciting state of affairs I thought it was not a very desirable crowd to be in, and got away as soon as I could and went to Sigourney. There were a great many strangers in the town, and a great many constantly coming and going, and nearly all took the Tally side of the controversy. Those that did not had very little to say. I had not been in the hotel very long before I saw J. H. Sanders coming into town on his return from having been to see Governor Kirkwood. As soon as he had stopped, a few of the leading republicans gathered around him in private consultation. Among the number was the landlord. On his return, just as he passed me, I heard him remark in a low tone, "There'll be plenty of pale faces before to-morrow at this time." As soon as I saw the landlord alone, I went to him, told him what I had heard him say, and asked him why he made that remark. Then I was informed that the Governor would be there that night with a well armed military force, that he had made arrangements, and that it was his intention if necessary to take the whole Tally camp prisoners, or if they resisted to "shoot them on the spot."

A little before sundown the Governor drove into town accompanied by three of his aids. Soon after he arrived, he went to the court house and it was announced that he wanted to talk to the citizens. There soon collected quite an audience, and the Governor from the Court House steps addressed those assembled, closing his remarks with "I will make an example of those engaged in these disturbances, which will forever deter others from engaging in like proceedings. *I say what I mean and I mean what I say.*"

The Governor continued his remarks till it was quite dark. While he was speaking I made it an object to circulate through the crowd and learn the effect produced on it by the speech. I heard frequent expressions of disapprobation and suppressed threats of personal violence, and evident signs of much discontent. One man apparently between forty and fifty years old, whose beard had begun to be silvered over with gray hairs, and possessed of a fierce determined visage used the expression, "I'll shoot the d—d old scoundrel." His cool, decisive and deliberate manner, and his emphatic tone, though uttered in a low voice, forcibly impressed upon my mind that he meant mischief, and might be a dangerous person.

After the Governor had closed his speech he went back to the hotel, and took a seat at the door. I had taken a chair and was seated out doors on the

pavement near him. There were but few persons about the house at that time, daylight had disappeared, and every thing appeared peaceful and quiet. The Governor in his thoughts had apparently forgotten that he was the Executive of the State, and commander-in-chief of all its military forces, and in his feelings had become an Iowa farmer again; he gave a description of his own farm, how he managed it; stated that he had recently purchased a lot of steers from the western part of the state, told how he was going "to handle them," and the profits he expected to realize from his farm and steers.

It was a beautiful evening, the sky was clear, the stars shone bright, all nature apparently calm and lovely. While these things were being discussed, I noticed the gray bearded man who had made the threats at the court house come near where we were sitting, and take a close observation of the surrounding premises and then go away.

Soon after I saw a squad of men consisting of five persons, one in the lead and two abreast following each other in close proximity, with quick and hurried steps coming up the opposite side of the street from the hotel; when they got to the corner of the public square they turned and came across the street directly towards where we were sitting. As they approached near us, I discovered that the leader was the grey haired man I had heard make the threats at the court house. The thought immediately struck me that they had malicious intentions and designs toward the Governor. I sprang to my feet, placed myself at the door, so that my body formed a barrier between them and the Governor. They came in front of the door, made a halt, turned their faces towards us, stood motionless with a steady fixed gaze at their surroundings, not a word was spoken, but after a few moments passed they left.

The Governor soon retired to his room and I to mine. In connection with the many persons about town there was nothing in the coming, stopping, or departing of those men, which excited especial attention or comment, and nothing was said about the matter at the time, and their bearing would not have especially attracted my attention, had I not heard the emphatic threats of the grey bearded man at the court house. There was no explanation given by the party at the time, and no especial comment made by any one. The circumstances had nearly passed from my mind, when several months afterwards I was informed that those men had come prepared, and it was their intention to have shot the Governor, and if it had not been for my interference, they would have carried their intentions into effect.

About the time the Governor came to town, the man who I understood had been elected commander-in-chief of the Tally forces, came up to Sigourney. From him I learned that they had got their forces fully organized, and it was their intention to start for South English early the next morning. I told him of the information I had got in relation to the Governor's preparations and intentions, and how I had got it, and advised him to go back to the camp and as soon as it was dark have his men disperse and go to their respective homes.

The Governor in his speech at the court house made no mention of his having out any military forces, and apparently it was not his intention to have it publicly known, but that night there came to Sigourney, or in close proximity to the Tally camp, the Muscatine Rangers, Capt. Satterlee; Washington Prov-

ost Guards, Capt. Andrews; Brighton Guards, Capt. Sheridan; Richland Home Guards, Capt. Drummond; Fairfield Prairie Guards, Capt. Alexander; Fairfield Union Guards, Capt. Ratcliff; Abingdon Home Guards, Capt. Peck; Libertyville Home Guards, Capt. Cowan; Mt. Pleasant Infantry, Capt. Jericho; Mt. Pleasant Artillery, Capt. Burr; and Sigourney Home Guards, Capt. Price."

While one of the artillery men was standing guard over his gun, in the early dawn of the morning, a stranger, led by curiosity, or as a spy from the Tally camp, came up within speaking distance of the guard, and asked him what he had there, when he got the reply "That, sir, by ——, is a butter-nut cracker."

As the "enemy" following the advice of their counsellor, had all disbanded and scattered during the night, no hostile demonstrations were made on the part of our troops, they were all put under the command of Col. N. P. Chipman to remain until notified by the Sheriff of the county, that they were no longer needed.

The camp of the Tally forces was estimated to contain from one to three thousand men, but as no muster rolls of them were ever made, or if made never published, their exact number was never known.

Upon warrants issued, twelve men were arrested for the killing of Tally, when Mr. Negus, who had returned to his home in Fairfield, was sent for by the Governor to assist in their prosecution, but the men all waived examination and gave bonds for their appearance at the next term of the District Court and thus ended the noted "Skunk River War."

For the prompt and decisive action of the Governor in suppressing this outbreak, much credit is due him, as it prevented the shedding of much blood, and a long train of domestic troubles and disasters that would have followed dilatory measures.

NEW IOWA BOOKS.

MEN AND EVENTS OF FORTY YEARS. AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL REMINISCENCES OF AN ACTIVE CAREER FROM 1850 TO 1890, BY THE LATE JOSIAH BUSHNELL GRINNELL, WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY PROF. HENRY W. PARKER, D.D. *Boston*, D. Lothrop Company, pp. 426.



OR thirty-six of the years included in this sumptuous volume the author was a prominent citizen of Iowa, and held high rank among the public men of the State. His work was multifarious, and touched the whole life of the Commonwealth from the days of the pioneer in the central region of the State to a representative seat in the Senate of Iowa, and in the lower House of Congress. In his active and enterprising career Mr. Grinnell bore a part in the discussion and settlement of every public question and he was familiar with all the public men of the time. A man of great force of character, independent in thought, frank and racy in speech he has preserved in this handsomely printed book his reminiscences of the men and events that have made Iowa a name of honor. The volume is a valuable contribution to the history of the State. It falls into the error, p. 258, of representing Mr. Grimes's service as Governor as covering "two terms," whereas his election, which took place under the Constitution of 1846, was for a term of four years. W. S.

HISTORY OF THE TRAPPIST ABBEY OF NEW MELLERAY, IN DUBUQUE COUNTY, IOWA, BY WILLIAM RUFUS PERKINS, A. M., *Professor of History*.

This is Number Two of a Series of Historical Monographs published by the State University of Iowa. *New Melleray* takes its name from *Mt. Melleray*, in Ireland, and this from

Melleray Abbey, a monastery in Anjou, founded in the Twelfth Century.

About the middle of the Sixth Century, St. Benedict gave to the western world the code of religious life called "The Holy Rule." Departure from the asceticism demanded by St. Benedict, was the occasion of the "Reform of Cluny" early in the Tenth Century. At the close of the Eleventh Century, the Cluniacs becoming less spiritual, the order of *Cistercean* Monks was instituted at Citeaux, in Chalons. Out of this grew several establishments; that of St. Bernard, in Clairvaux; of Robert d'Abissel, at Fontrevault; and that of Vital de Mortain, at Savigni. Dependent upon the latter and following its rule was "the monastery of La Grande Trappe, the ancestress of *New Melleray* and the mother house of the *Trappists*."

La Trappe was founded about 1122, by Rotron, the antagonist of the renowned Robert le Diable. It takes its name from the resemblance of an opening into a valley of the mountainous region where the monastery was built, to a *trap door*.

The course of the Trappists is traced very clearly for more than six centuries until the Constituent Assembly of 1791 sold the property to individual purchasers. The property was recovered and was held until in the revolution of 1830, it was considered unsafe for the French government, under Louis Philippe, to harbor so many Englishmen and Irishmen as had joined the order, and still farther unsafe to harbor friends of the deposed King Charles X, who was a lover of the Monks. September 28th, 1831, witnessed the arrest of the Monks of Melleray, and two months later they were sent out of the country, at their own request to Ireland. They established the monastery of Mt. Melleray, upon mountainous and barren land leased at a nominal rent from a Protestant, Sir Richard Keane, who laid the first stone of the present Abbey by brief of Pope Gregory XVI. Its prosperity led to a colony in England called Mt. St. Bernard. Attention was then directed to America. A monastery had been founded at Gethsemane

in Kentucky about 1800. Efforts to find a suitable place for a colony from Mt. Melleray, were unsuccessful until Bishop Loras, from Dubuque, visiting Mt. Melleray, offered them a tract of land twelve miles southwest of Dubuque. The offer was accepted and on July 16th, 1849, was laid the foundation of New Melleray.

The corporation now owns 2442 acres of land which are thoroughly tilled.

Thorough communists they maintain a strictly ascetic life, following the Rule of St. Benedict as to:

1. Abstinence.
2. Silence.
3. Manual Labor.

The author closes the excellent monograph, the materials of which regarding New Melleray are drawn from manuscripts kindly furnished him by the Superior of the Abbey, with a brief summary. Among the sentences are found the following: "It is strange in the Nineteenth Century and on the banks of the Mississippi in the midst of the new and vigorous west to see the usages of thirteen centuries ago still active and fruitful, * * and that the community preserves the customs of mediæval times. * * * Their faces betoken a spiritual content. * * Their hearts are kind and full of love for their fellow men."

Accuracy of statement and beauty of style make the monograph invaluable as part of Iowa History.

RECOLLECTIONS OF INDIAN LIFE ON OLD MAN'S CREEK IN 1840.

WOBOKESHICK "or White Hawk" the subject of this sketch was by birth a Fox Indian. He was born at the Fox Village, on Turkey river, near its junction with the Mississippi, in what is now Clayton county, Iowa, in the year 1783.

When the writer of this first knew White Hawk in the fall of 1840, he lived in his town near where Williamsburg now stands. He was unequalled in his kindness and honesty, as the white settler's stock was frequently found close around the Indian village unmolested.

White Hawk's Neewa, "or wife," came to our cabin in Green township, Iowa county, in the fall of 1840, and asked me if we had any tea. I told her we had. She then said, "My Indian heap sick." I made tea for them and whilst they were drinking it they talked. White Hawk said: "The name of my Neewa, is Minnanqua, and she was a Shawanee. I gave her father two horses for her, over on the Wabash. She is a good Neewa. She accompanied me in all my expeditions. She was with me on my journey to Malden with a band of Rock River Indians, to see a great English War Chief in the summer of 1810.

"He gave the band guns, knives, tomahawks, powder and lead, and all kinds of war supplies. He called us his children, and said what good things his great Father (the King) could do for us. He advised us not to go to war but to be ready to strike when he gave the word. The British officer was Col. Dixon. They treated us kindly and supplied us with provisions as long as we remained with them. She was with me at Tippecanoe. Me and my band made the attack on General Harrison's left flank. She was near by to assist me. I was badly wounded, and when she could no longer hear my voice, she came to my assistance in the midst of the battle, and helped me off the field before day-light. She helped me on one of our horses and we got back to the Indian town." Minnanqua said: "All of the Indians had left, so that when General Harrison's horsemen came, White Hawk and me were all alone." She said she was not afraid of the soldiers, for she had lived a part of her life in the white settlement. "An officer came to see us" she continued, "and gave us provisions and sent us a medicine man to see White Hawk's wounds. We were at the village three moons before White Hawk was

able to ride home. After returning home we lived at the old Fox village on Turkey river. In the spring of 1813, we joined Black Hawk's British band on Rock river. About that time Simon Girty came to the village with an invitation from Colonel Dixon, 'a British officer,' to Black Hawk, to come with his band to Green Bay to see him. On our arrival there, we found a large force of Indians, all well supplied with arms, and every thing needed for a campaign. Colonel Dixon came to see us and said he wanted to have us go with him to Detroit. We were all well supplied with guns, powder, lead and everything we needed for the campaign. From Green Bay we made our way to Detroit; we were two moons going, and each band went a different way. But four or five hundred that started from Green Bay arrived in the middle of summer. There was a large English army encamped there. Immediately on our arrival the English officers commenced making arrangements to attack Fort Meigs. We went down to Sandusky. The British made the attack and were driven off, then they went down the Bay to attack Fort Stephenson. The Indians, under the command of Tecumseh, went by land and were stationed above the Fort." Minnanqua, White Hawk's wife, also said that White Hawk was sent down close to the fort to assist the English if he could, but the English cannon had stopped firing before he got there and the English were storming the fort. There was a young American brave in the fort and he had a big gun. When White Hawk and his band got within a short distance of the fort, the big gun was let go, the earth trembled and the English fled to the woods and left two hundred dead and wounded in the ditch. The great English war chief was killed. The English gave up the attack. Then the officers had hard work to keep the Indians from going home. Some did leave. After that, we were taken over to Malden, in Canada. We could see the smoke of the battle between the big canoes on the lake. The English said they had beaten the Americans, but we saw the English army packing up to move; they were

going to leave." White Hawk said, "Then me and my Neewa came home and we lived beside the Mississippi, until we sold a large strip of land to the United States, on the west side of the river. Then we moved to our hunting town on Posetoe-no-nock. six or eight miles from here."

In the summer of 1843 we bought a gun of White Hawk's young men. His Neewa said, "That gun was given to White Hawk by an English officer at Green Bay, at the time we went down to Detroit."

The old gun has the English broad arrow on its breech. She said that their good angel lived on Rock Island, and after the fort was built, "she spread her snow white wings and disappeared, and ever since we have had trouble." At the time White Hawk and his band of Indians moved west, we went up to see them and bid them good-bye; the men had nearly all left. White Hawk came forward and shook hands, bid us good-bye, but refused to talk, turned from us, mounted his horse and was gone.

JACOB RICORD.

A HISTORICAL BANQUET.



ON. T. S. PARVIN, in a late number of the Cedar Rapids *Gazette*, records his recollections of a public banquet given by the people of Burlington to Governor Lucas September 4, 1838, from which we make some extracts.

Col. C. S. Jacobs, formerly of Pennsylvania, who had been appointed by President Van Buren, District Attorney for Iowa, presided, assisted by Col. G. H. Beeler, mayor of the city, as Vice-President. Military titles were as common in those days as later in war times. The thirteen proverbial toasts were regularly announced, the third being to the "ex-President of the United States—the memory of the illustrious dead—the health of the illustrious living."

In announcing this the president, who was an able and eloquent man, took occasion to address the assembled hosts and guest, explaining the purpose for which the company had met, sanctioned, he said, by usage from time immemorial—it was a custom which had its rise in the heart and went to the heart—

equally gratifying to the bestower and the bestowed. There was, the speaker said, a merit in rewarding merit, an honor in doing honor, and to this merit, and reward those whom he addressed might safely lay claim. Then in a most eloquent and happy manner he alluded to the long and faithful public services of their distinguished guest, Robert Lucas, the first governor of Iowa, celebrated for his services in the tented field as in the cabinet. His name was identified with the history of Ohio (as it has since been with Iowa) the executive chair of which great state he had ably filled for four years and to the service of which in its legislative halls he had devoted nineteen years, being for many of them the President of the State Senate, and in conclusion he stated that the sentiment he was about to offer had reference to the volunteer services he had rendered his country in the war of 1812. At the conclusion of his remarks Colonel Jacobs announced his toast:

"Our distinguished guest—we honor him as a gallant soldier in war; we honor him as an enlightened legislator and magistrate in peace; and we honor him for his virtue as a private citizen."

The welcome which the new governor received was manifested in the hearty cheering and applause which followed the announcement of this toast, and when it had subsided Governor Lucas rose and returned his thanks.

The Governor gave a sentiment. It was in these words:

"The citizens of Iowa—hospitable, intelligent and enterprising—may their energies be united in support of such measures as are best calculated to advance the interests of the territory, promote virtue, increase intelligence, and secure the lasting prosperity and happiness of the people."

Some of the regular toasts following this were to:

"The Governor of Wisconsin," from which territory Iowa had so recently been separated.

"Iowa Territory—the last in political existence—she will soon verify the saying 'the last shall be first.'"

"Iowa and Wisconsin," "Education," which shows that the committee in charge of the preparation of the regular toasts had a wise thought of the early future as they recognized in it the smother of the asperities of society and the foremost pillar of our civil institutions.

"The pre-emption system—a measure not of favor to the settlers but of justice."

The principal speech of the occasion was made by General Van Antwerp, receiver of public moneys, and so intimately associated in the land office with General Dodge. He had graduated from West Point, was a gentleman of liberal education, accustomed to public speaking, and his address was one of interest and of instruction to those who heard it. He had preceded Governor Lucas in coming to this territory and therefore felt that as one of the citizens he could bid a welcome to the first chief magistrate, and after speaking of him and of his services in elegant terms, he spoke of the duties of the hour and portrayed the future as it would likely appear, the new governor and the outgrowth of the laws which the coming legislature might enact for the welfare of the people. He took occasion, as did Governor Lucas in his first message, to speak of the value of a well organized "system of common schools," of the

necessity of economy in the administration, and then made a statement that has since become more famous as having been uttered by one of our national rulers, that "Iowa is an Agricultural State." The cause of agriculture, said General Van Antwerp, was second to none other save that of the education of her sons, hardly even secondary to it, and that with the two in a healthy and flourishing condition the citizens of Iowa had nothing to fear and everything to hope, as upon their united prosperity would depend that of every calling and profession and the perpetuity of our free institutions. How well and wisely our people have since acted upon these suggestions is made manifest in the wonderful prosperity which has attended their efforts in the upbuilding of the great State, second to none other in the union. He concluded his remarks, lengthy and eloquent, with a sentiment embodying the substance of what he had said, and with it the exercises of the hour were brought to a close.

"Iowa—May her maturity fully realize the bright prospects of her most promising infancy, and to insure this may her first and her unceasing care be directed to education and agriculture, as the most certain and imperishable basis upon which to erect its future prosperity and renown, and her continued adherence to liberal principles."

Only half a century and four years more have passed since that delightful afternoon of the early fall, and yet as we look over the names we then recorded of those who were present, not one remains among the living, and we alone are now here to present to the public a brief account of an event of such interest to those who participated in it and pregnant of the history of the future, which time has brought to light.

The recollections and the memories of that early event have often come to mind and with them we have brought into view our recollection of the personages then first brought together to do the public a service. It is to another and a later generation that we now speak and to them much, very much, of the interest of the recital will be lost in that they know only from history of those who participated in the banquet, a sketch of which we have given.

WAR MEMORIES.



BY THE magnanimous favor of Governor Kirkwood, in July, 1862, I was by promotion (having been Assistant Surgeon of the Eleventh) Surgeon of the Sixteenth Iowa Infantry, then encamped two miles from Corinth, Mississippi, and perhaps a quarter of a mile from a somewhat pretentious plantation mansion with an ample lawn, where General Grant then had his headquarters. His wife and some of his children being with him, he and his family and staff occupied the house, and his body-guard, an

"independent" company (one not forming a part of any regiment) of Ohio cavalry, under the command of Captain Ford, occupied the ground in front.

My regiment being next the headquarters I was ordered to hold a "sick call" every morning in Captain Ford's camp and attend any sick that might be there.

Up to this time I supposed I had never seen General Grant and entertained a rather prejudiced feeling against his personal appearance on account of an alleged picture of him which was often seen among the troops, hurriedly produced by the enterprising pictorial press to meet the emergent demand created by General Grant's sudden elevation into prominence by the capture of Fort Donelson. This picture represented the general wearing a high felt hat and a red beard reaching to his belt, and in no particular resembled the original. It was probably taken from a wood cut, which by change of name had done duty for Siegel and others who had gained an evanescent prominence to drop again into obscurity upon the rise of some new military idol which the great war was constantly heaving up into popular view one day only to whelm in neglect and forgetfulness the next.

One day, after returning to my tent after a short absence, I received a message calling me to General Grant's headquarters. Supposing it was to see one of Captain Ford's men, I took no thought of my dress, but went as I was in my summer camp costume, including a straw hat but not a coat. On going to Captain Ford's tent he told me none of his men were sick, and that I must have been sent for to see one of General Grant's colored servants. Going toward the house, I saw at the entrance an official of Gallican manners (probably Captain Badeau) politely gesturing me to come in. He escorted me into one of the front rooms, the house being divided in the middle by a hall, and near the door at a desk was Captain Rawlins, to whom he presented me. I began by this time to regret my negligent attire, but it was too late. In a moment Rawlins had me at the other side of the room,

where sat a rather small looking officer writing at a table, to whom I was introduced. It was General Grant. He rose and shook hands cordially and there was a pleasant twinkle in his eyes which I never saw again, although I saw him a number of times afterwards. His son Ulysses, then a boy about ten years old, had been kicked by a horse. The general took me to his bed up stairs. The general, immediately after greeting me fell into that grave and silent manner which has become so well known to the world as his habitual one.

The next morning I revisited the headquarters, where again I saw the general and also met Mrs. Grant, an affable and gracious lady, who talked pleasantly of the caricature picture of her husband, of whom she spoke as "Mr. Grant," who at that time had his face shaved clean and wore a low crowned soft felt black hat.

General Grant's face struck me as one not altogether unfamiliar to me, but deeming this a confusion of features, I soon dismissed the thought. But, upon reading his Memoirs, I find that he was a frequent visitor before the war, in eastern Iowa, and it is probable that I had casually met him more than once in the streets of Iowa City.

Before the month was out Crocker's Brigade, including the Sixteenth Iowa, had marched off to Bolivar, Tennessee, to a new tune that A. H. Statler, principal musician of the Brigade, had learned to beat on his drum, and I did not see General Grant again till the middle of the next November, when our division, then under command of General McArthur, and engaged as part of the army of the Tennessee in the central Mississippi campaign, was encamped near Abbeyville, Mississippi, when he rode past our camp in a fast trot, one cold, rainy, blustering day, with a large staff and escort following, and it was the talk in the army that one to accompany General Grant should be well mounted, for though sometimes himself apparently phlegmatic he did not tolerate any such temper in his horse.

During the few days we were at that camp I had some busi-

ness which called me to General McArthur's headquarters. While I was there a tall old man in citizen's dress, with a broad mouth and thin lips, came to the tent. It was General Grant's father, who was on his way to the front to visit his distinguished son. While he was absent getting dinner in the dining tent, McArthur having already dined, I told McArthur a story I had heard of General Grant having been born in Scotland. McArthur being a thoroughbred Scotchman himself took sufficient interest in it to ask the old man, when he returned from dinner, to give an account of his family origin. Mr. Grant at once refuted the story, and in doing so remarked that a branch of his family was in Virginia, some of them in the Confederate army, but low in rank, and that he told them the reason was that they had depended too much on slave labor to be trained in self-reliance, whereas his children had to wait upon themselves even so far as to black their own shoes. I saw the old man but once again. This was on July 5th, 1863, in the city of Cincinnati, near the post-office, where he stood reading the bulletins of the capture of Vicksburg which had just been posted. I immediately recognized him, and tried to recall to him when and where I had met him, but the old man, though preserving a calm demeanor, was too deeply interested in the exciting news for conversation, or perhaps did not desire to be identified, for he hardly replied and soon walked away.

After the ineffectual attempt to take Vicksburg by marching down upon its rear through central Mississippi, the army of the Tennessee was concentrated at Memphis, preparatory to its transfer by boats to Young's Point, Louisiana, just above Vicksburg. While in Memphis, one evening at dark, I recognized General Grant, just as I had passed him. He was walking by himself very slowly, apparently in deep thought. And well he might have pondered, for he was at the head of an army which had been thwarted in a well laid plan which promised easy success, while very many were now impressed with the belief that they would be used in an

attempt to take Vicksburg by storm from the river, at the thought of which many recoiled; the president's proclamation liberating the slaves had just gone into effect, and the confederate president had met it with a counter one ordering all enemies taken with negro comrades to be hung. Many officers resigned, because, as they said, they had not volunteered "to free niggers," while desertions from the ranks occurred by platoons. The Army of the Tennessee for a moment was demoralized.

The next occasion on which I saw General Grant was in April, 1863, on the steamer Von Phul, then in charge and under command of Captain Frank Reno, commissary of subsistence, an Iowa man, now a resident of Marengo, and it may be added, a brother of the brave young Union general of the same name who was killed early in the war. This boat was used by General Grant as his temporary headquarters during the preparations for running the Confederate batteries at Vicksburg and during that daring and momentous feat. On the night of April 16th, when the first three boats ran the batteries, the Von Phul's large cabin was crowded with a great military throng, and there, for the only time, I saw General Grant evidently excited. Surrounded by his principal officers, and Mrs. Grant by his side, talking even faster than the general, his vehemence found an outlet by striking the palm of his left hand with his right, as the couriers returned with their reports from the southern side of the peninsula which the boats had rounded.

It was not long after this that I saw General Grant again, and this time on a salient historical occasion, although I have never seen anywhere that I now recall any published account of it. It was on the 30th of April, 1863, at Hard Times Landing, on the Louisiana side of the river, where the army embarked to cross the Mississippi below Vicksburg. A small frame house stood on the bluff about five hundred yards from the river. At this place, at about nine o'clock in the forenoon, with General McPherson, he emerged from this

house and walked a little way from it toward the river. Then pausing for a moment, as if to consider whether he had omitted anything essential, and seemingly having assured himself that he had not, he said to General McPherson, "Well, I reckon I'll go now," and he walked rapidly to the gun-boat lying at the shore. I do not remember that a single person accompanied him. Immediately upon his going aboard, the gun-boat steamed out into the middle of the river, and up toward Grand Gulf, where the Confederates had a fort. When it got nearly abreast of the fort, as it appeared to me, the gun-boat seemed to hang there for a moment, and then wheeled and made for the opposite shore at Bruinsburg, Mississippi, at about the same angle it had gone up.

The next day (May 1st) I crossed the river as one of General McPherson's staff, on a boat with more apertures through its state rooms than were necessary for ventilation, for it had run the batteries a few nights before. Governor Yates and Congressman Washburn, of Illinois were on board. During the battle of Port Gibson, which was fought that day, the first of that series of bold actions preceding the siege, and so glorious to the Union arms, I passed General Grant as he stood unfolding his orders or dispatches.

I can hardly say I saw General Grant the next time I met him, as it was after night had closed in on the 18th of May, as the army was taking up its first position in the rear of Vicksburg. McPherson, who was riding a short distance in front of his staff, halted on meeting General Grant, just then returning from his front, and after a few words with his chief, gave those behind him notice who it was by the order in a loud voice, "Make way there for General Grant." While I remained in the rear of Vicksburg, during the siege, which was till the 10th of June, I saw General Grant but twice. Soon after the siege began he had his headquarters in a small house within a few yards of a public road running from Vicksburg toward Jackson. Provisions were to be sent to some of

our wounded who had fallen into the hands of the enemy. General Grant had come out to the road to speak to some one passing, and Colonel Rawlins, his chief-of-staff, came to the door and asked if he or Grant should write the letter to accompany the flag of truce to the Confederate commander. "I reckon it will be for me to write if there is one written," was General Grant's reply. He had used this word *reckon* when he was about to cross the river, and he used it now. So it would seem to have been rather a favorite one with him, or, more probably, he had learned it in childhood, it having been one of the idioms of Ohio thirty years before and is now, as the word *guess* is used everywhere in the United States, but particularly in the far east. Still again, soon afterwards, I casually saw him passing on foot, and heard his cordial "How are you?" to another not far away.

I did not see General Grant again till March 10th, 1864, when he stood in the lobby of the Galt House, at Louisville, Kentucky, wearing a blue cloak and regulation hat, smoking a cigar, and thus awaiting the time, fast approaching, when he should start for the packet-boat for Cincinnati, for he was on his way to Washington, to receive his commission as Lieutenant-General. He stood there impassively that Sunday morning, gazed at by a vast throng of military and citizens, seemingly the least impressed of all, but still not with the grave face, but with one more like that I had first seen with him at Corinth.

Near the close of his Presidency, General Grant made a tour as far west as Denver. While on his return it was announced in the papers that he would pass through Iowa on his way back to Washington, over the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific Railway, and that he would travel in a car so elegant that it would be worth while to walk a mile or two to look at it, saying nothing about seeing the President. Next day came the disappointing despatch, saying the President's train would flank Iowa and go east by St. Louis. Nevertheless, at the time of night originally appointed for the arrival

of the presidential train, I was at the station and saw the arrival of a beautiful coach. The doors were locked and the blinds down, but the uncovered edge of the rear car window enabled me to see a man for a moment walking toward me in the almost empty car with the face of General Grant—not that of the Grant I had seen at Corinth, Memphis, Vicksburg or Louisville, but the Grant of the Presidency, such as one sees hung up in post offices and public places, I believe I saw General Grant last where I probably had seen him first—in the “Historic Capital of Iowa.”

IOWA.

Fair Iowa! State of the voweled name!—
An Indian legend, turned to Saxon fame.
Fond are thy children of the cherished whim
That it for beauty is a synonym,
For martial valor a symbolic word,
By which the patriotic heart is stirred.
At Shiloh, Vicksburg, Chattanooga's field,
Thy loyalty to liberty was sealed;
And wheresoe'er the wounded soldier's tent
There soon the sanitary angel bent.
Set in the center of the Nation's frame,
Thou as a keystone to the Union came.
Rivers renowned form thy meridian metes,
Which, north or south, a sovereign State completes.
Thy groves, thy knolls, thy lakes, thy dashing streams
Not now excite the Indian's spectral dreams;
The modern form supplants the savage mode;
The white man rides where once the red man strode;
The lowing kine graze on the bison's range;
The hunting ground is now the farmer's grange;
Climbed only vines where lightning wire is stretched,

And where but spirits spoke man's voice is fetched;
 The fiery chariot speeds where ponies drew,
 And vapory ships replace the birch canoe.
 Thy breast, bedecked with agricultural gems,
 By contrast Ophir annually contemns;
 And if beneath the surface we explore,
 What hidden treasures amplate thy store!
 But what were beauty, fame or treasured wealth
 Without a climate ozonized for health?
 And what were all—fame, beauty, health and store,
 Without the grace of scholarship and lore?
 From halls of learning more than warriors' tents
 Will rise the glory for thy monuments.
 And what all these? Dim halos of a night,
 Without the worship of the Infinite.
 State of the valiant, learned and voweled name,
 Thou art the Nation's core—her sword of flame!

DEATHS.

A. P. WOOD, a pioneer journalist of Iowa, died at his home in Dubuque, March 10th, 1892. He was formerly editor of the Dubuque *Tribune*, and of late years had been engaged in writing a history of Iowa during the war.

CAPT. GEORGE A. THURSTON, of the 3rd U. S. Artillery, died at Baltimore, Maryland, July 13th, 1892, aged 58 years. He was a native of New York, but when quite young removed to Nevada, where, in 1864, he volunteered and became First Lieutenant of the 1st Nevada Infantry, rising to the rank of captain by the end of the war. In 1867 he entered the 4th U. S. Cavalry, with the rank of Second Lieutenant, and served on the southern frontier. In 1868 he was promoted to the rank of First Lieutenant, and in 1874 transferred to the 3d Artillery, attaining the rank of captain in 1889. In 1879 he was detailed by the War Department as

Professor of Military Science in the State University of Iowa, holding the position for the full tour of three years, in a manner highly satisfactory to the University authorities. He was buried with military honors in the National Cemetery at Arlington, near Washington, July 14th.

NOTES.

WE hope to be able to publish in the next number of THE RECORD a portrait of the Rev. "Father Bell," the first Presbyterian minister of Iowa, accompanied by a sketch of his life written by the Hon. T. S. Parvin.

IN conversation lately in reference to the interesting biography by Dr. Salter of the late James W. Grimes, which appears in this number of the RECORD, Governor Kirkwood summed up his estimate of the character of the late Senator by saying he was slow to move, but when once engaged resistless and tireless in the pursuit of his object.

THE death of Capt. Thurston, recorded in another page, affords occasion for mention of the officers of the army assigned by the War Department as military professors at the State University of Iowa, viz.: First Lieut. Alexander D. Schench, 2d Artillery, 1874-76; First Lieut. (now Captain) James Chester, 3d Artillery, 1876-79; First Lieut. George A. Thurston, (afterwards Captain) 3d Artillery, 1879-83; First Lieut. (now Captain) Edward C. Knowler, 3d Artillery, 1883-86; First Lieut. Joseph M. Califf, 3d Artillery, 1886-89; and Second Lieut. (now First Lieutenant) George W. Read, 5th Cavalry, the present incumbent, assigned in 1889, whose tour of duty, as an especial mark of approval, has been unprecedentedly extended to four years.



Alex Chambers

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GENERAL ALEXANDER CHAMBERS.

"That star of the field, which so often has poured
Its beam on the battle, is set."



HO shall count the stars of the firmament and describe their endless courses in infinite space? Almost such a one would be required to number those emblematic stars, single or double, whose silver light shone from the shoulders of the National generals during the great civil war. They were almost countless in multitude, and the orbits they might have described, had time and opportunity been given, are as incalculable as those of the fixed stars.

I write of one who, in the midnight darkness of the strife, bore on each shoulder a single star, which, as sometimes happens in the physical sky, rose and shone for a short time, to be suddenly extinguished.

Alexander Chambers was born August 25th, 1833, at Ellcottville, Cattaraugus county, New York. His father's father was born in the North of Ireland, but came to America in his youth. His mother was Scotch. His parents were united in marriage in New England. Young Chambers lived in his native town in Western New York, attending school or clerking in a drug store, until he had completed his sixteenth year.

In September, 1849, he entered the United States Military Academy at West Point as a cadet, and was soon initiated by his seniors into those hazing mysteries by which life is sometimes rendered long and burdensome to the "plebe" and correspondingly pleasant to his superiors at that famous school of Mars, whose usefulness, doubted and scouted at the beginning of the Rebellion, was demonstrated, and its tenure as a necessary feature of the Government, unalterably fixed in the affections of the whole people, by the grandeur of the military services of Grant, Sherman, Halleck, McClellan, Meade, McPherson, Sheridan and Thomas. After passing through the usual four-years' course, Chambers graduated in 1853 with that distinguished class which gave to the army Philip H. Sheridan, James B. McPherson and J. M. Schofield.

He was commissioned Brevet Second Lieutenant, and assigned to the Fifth Infantry, with which he served in Texas, Florida, and on the "Western Plains," a vast wilderness, filled with hostile savages, now known as New Mexico, Kansas, Nebraska, Colorado and the Dakotas, where Indian "affairs" (the only designation allowed by the Government for engagements, no matter how severe, with the aborigines) were sufficiently frequent to afford all the young officers opportunity to try the metal of themselves and their swords. He engaged, also, in the expedition under Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston which in 1859 was sent to Utah to awe Brigham Young and his defiant and turbulent Mormons into subjection—a military demonstration known as the "Mormon War."

On the breaking out of the Rebellion Chambers had attained the rank of First Lieutenant, and was enjoying a short leave of absence at Owatonna, Minnesota, to which place his father had removed from New York.

In April, 1861, his leave having been cancelled, to effect the transfer of our volunteers from State to Federal control he was detailed as mustering and disbursing officer for Iowa, the latter branch of the office involving the responsibility for large sums of Government funds, which were faithfully ac-

counted for. In this capacity he mustered into the United States service all the Iowa volunteers raised in the eastern part of the State up to the Sixteenth Infantry, which brought events to the beginning of the year 1862, when, in the short period of eight months, Iowa, with a population of a little more than half a million, had furnished for the defense of the Union fifteen infantry and five cavalry regiments and a battery of artillery—more than twenty thousand soldiers.

On the increase and reorganization of the regular army in May Chambers had been promoted to a captaincy in the Eighteenth U. S. Infantry, one of the new regiments.

At this point in the martial history of Iowa it looked as if no more troops would be required from our State, and that the young captain's services as mustering officer would no longer be needed. Taking this view of the probabilities of the course of the war, which at that time was the general belief, Governor Kirkwood, with that innate acuteness of judgment of the capacity of men which enabled him to make so many good appointments and such few bad ones, selected Chambers as Colonel for the Sixteenth Iowa Infantry, then in process of mustering at Camp McClellan, one mile above Davenport on the Mississippi bluff, where the Eleventh and Thirteenth Infantry had been organized.

In March, 1862, upon the opening of navigation, Chambers, with the Sixteenth, left Camp McClellan by boat, and debarking at St. Louis spent a few days at Benton Barracks, situated at the Fair Grounds, near the city, where they received their arms, and then embarked again for Pittsburg Landing, Tennessee, which they reached and where they went into camp on the afternoon of the day before the first day's battle of Shiloh.

I had frequently seen Chambers in Iowa in a casual way. One day at Keokuk I was in the lobby of the Deming House, where I saw him polishing his sword with a chamois skin. This was an index to his official character—no stain should be upon that sword, the symbol of his office. And now I saw

him at Shiloh as he rode in front of his regiment to take the position assigned him on that bloody field. He looked somewhat as in the picture which accompanies this sketch, the original photograph from which it is copied having been taken a few days before at St. Louis. He wore a prime new uniform, with silver eagles on his shoulders to designate his rank as Colonel; his sword was drawn and held at a shoulder, and at the time I observed him he met some one, probably a general officer, whom he saluted with his sword, whose bright damaskin blade threw off the sunlight of that beautiful Sunday morning like a mirror, and his entire bearing impressed me as that of the embodiment of valor going to take his place in "battle's magnificently stern array." That night I saw him lame and bleeding and begrimed with the smoke of battle. One arm, which had been shot through near the shoulder, was in a sling, and he was lame from a spent-ball wound in the hip, but he was still preserving his soldierly manner. His regiment, although not organized or armed long enough to be proficient in the rudiments of tactics, behaved, under their brave young Colonel, with a steady impetuosity that for a time bent back out of alignment the Confederates in their front.

Three weeks after this the Sixteenth was brigaded with three other Iowa regiments—the Eleventh, Thirteenth and Fifteenth Infantry—to be thenceforth known as "Crocker's Iowa Brigade," in honor of its first commander, M. M. Crocker. This organization was destined to remain unbroken to the end of the war, something almost without a parallel in the history of the vast army which fought throughout the war to uphold the Union.

Chambers recovered sufficiently from his wound to rejoin his regiment in time to take part with it in the siege of Corinth, which terminated by its evacuation by the rebels May 29th. Then there were two comparatively idle months of camp life at Corinth, where men drank water that killed flies in two minutes, the tedium of which was partially relieved by the visit of Chambers' two brothers, William and Clarke, with

other friends from the North. Then came the three days' march from Corinth to Bolivar, Tennessee, which began July 29th. In the middle of this hot march, Chambers produced from his valise, as by enchantment, a delicious cake of magnificent proportions, such as is seen at nuptial festivals, really prepared, as was surmised by some, for such an occasion, but condemned to commoner uses by the exigency of war. This was generously distributed to the members of his mess and others, for Chambers was untainted by selfishness and would have divided his last crumb with his comrades.

From August 1st to September 12th Chambers was in command of his regiment at Bolivar, being a part of the infantry force supporting cavalry which was in almost daily collision with the enemy then threatening the place. On September 12th he left Bolivar with his command on a two days forced march back to Corinth. Little delay was made here, for the next night he went by rail to Burnsville, Mississippi, with his regiment, and the next day, with Colonel Mower, of the Eleventh Missouri, made a daring reconnoissance upon Iuka. Chambers was detached with his regiment on this duty because his capacity, known to General Grant, was absolutely needed there. Having ably performed this duty, and fallen back to Burnsville in the night, thus completing one of the most fatiguing efforts ever made by soldiers, after a day's rest for his tired men, he was dispatched with his regiment to Rosecrans' column, which he joined at Jacinto the night of September 17th. It was properly a two days' march from Jacinto to Iuka on this road, but the eager column were in line of battle before Iuka by three o'clock in the afternoon of the second day, September 19th, Chambers with the Sixteenth being in the centre. This battle was one of the shortest, but also one of the fiercest and deadliest of the pitched battles of the war. It was fought at short range from the first and at the close was a hand-to-hand encounter. It resulted in favor and to the glory of the National arms. Chambers, severely wounded, fell into the hands of the retreating

Confederates, who carried him into the city. The next morning, the rebels having evacuated the place, he was found at the "Iuka Springs Hotel," a large frame building with a spacious corridor on the ground floor for dancing and galleries above for spectators, only lately a fashionable Southern resort, but now converted by the Confederates into a military hospital, no longer the scene of gayety and pleasure but of agony and death. Chambers was soon conveyed to a private house, and in a few days by rail to Corinth, and thence North, where he remained till the beginning of January, 1863.

During his absence from his regiment on this occasion, in the month of December Chambers was married in Iowa to Miss Fannie, daughter of the late Henry Winslow, architect of the hospital for the insane at Mount Pleasant, who survives him. She is a descendant of one of the brothers Winslow who came to America in the May Flower.

January 20th, 1863, Chambers, with the Sixteenth, embarked at Memphis, Tennessee, for Young's Point, Louisiana, to engage in the siege of Vicksburg, in which he took a conspicuous part, commanding the Iowa Brigade, as the senior Colonel.

At the close of the siege, as a reward for his gallantry and good service, Chambers, on the recommendation of General Grant, was appointed by the President a brigadier general.

In the military appointments of this character by the Federal Government the Senators and Representatives in Congress were very jealous in claiming the shares due their several States. Chambers, although Colonel of an Iowa regiment, had designated Minnesota as his residence on account of his father making his home there, and Iowa Congressmen were not looking after the promotion of Minnesotans. On the other hand the Senators and Representatives of Minnesota did not press the promotion of an Iowa Colonel, who was only nominally a citizen of their State. In this way, between two stools Chambers fell to the ground, and his appointment as brigadier general failed of confirmation by the Senate. In

the meantime the colonelcy of the Sixteenth had lapsed, and could not be refilled by the Governor because the regiment, by reason of casualties it had suffered in service and battle, had not the number, under the regulations of the War Department, to entitle it to a Colonel by appointment. In this way the further services of General Chambers, whose ideas of military propriety prevented his seeking his own advancement, were lost to Iowa's volunteers, and thence on during the war he served, chiefly on staff duty, with the regulars. After the war, in the regular course of promotion, he attained the rank of Colonel in the regular army, being at the time of his death Colonel of the Seventeenth U. S. Infantry.

After the capture of Vicksburg, in the hot summer months of July and August, there was a lull in military affairs. During this time General Grant sent for Chambers to come to his headquarters, and there offered him command of a cavalry expedition he contemplated sending into Texas. Chambers at the time was suffering from the prevailing pernicious malarial fever which then was filling so many coffins at Vicksburg, and felt compelled to decline. This was the critical point in Chambers' military career. Had he been able to accept this flattering offer of his mighty chief his path of glory and success might have been on parallel lines with that of his distinguished class-mate, Sheridan.

In 1876 Chambers, then Major of the Fourth U. S. Infantry, was in several expeditions and battles against the hostile Indians on the frontier, notably at the "Rosebud," where he was in command of the infantry.

In 1878, during the Turko-Russian war Chambers, then a Lieutenant Colonel, was appointed military attache to the United States legation at Constantinople, and was abroad on this duty about a year, during which he was present at the battle of Shipka Pass.

In September, 1887, the Iowa Brigade, including the Sixteenth, held their fourth biennial reunion at Davenport, at which General Chambers was present, but in such bad health

that he could take but little active part with them. Having gone South to avoid the rigors of a Northern winter, on the 2d of January, 1888, he died at San Antonio, Texas, the headquarters of General Stanley, a fellow cadet at West Point, though in a senior class, then commanding the military department of Texas. His remains were conveyed to his former home at Owatonna where they were buried in Forest Hill cemetery, January 8th. There being a considerable number of United States troops in the garrison of San Antonio at the time, the casket containing his body was borne on a caisson to the railroad station, escorted by all the troops present, forming a grand military cortege which slowly marched to the station to the air of a funeral dirge played by the Nineteenth U. S. Infantry band.

Upon being advised of his death General Crook, himself at West Point with Chambers in a senior class, through his Assistant Adjutant General, Col. Breck, also a fellow cadet with Chambers in a junior class, issued the following order as commander of the military department in which Chambers' regiment was stationed at the time of his death, giving a brief outline of his military history, with which we will close this imperfect sketch, without attempting a further description of his person or character more than to say that he was of medium height, slender, light complexioned and of sanguine temperament, and that he was brave, generous, gentle, social, steadfast and true, and possessed of military capacity of a very high order.

G. O. 1, H. Q. Department Platte, Jan. 3, 1888.

With much regret the department commander announces the death of Col. Alexander Chambers, Seventeenth Infantry, at San Antonio, Texas, yesterday, of pleuro pneumonia.

Col. Chambers was born in New York in 1833, entered the Military Academy in 1849; graduated July 1, 1853, and was appointed Brevet Second Lieutenant same date; promoted Second Lieutenant Fifth Infantry March 3, 1855; engaged in a skirmish with Indians near the mouth of Delaware Creek, N. M., June 13, 1855, while escorting Capt. Pope's Artesian Well Expedition; took part in the Florida hostilities against the Seminole Indians in 1856-57, being engaged in two skirmishes in Big Cypress Swamp; appointed Adjutant Fifth

Infantry June 9, 1857; from 1857 to 1860 on duty with the Utah Expedition; First Lieutenant January 19, 1859; participated in the Navajo Expedition 1860 and 1861; Captain Eighteenth Infantry May 14, 1861; Colonel Sixteenth Iowa Volunteers March 15, 1862; engaged in the Tennessee and Mississippi campaign, participating in the battle of Shiloh April 6, 1862; where he was twice wounded; Brevet Major, U. S. Army, for gallant and meritorious services at the battle of Shiloh; severely wounded at the battle of Iuka, Mississippi, September 19, 1862; Brevet Lieutenant Colonel, U. S. Army, for gallant and meritorious services at the battle of Iuka, Mississippi; took an active part in the Vicksburg campaign, being engaged with the enemy at Young's Point and Lake Providence; Brevet Colonel, U. S. Army, for gallant and meritorious services during the siege of Vicksburg; commanded a brigade in garrison at Vicksburg; Brigadier General of Volunteers August 11, 1863; took part in General Sherman's raid to Meridian in 1864; later in that year on mustering and disbursing duty in Iowa; Brevet Brigadier General of Volunteers March 13, 1865 for gallant and meritorious services in the battles of Champion Hills and Meridian, Mississippi. After the war served with his regiment at various places; was Acting Judge Advocate Department Platte in 1866; Major Twenty-Second Infantry March 5, 1867; transferred to the Tenth Infantry, 1869; engaged in the Big Horn and Yellowstone Expedition, 1876; assigned to the Fourth Infantry, 1870; promoted Lieutenant Colonel Twenty-First Infantry, October 22, 1876; military attache to the U. S. Legation at Constantinople, 1878; promoted Colonel Seventeenth Infantry, March 1, 1886.

Under the present department commander, Col. Chambers served in the Big Horn and Yellowstone Expedition of 1876 with the gallantry and efficiency which characterized his services during the late war, being always ready and at the front. The service has lost a gallant officer whose ambition it was, during a long military career, to be at his post of duty.

As a mark of respect to his memory the officers of his regiment will wear the prescribed mourning and the colors of the regiment will be draped with crape for thirty days.

By command of Brigadier General Crook:

SAMUEL BRECK.

Assistant Adjutant General.

EARLY JOURNALISM IN IOWA.

THE FOUNDING OF THE HAMILTON FREEMAN AT WEBSTER CITY, IN 1857.

BY CHARLES ALDRICH.

[The following is an address delivered before a meeting of the Old Settlers of Hamilton county, at Webster City, on the 2d day of October, 1885, relating to the starting of *The Freeman* newspaper. and presenting other reminiscences of the early settlement of that region. It is printed here with sundry additions and corrections, in order that it may be preserved in the permanent pages of THE IOWA HISTORICAL RECORD. It will be found to portray a phase of journalistic life and experience which could not now be repeated.]



WING to absences from home upon the occasions of the meetings of this Association, I have not heretofore been able to be with you at any of these pleasant gatherings. It always seemed to me, however, that I had a pretty good right to be called an "old settler," "a pioneer," for I had the privilege of printing the first newspaper in this county—the first Republican journal north of Boone and west of Hardin counties. Through the kind invitation of your officers I am here to-day, proposing to tell you, among other reminiscences, briefly, how I came here and started *The Hamilton Freeman*, beginning its publication on the 29th day of June, 1857.

One who has spent several years in a printing office during the period of youth, finds it a difficult business to keep away from these establishments in after life. That has been my personal experience, and I know of many others who are, so to speak, "in the same boat." Once the fingers get used to the contact with type, and one becomes a real printer, no matter what his avocation may be in after life, he will continue to be more a printer than anything else. I started out a printer, learning my trade in Buffalo, N. Y., and Warren, Pa., and though it is more than twenty years since I have myself done any mechanical work, I always feel most at home where the compositors are setting type, or the

presses are throwing off the damp sheets. But this, I believe, was more especially the feeling of printers twenty to forty and more years ago. The improvements of the past two decades have changed many methods of manufacturing newspapers both in the city and the country. In the old days our work was all done at home. The type was set in the office—no such thing as these auxiliary-ready-print insides or outsides, nor this labor-saving innovation of stereotype plates, whereby “brains” are shipped from point to point by express. The rollers with which the forms were inked were cast at home, from glue and molasses; but now they are sold ready-made, or dealers in the city furnish a different and greatly improved composition for this purpose. Many other labor-saving devices have been invented, and a printer who has been out of service for some years is really an “old fogey,” so far as the practical part of the art is concerned. In the times of our grand-parents—the great-grand-parents of the most of you—much of the clothing worn by farmers was made at home, from wool or flax of their own production. In my boyhood my father kept sheep on his farm, one purpose of which was to furnish clothing for the family. I wore many a winter woolen shirts, colored a madder red. My mother carded, spun and colored the yarn, which was woven into cloth by some farmer’s wife in the neighborhood who happened to be the proud possessor of an old-fashioned rattle-trap of a loom. We slept between comfortable woolen sheets wrought out by the same process, except that they were not colored. Our summer clothing was to some extent made from flax which was grown, rotted, broken, hackled and spun at home. I distinctly remember that our “tow” trousers were cool and pleasant to wear, though they would not now be considered fashionable on Broadway or Wabash Avenue. To-day no such customs prevail, unless it be in some foreign country, or in some out-lying, far interior region, where railroads and other modern improvements are alike unknown. The art of printing has undergone even greater changes.

From 1852 to 1855 I published a weekly paper in Olean, N. Y., a town which in early times had promised to become a great inland city, but had then lapsed into a condition bordering on decadence, though, in quite recent times it has waxed rich and prosperous from the development of railroads and immense interests in petroleum. It is now a veritable "Oil City," with great refining works, while the immense tanks holding crude petroleum are almost as numerous as the houses. But things became very quiet in Olean, and then, the leading people were Silver-Gray or pro-slavery Whigs, while I had been identified with the free-soil Democracy. This was before the Republican party fairly came into existence. Practically, looking at matters from a purely business stand-point, I was on the wrong side of politics. So I sold out, and lived for a year on my farm in the town of Little Valley, in the same county. A year on the farm found me with a decided longing for the atmosphere of a printing office, and I began to cast about for a "location." I had a little acquaintance with Horace Greeley, who had written me a letter in which he gave me the same good advice that he had given to so many thousands of others—"Go West, young man!" That letter is now in Parvin's splendid Collection at Cedar Rapids. And one day I found a little book about Iowa, the writer of which paid a glowing tribute to Fort Dodge and the valley of the Upper Des Moines, incidentally mentioning Webster City. This was early in February, 1857. So I started for Iowa, intending to go as far West as Fort Dodge—thence south to Des Moines, and from there back home. I did not doubt that I should find a location somewhere, though I had built my hopes upon Fort Dodge. Upon reaching Dubuque I met J. B. Dorr, of *The Herald*—afterwards the gallant Colonel of one of our cavalry regiments—from whom I learned that a Democratic paper had just been started at Fort Dodge. This upset my calculations somewhat, for I thought that one paper was all that could live in such a new town; but the Colonel said that Webster City was a

smart, promising place, and wanted a paper. He also spoke in very complimentary terms of the Willson Brothers, town proprietors, one of whom was in the Legislature. Upon his advice I determined to come on and see Webster City. But there was no railroad west of Dubuque. The present Illinois Central line had been constructed to Dyersville, but it was then completely "snowed up." So, I left Dubuque in the stage, with a party of five or six others, long before day-break, on a cold, dismal winter morning. We were two days in getting to Cedar Falls, where I was snow-bound a whole week. West of that point staging was simply impracticable. There had been all sorts of winter weather—snowing, blowing, thawing and freezing. The streams were unbridged and had been swollen bank-full by rains and melting snow. But now the weather was extremely cold. The seventh day of my enforced sojourn at Cedar Falls, the managers of the stages determined to try and send through the letter-mail and myself, the single passenger who desired to go on. The next morning we were up before daylight. The outfit consisted of a rude jumper or "pung," drawn by a single span of horses. We carried a bag full of letters, but all the papers were left behind. The roads were fairly good, and though the weather was intensely cold, we reached Iowa Falls about nine o'clock in the evening. In crossing one of the deep creeks, as a matter of precaution, fearing the ice might give way, the driver took the horses over singly, and I held them on the opposite side while he drew the jumper across by hand. We made this journey of nearly fifty miles without changing horses, where ordinarily there were three or four changes. At that time I should think the population of Iowa Falls could not have been over one hundred.

Early the next morning we started with a big farm sleigh for Webster City. The weather was much colder and the air full of frost and snow. At noon we reached Skunk Grove, now known by the more mellifluous name of "Rose Grove." "But what's in a name? that which we call a rose,

by any other name would smell as sweet!" (This grove is at the head of Skunk River—where that stream terminates in a few little springs. A tract of land at that point was years afterward purchased by Judge S. L. Rose, a man of decided ability and culture, who gave his name to the locality).

Mr. William Cheney had settled there, and was keeping a snug and most comfortable hotel—doubly comfortable and cosy on that day, from the Arctic contrast out-of-doors. We were ushered into a warm and pleasant room, and in less time than it takes to tell it, Mrs. Cheney handed each of us a glass of hot whiskey, which was peculiarly "happifying" in our benumbed, half-frozen condition. I have a very distinct recollection of a most excellent dinner, and of a pretty, red-cheeked, black-eyed girl, in a blue cashmere dress, who played the piano most admirably and sang several beautiful songs. That was a genuine oasis in a winter desert. But Mr. Cheney died many years ago, and if I am not mistaken the pretty girl herself is a grand-mother!

Just as we arrived, J. J. Wadsworth and Dr. A. C. Baum, our pioneer druggist and physician, started out into the storm, bound also for Webster City with loads of merchandise. Some time after dinner we resumed our cold and toilsome journey through the snow drifts, reaching Webster City late that evening, wearied and well-nigh frozen. The driver left me at the hotel kept by Ammon Moon, the pioneer landlord, whose house stood in a little huddle on the eastern margin of the present city plat. That was then the business center of Webster City. There was a grocery or two, a general variety store, a drug store, a saloon, a few private residences—all very small buildings except the hotel, which had a most expansive roof coming down near to the ground. Wadsworth kept the post-office in his little drug store. The road from the east came into town near the old Pray & Stoddard mill-site. The eastern bank of Boone river was heavily wooded, and where the present street ascends the hill on the north side of Rosenkrans' Park, there was simply a little

ravine, ten feet wide and six or eight feet deep. This was merely enlarged to make the present wide street. The old Hamilton House had just been erected and newly opened as a hotel. It was called "The Willson House." There was only one small building a quarter of a mile south, but none north or west. It stood out solitary and alone, a very conspicuous object in the winter landscape. A steam saw-mill was in operation on the low land near the point where the N. W. R. R. crosses Bank street. It was brought in by the Willsons, but owned by J. M. Jones, C. T. Fenton, S. B. Rosenkrans and others. Quite a lot of burr oak and basswood logs lay about the mill, knotty, scraggy and crooked. I had come from a country where we had straight and beautiful pine logs, and I thought this was a sorry show for lumber! But the old mill was running every mild day, making boards, such as they were.

It seemed to me when I got out the next morning, that I had come to a sorry place to start a newspaper. The little town contained not more than one hundred and fifty to two hundred people, old and young; the times were very hard, and almost everybody was poor. The winter had been unusually severe, the little travel seriously impeded by the cold storms, and stagnation had set its seal upon everything. But the town had just been made a county seat, and I had a theory which kept my spirits up. That theory was, that any county seat was a good place for a paper, and that the pioneer would have no trouble in getting along if he was simply content "to grow up with the country." It was not long until everybody knew me and the errand that had brought me from the State of New York to this new country. I looked the situation over very thoroughly, and finally made my arrangements to bring in a small printing office, and maintain a paper to be called *The Hamilton Freeman*, at least one year. The citizens were to pay me \$500 upon my return with the materials, and guaranteed me five hundred subscribers. The bonus I received promptly as agreed, for the contract bore the names of W.

C. Willson and Jacob M. Funk, and was as good as an accepted check on one of our present banks. The subscribers came at last, but slower. It was usual in starting papers in these new places, to require some such material aid to make up for the legitimate business which could come only after the greater development of the country. In fact, few of the pioneer publishers could have budged an inch without it. I make this statement most willingly, for I desire that those who aided me in founding *The Freeman* shall have the fullest credit for whatever they did.

This business settled, I left for my home in New York. At that time most of the merchandise for the local trade was brought from Iowa City. I therefore took passage with one of the teamsters for that point. We left Webster City on a wild, blustering morning. The cold was so intense that we had to run on foot much of the way to keep from freezing. We dined at Rose Grove, and striking off to the south-east across twenty-five miles of open prairie, without a single house, that night reached the residence of a settler in Hardin county, named Dillsey. "Dillsey's" was a favorite stopping-place for pioneer travelers—though the little log house was only fourteen to sixteen feet square. There was an attic under the low roof—two rooms, one up-stairs and one down-stairs. But, then, it was a most comfortable place to stop, for Mrs. Dillsey was an excellent cook. The next morning when we looked out a terrible blizzard was careering over the prairies, and the wildest gusts were pursuing each other everywhere, and in almost every conceivable direction. We did not dare to venture out, and so staid all day and the next night. The following morning the weather was no better, and we were forced to remain another day and night! It was a pretty rough introduction to a new country. Added to the high winds and the most intense cold, the air was so full of falling or drifting snow that much of the time one could not see a rod in any direction. There were thirteen people in the little log house, and when night came some slept upon

beds made on the floor, while others climbed the ladder and lodged somewhere in the attic. We were packed together like herrings in a box. Finally, on the third morning, the storm had ceased, the sun rose clear and bright, and we were off again in good season. We reached Iowa City, where the Legislature was in session, three or four days later, without any special incident. The railroad was open from that point east, and I was not long in getting home to Little Valley, New York.

Some days later I visited New York City, and purchased, at the foundry of James Connor & Sons, the little outfit for my paper. I selected long-primer for the reading matter, because it was quite large, and as I expected to set most of the type myself, I could not afford to use anything smaller. The advertising type was nonpareil, the smallest then in general use in newspapers. A new No. 3 Washington handpress, and a limited selection of job type completed the outfit. The whole cost about \$700, and was paid for—probably for the reason that a printer going clear out into Iowa to start a paper would have found it an utter impossibility to obtain credit! This freight was shipped to Dubuque, where it arrived early in May. I was there some days ahead of it, and while waiting its arrival engaged as a compositor on the old Dubuque *Tribune*, which was published by A. W. Hackley—a man then prominent and well-known in Iowa journalism, who has been dead probably twenty years. I earned enough to pay our expenses while waiting. When the goods finally came they were reshipped by rail to Dyersville, whither we also went in a day or two. The Dubuque & Pacific railroad had thawed out. At Dyersville I was met by my excellent and generous young friend, Charles T. Fenton, Esq., who had volunteered to meet me, and had a stout team to carry part of the printing office, and a new buggy and docile horse for the ladies—my wife and sister. You all know Mr. Fenton now as the gray-haired and honored Mayor of your city, and many of you have known him all these twenty-nine years as

one of your most honorable and substantial business men. [Mr. Fenton died in 1890.] We could carry everything but the press, which had to be left for a six-ox team to be sent later on, and were off for the west on a beautiful May morning. That journey was a singularly pleasant one—though our wagon was “sloughed” down several times, and Mr. Fenton and I had to carry the load out to *terra firma* on our shoulders! In two instances we helped other disgruntled travelers out of quagmires. The most of our route lay over unbroken prairies, and everything was new and fresh. We crossed sites where several smart, flourishing towns have since sprung up. Where Ackley, Applington and Parkersburg are now thriving towns with all the paraphernalia of city governments, the land had never been broken or fenced. Those towns did not exist even in imagination! It was a rare novelty to see these wide prairies, just beginning to deepen in greenness under the increasing heat. We had one pleasant passenger, whom I have not hinted at. This was “Kitty,” a native American yellow-bird, which had been reared in one of the maple trees in front of our eastern home. Disliking to part with him, we had brought him along, and he must have enjoyed the journey capitally, for he sang loudly during all the pleasant mornings that we were on the road. In fording the unbridged Cedar river at Cedar Falls, the buggy with the ladies was nearly swept away down the stream. But all things end at last, and so did our journey from Dyersville to Webster City. Our welcome from the pioneers of this goodly city was most generous and cordial—for the arrival of the printing material was quite an event in its little history, and was looked for with the deepest interest. I succeeded in renting a small house, just built by Morgan Evarts, on the south side of Bank street, and a dozen rods west of the N. W. R. R. track. It was one story high, built of native lumber, and about sixteen feet square. The stands were speedily put together, the bright new type laid in the cases, and Hiram Williams, a boy who had worked for me on *The Olean Jour-*

nal, and I, began to set up the first number of *The Hamilton Freeman*. It was three or four weeks before the press arrived, and when it came the paper was all set up—and largely by my own hand. In those days I rarely wrote out an editorial, but simply took my stick and rule, composing it as I put it in type.

The little six-column paper was well received by the people, and its circulation began to grow at once. It was also most cordially welcomed by the press of the State. In my second number I had the good or bad luck to criticise, in pointed, but in just and truthful language, certain acts of a Democrat who had a wide reputation in the Nation. I wrote simply what I intended as a paragraph of general political news—perfectly legitimate and proper, as I view it to-day. But this aroused his ire and that of his organ in Dubuque, as well as several of his personal friends. They assailed me through the press, and privately threatened me with personal violence. But the Republican press of the State came to my support at once—for I was plainly in the right. The consequence was, and I think I may say it without egotism, that before *The Freeman* was six weeks old, it had a name and reputation throughout the State. Its politics was radically Republican from the first day of its existence. It was one of the few papers in Northern Iowa which heartily supported Governor James W. Grimes for U. S. Senator. Afterwards I received from the eminent statesmen a cordial letter of thanks which is now in the collection of Autograph Letters, Manuscripts and Portraits in the Capitol.

But it was a difficult matter to keep the paper alive for three or four years. Owing to its independent politics it had very little of the county patronage, until Dr. Corbin was elected County Judge in the autumn of 1859—and not much then, for the doctor was disposed to be most economical. I did not have a tax list to publish until the autumn of 1860. But party friends, and the officers of other counties, were very generous in extending to it their patronage. At one

time I had such official work as I could do for Wright, Hancock, Worth, Winnebago, Cerro Gordo, Clay, Buena Vista, Humboldt and Dickinson counties. When election times came around it also had the ticket printing for these counties and Webster. It was the Republican organ for all of them, until they had papers of their own. It was a pretty independent paper for one of its size; no out-sider ever assuming to control it. At least, if he did, he told it in some remote neighborhood, where he felt sure the story would never get out.

After the financial crisis of 1857 times became very hard—harder than any of you can imagine to-day. Gold and silver, which were plenty when I came, disappeared from circulation to be replaced by the paper of speculative wild-cat banks said to be located in Nebraska. It was called “red-dog” currency, and the banks were so constantly bursting up, that when a man got one of the bills he didn’t care to keep it until the arrival of the next mail, for fear of its becoming worthless on his hands! While this state of things lasted I paid my paper bills with unusual promptness, for having no banks, we were in the habit of remitting currency or buying drafts at the county treasury, which had been sent in to pay taxes.

Potatoes were worth \$3.50 per bushel when I arrived in May. That autumn they went begging at ten cents per bushel. I saw wheat sold in Webster City for twenty cents per bushel—and much better wheat than our soil produces at this time. Corn was sometimes a drug at eight and ten cents. In fact, during the days of ten cent corn, it was often burned for fuel, and was actually cheaper for this purpose than either coal or wood! The season of 1858 was very wet, with a frost every month! There was a succession of thunder storms and heavy rains all summer and a killing frost early in the autumn. The corn was soft and worthless, and good hay as scarce the following winter as good tea or coffee at the average old-time hotel. Times grew bluer and bluer all through that year and 1859, and there was little improvement until prices were raised by the war. I used to see farmers come

to town bare-footed, who subsequently became prosperous and well-to-do. They went bare-footed because they could realize nothing from their farms. The corn raised in 1858 was very poor. It was green and soft and so badly frost-bitten that thousands of bushels rotted in the rail cribs. Eight cents per bushel, at which it nominally sold, was more than it was worth. It was too wet and rotten to burn, and animals would only eat it "to keep starve to death away." Grain stacks stood in some instances unthreshed, until they were bored through and through by rats, and utterly destroyed. Speaking of rats, there were none here originally, but they speedily followed the settlements. They know the difference between Indians and white folks! Those were days of real pioneering—roughing it in downright earnest. People who came in from 1862 to 1866 know little of the privations and hardships of those who were here from 1854 to the dark days of 1858, '59, '60 and '61. A farmer in one of those years, who had taken two copies of *The Freeman*, wanted to pay me in wheat at twenty cents per bushel, but I told him I had rather he would owe me, for I could realize nothing from the wheat. I finally took it, however, and it was at last destroyed by worms.

It was four or five years after I came before the railroad reached Cedar Falls. We had to haul all our supplies one hundred and fifty miles. At first, we went to Iowa City, because it was the shortest route to a railroad. When a new section was opened on the Dubuque line, we changed to that—until the Rock Island line was extended so as to make the least hauling that way. So, in the course of years, we changed from one route to the other several times. A fair sample of travel in those days can best be shown by recounting my first trip to a Republican State Convention. It was in the summer of 1858, and the convention was held in Iowa City. To-day, we could go by three or four different railroad routes—reaching the old capital in a few hours. But at that time the only way I could get down there, to cast the

vote of this county and several more up north, for which I held proxies, was to take the stage to Dyersville. Thence by rail to Dubuque. At that point I took a steamboat for Davenport. From there I went to Iowa City by the Rock Island railroad. This made upwards of four hundred miles, saying nothing of the bottomless sloughs on the wide prairies. We left Webster City in a lumber wagon, drawn by four horses, to which the stage company always resorted in a muddy time, stopping over night at Iowa Falls, Cedar Falls, and one other point before reaching the railroad. The trip out was pleasant enough, but returning was a different thing. Rains had descended, the creeks were all high, and the sloughs full of water. The little Beaver creek which empties into the Cedar near Cedar Falls, was half a mile wide, and in many places looked like a great lake. The roads were badly cut up, and we had several times to get out in deep sloughs and help the driver in extricating the wagon or coach. Three or four miles east of Iowa Falls, and just as darkness was descending upon us, the old, lumbering coach stuck fast, the wheels settling down into the soft ooze to the hubs. There were five passengers—a stout lady, her husband and a friend, V. A. Ballou, a printer boy whom I had picked up in Dubuque, and myself. Mr. Ballou is now a gray-haired, prosperous country newspaper man at Nevada, Story county. He and I waded out, while the two other gentlemen, who were taller and stronger, brought the stout lady ashore, with wet feet and other annoying disarrangements of her toilet. There was no way to reach Iowa Falls except to “foot it,” and we all struck out at once. Darkness was rapidly coming on, and vivid lightning, loud thunder and black rolling clouds, made things look very portentous to the west of us. The rain held off until we were within a mile of town, when it came down upon us in torrents, drenching us to the skin. We could only see the road by the flashes of lightning which followed each other in rapid succession. There never was “a light in the window” which seemed more welcome and inviting than that

at the snug hotel in town. The brave lady and her husband, like "the hardy pioneers" they were, reached town half an hour later. It being a work of time to release the coach from the deep, stiff mud, our journey home was in the customary lumber wagon.

When I issued the first number of *The Freeman*, the Fort Dodge *Sentinel* had been running a short time as a Democratic organ, edited and published by A. S. White, as had also the Boone County *News*, by Luther C. Sanders, and the Eldora (Hardin County) *Sentinel*, by James Speers. The two last named were Republicans. They were all good printers, editors whose papers were always able and spirited, and genial pleasant gentlemen. White was the finest printer and the best business man. Sanders was a fair editor generally, and I think the keenest, sharpest paragraphist in the State.—

"He was one whose wit
Without wounding could hit,
And green be the turf that's above him!"

Speers had a more decided turn for politics, and his ability was widely recognized by the press of the State. But all these, my early contemporaries and friends, are dead. They were good men and true, and each labored most zealously and unselfishly in the work of advancing the interests and developing the resources of this portion of the State. White left a fine estate for a country printer of his time, but both of the others, though the hardest workers, died poor.

The summer I came the settlements in this county were almost entirely confined to the streams, and we used to doubt whether the prairies would ever be occupied during our times. There was a house out on the west side of town, where the Beach family lived—the property at present of Mrs. Nancy Woolsey. Mr. Russell, a most adventurous man, it would seem, had settled six miles west, where he still resides. Up the river, John R. Clark, H. M. Barstow, W. W. Boak, Jacob W. Payne, James McLaughlin and F. I. Allen lived in close to the timber. N. H. Hellen had opened a farm a mile south-

west of that of Mr. Allen. These were all the settlers at that time in the north-west corner of the county. The present territory of Fremont township did not contain more than a single inhabitant—N. H. Hellen. J. D. Sells opened a large farm along the north line of the township in 1857, but built his house in Wright county. Cass township had no settlers away from the timber along the rivers, and its only school house was the old one near the residence of Zera Hayden. It was succeeded by a new one twelve or fifteen years ago, and that in its turn was lately displaced by another. Most of the early settlers of Cass township have died or removed to other regions. Zera Hayden, O. W. Story, H. M. Barstow, W. W. Boak, A. Haswell, Horace and Benj. Seager, Mrs. Jacob W. Payne, and the widow of Rev. Mr. Day, one of our pioneer Methodist Episcopal clergymen, are among those who still survive. Robert Willis, one of the best men, one of my own best friends, and one of the staunchest supporters of *The Freeman*, died many years ago. He was a singularly modest man, but possessed of much intelligence, and frequently wrote articles for the pioneer paper. Peter Lyon had opened the farm across the river owned in recent years by the late venerable Jacob W. Payne. "Uncle Peter" was a character. He had always lived on the frontier, and at that time had rarely, if ever, seen a railroad; but he was a man of much and varied information, few, indeed, being better versed in the history of the country. He once owned a quarter section where the city of Milwaukee rises in such grandeur to-day, and would long ago have been worth millions had not his roving disposition hurried him on westward. He now resides in Kansas, a hale a hearty old man, contented with his lot, and biding his time like the philosopher he is and always was.

Ex-Governor Cyrus C. Carpenter, our genial neighbor at Fort Dodge, could narrate many interesting reminiscences of the days of 1855 and 1860. When he arrived at Fort Dodge he had but fifty cents in his pocket; but that night he was for-

fortunate enough to find employment as a surveyor in sub-dividing public lands up the Lizzard river. He once came down on foot across the prairie from Belmont, Wright county, reaching the residence of a settler named Downing, at the mouth of Eagle Creek, in Cass township. He was very hungry, and asked if Mrs. Downing could furnish him with dinner? She said she could, but very few of you can imagine what she cooked for that dinner. The old lady went to the corn-field, in which the ears were about as ripe as they are to-day, and picked an armful. From these she grated a small quantity of meal, which she mixed with water, and baked a very primitive style of cake for the future Executive of Iowa! That cake and a drink of spring water was all there was for dinner. Whether the cake was even salted is a point upon which the legend is silent. But I have often heard the Governor praise that dinner as one of the very best to which he ever sat down! Mr. Downing was one of the first fruit-growers in this county. He brought into my office in 1857 several beautiful peaches, which he had raised at his place on Eagle Creek! He grew the tree from a peach stone. For several autumns he cut the roots on one side, and bending it to the ground, covered it with earth. In the spring it was exhumed, and righted up. It blossomed and fruited. The editor's family indulged in peaches and cream, and Mr. Downing had a very kindly notice in *The Freeman*.

Eagle Creek was so named because at its junction with Boone river, there stood a gigantic elm tree, in the top of which was the nest of a bald eagle—our "Bird o' Freedom." The great tree was dead, and the bark had fallen off from both limbs and trunk. But the nest made of large sticks, and about the size of a hay-cock, remained there several years after I came to the county. I am quite sure that a family of these birds was raised in the old nest as late as 1858.

People who have only seen our country during the past ten or fifteen years, can scarcely imagine the indescribable beauty of the prairies before they were settled. Grass, both on the

uplands and around the sloughs, grew rank and luxuriant as it is never seen in these days. I remember driving across a Des Moines river bottom a mile wide, some thirty miles north of Fort Dodge, in the summer of 1858. The most of the way across the grass was higher than the top of the buggy. And so it was in thousands of places! Then, what myriads of prairie flowers we had in those days! They began to come in early spring, and kept coming all the season through, until the frosts of autumn destroyed the last and most beautiful of all—"the aster and the golden rod." The prevailing colors were white, purple and yellow, though some of the phloxes presented different tints of red. But now a single acre of prairie as it was seen in those days of primeval luxuriance, is seldom found. The breaking-plow and the heavy pasturage have obliterated both the luxuriant grasses and the beautiful flowers, and like the Indians and the animals which roamed over this region forty years ago, they have passed away and they will never return.

But the changes in animal life have been equally great. In those old times the prairies fairly swarmed with birds. I think we saw a hundred where we see one in these years. Geese, swans, ducks, pigeons and blackbirds often came "in clouds." Prairie chickens were very abundant, and in winter gathered in great flocks in the timber. Otters, beavers, minks and musk-rats, were very numerous. At one period—the year 1859, I believe—minks were very plenty. At that time produce was dismally low and good money scarce. Mink was the favorite fur, and commanded a high price. Hundreds of farmers in North-western Iowa became trappers, and for a year or two more money came into our section from shipments of furs than from the produce of the farms. Mink skins were almost a legal tender. One of my farmer friends of Wright county, a Yankee from near Boston, an educated man, and something of a poet withal, was able to lift quite a mortgage from his farm by the sale of mink skins—catching and skinning the animals himself! But the sloughs have dried

out or been drained, the streams have shrunk almost to nothing, the tall grass has disappeared, thousands of boys and men have destroyed both birds and animals with the deadly shot-gun, until at this time there is but little of the old life left in our part of the State.

During some of the years of my newspaper life in Webster City I owned a very valuable black mare—"Old Kit." She was a powerful animal, fleet as the wind, but all docility and gentleness. In my travels about the country, among my subscribers or at election times, she carried me rapidly and safely. I could dismount to shoot a chicken or duck, leaving her to crop the wild grass, knowing she would never go away and leave me. She would follow me like a dog, or remain quietly wherever I left her. Robert Willis, whom I have mentioned above, was once dangerously ill, and the family wanted Dr. Olney from Fort Dodge—"twenty miles away." It seemed impossible to get any one else to go, and as the paper was out for the week, I went. Some miles out I came to a prairie fire which seemed to extend a long distance north and south. The flames appeared to be about four feet high and moving east. I went up and down to see if there was any opening through which I could pass, but could find none. I then rode a few rods away, and turning toward the fire, gave "Old Kit" the reins. She sprang at once into a run, and when we reached the fire cleared it at a bound! Another time, between Webster City and Lakin's Grove, she was badly frightened by a rattle-snake. As soon as I comprehended the trouble I looked around for something with which I could kill the reptile. The prairie was in its beautiful June days of green velvet, but neither stick nor stone was visible. I threw my hat down to mark the spot, near which the snake was rattling his refrain, and galloped a quarter of a mile away where I found some dry resin weed-stalks of the previous year's growth. I broke off a few of them and sped back. Leaving "Old Kit" some rods away, I recovered my hat and easily found the musical snake. I whipped it until it lay still, and

then making some sharp pegs out of the dry weed-stalks, I drove them through the creature's head and body, pinning it to the ground, where I think it remained. The snakes have also become nearly extinct—except that curious species which abides in men's boots! These would seem to be more abundant than ever!

One of the most interesting features of the old times in our county, was the regularly recurring autumnal prairie fires. Not more than twenty-four hours after the first hard, killing frost, great masses of smoke would be seen rising in almost every direction, while at night the sky would be lit up by the flames. True, the law was very severe upon any person convicted of setting out a fire; but then, no one seemed to regard it or try to enforce it. And so the grass was burned off each season, just as it was in the ancient times of Indian occupation. But gradually as settlements increased, the red lights in the evening skies became fewer, and now they are seldom if ever seen.

Our elections, sparsely as the county was settled, were always exciting. They were preceded by vigilant, energetic work, and when election day came both parties sent out from town some of their best men to attend each voting place throughout the county. I remember a little incident of the campaign of 1859. Two men—one on each side—spoke at the school house at Lakin's Grove. One claimed that his party were the genuine pioneers of the county, calling the other side a set of kid-gloved gentlemen. He would have said "dudes," only that expressive word had not been invented. "Why, ladies and gentlemen," said he, "when I came into this county, I lived on small potatoes—yes, small potatoes and salt!" And suiting the action to the word, he measured off the end of his little finger, saying—"Small potatoes, not bigger than that!" When his eloquent opponent took the floor in reply, he said he would admit the small potato story to be true. "The great trouble with his friend was, that he had eaten too many of those small potatoes!"

During the five years in which I published *The Freeman*, I saw few dull days. Local news seemed to be abundant, but we only had one mail a day, and railroads were still indefinite institutions of "the good time coming." I started out with the idea of having a local department in the little paper, separate and distinct from the news and politics. But the second week, when I came to make up the "forms," all the reading matter was local except less than a column! I therefore abandoned the attempt to have a separate local department, and the locals went in with the other matter as came most convenient in the general arrangement. Many of the farmers made it a rule to come to the printing office every time they were in town, and from them I always obtained the news transpiring in their neighborhoods. It was a free reading-room for all.

I published *The Freeman* until September, 1862, when I locked the office and went into the army. Vivaldo A. Ballou went out from the office first, in 1861, but came home a year or more afterwards, completely wrecked in health. He was in the memorable cavalry charge at Farmington, where he gave his horse to Col. Hatch, whose horse had been shot down. Ballou crawled out through the bushes, and thus made his escape. James Faught, our pioneer County Surveyor, was in the same wild charge and was severely wounded. Geo. H. Welsh, now of Boone, another of *The Freeman* boys, was also a soldier in Co. A, of our regiment—the old 32d Iowa Infantry. He served till the close of the war, participating in many of the severest battles. While we were away *The Freeman* office was mainly in the charge of Fred A. Bolt, a very small lad, who, after a fashion, could print election tickets or small hand-bills. Ballou revived the paper in 1864, during my absence, and I afterwards sold the office to him. He sold it to J. D. Hunter in December, 1866. Mr. Hunter sold it in 1874 to T. E. McCracken, who published it just one year, and sold it back to Mr. Hunter, who still publishes it. *The Freeman* was started, and has always

been conducted, as a legitimate business enterprise. It has done its duty by the Republican party, of which it has ever been a widely-recognized organ. It has labored from the first to do all that such a journal could do in advancing the interests and developing the resources of Northwestern Iowa. It has survived a vast deal of warfare, and many futile attempts to put it down or root it out, and is now a handsome property. If it has as good management in the future as it has had in the past, it will no doubt enjoy a very long life. Indeed, it is now one of the oldest country journals in Iowa. I hope it may long survive, and that in distant times it may be able to say, in the beautiful language which Lord Tennyson ascribes to the running brook:

"Men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever!"

AN IMPORTANT MANUSCRIPT.

BY BEN F. SHAMBAUGH.



IN collecting material for a study of the "Beginnings of Landed Property in Iowa," I recently had the good fortune to discover an old manuscript, which has been carefully preserved¹ in the library of the State Historical Society. Not having a title of its own, I shall name this manuscript *The Constitution and Records of the Claim Association of Johnson County*. Geographically these records are confined to the county of Johnson, but their historical and political significance, when considered in the light of pioneer institutions or popular sovereignty, extends far beyond the boundaries of Iowa. Notwithstanding the

¹ The manuscript was preserved through the care of Col. S. C. Trowbridge. Such was the Colonel's interest in this pioneer document, that it is now referred to as "Trowbridge's Bible."

general prevalency of the "claim association," or "claim club," throughout Iowa between the years 1837 and 1850, the Johnson county association alone seems to have left any manuscript records.¹ Yet this one manuscript is so complete that it forms an admirable key to that powerful pioneer institution which at one time took the place of constitutional and statutory law and held the portfolio of local government. In this brief sketch it is my purpose to give only a general descriptive outline of these manuscript records.² Since, with the exception of the Constitution, they have never been published³ and their existence known to but few.

Uncovered, held together with a coarse thread, the whole manuscript made up of plain unruled paper, contains about one hundred and seventy-seven pages. The size of the page is seven by thirteen inches. The matter for the most part is closely written, and apparently by the same hand⁴ from beginning to end. A few of the pages are torn, while many more are badly soiled, perhaps by the sweaty fingers of pioneer farmers examining the list of recorded claims. As to the contents of the manuscript I would construct the following table:

- I. Constitution and Laws.
- II. Signatures.
- III. Record of Claims.
- IV. Record of Claim Transfers or Deeds.
- V. Record of Meetings.

The Constitution and Laws occupy a little over six full pages, and are embodied in three articles. Article I. has ten sections and relates to officers and duties of officers. The second section of this article reads: "The officers of this

¹ See Johns Hopkins University Studies, July, 1884, page 5.

² The whole manuscript has recently been edited by the author.

³ See "Institutional Beginnings in a Western State" in Johns Hopkins University Studies, July, 1884.

⁴ With the exception of the signatures the entire contents of the manuscript were written by Samuel H. McCrory.

association shall be one President One Clerk or Recorder of claims deeds or transfers of Claims, seven Judges or adjusters of claims or boundrys. One of Whom shall be qualified to administer the oath or affirmation and whoos duty it shall be to attend all judicial courts of the association and two marshals. all of whom shall be elected as herein after provided and directed." All officers were to be elected annually and by ballot. Article II. consists of two sections which fix the compensation of officers of the association. The Clerk or Recorder's fees were: twenty-five cents for recording a claim, and fifty cents for recording a deed or conveyance. Twelve and a half cents was charged for the privilege of examining the Recorder's book. Judges and Marshals were to be paid one dollar and fifty cents for every day spent in the discharge of their duties. Article III. has eleven sections, relating to a variety of matters. One section defines the principles of making and recording claims; another fixes the time of the regular meetings of the association; and still others deal with vacancies in office, citizenship in Johnson county, membership in the association, trials, disputes, privileges of members and time of recording claims.

Immediately following the Constitution comes a list of two hundred and twenty-one signatures spread over four pages. These signatures, with some few exceptions, were undoubtedly subscribed by the members themselves. Among the names of men of more than local reputation, whose signatures are found in this manuscript, I note the following: Robert Lucas, first Governor of the Territory of Iowa; Henry Felkner and F. M. Irish,¹ members of the Territorial Legislature of Iowa; S. C. Hastings, Representative to Congress, Judge of the Supreme Court of Iowa, also Judge of the Supreme Court of California; R. Ralston, one of the commissioners who located the seat of government of the Territory of Iowa at Iowa City; S. C. Trowbridge, the organizer and first Sheriff

¹ Father of the Hon. John P. Irish.

of Johnson county; Morgan Reno, at one time Treasurer of the Territory of Iowa.

Next in order after the signatures are the recorded descriptions of over two hundred and forty claims covering fifty-nine pages. The first claim was handed in for record March 14, 1839, by Robert Moore. The last claim was recorded for Stephen B. Gardner January 14, 1843, or three years and ten months after the first claim was recorded. As typical descriptions I give the following:

¹ The following is a description of a Part of a claim I wish recorded that was made in October 1837 the same beeing two fractions the south west fractional quarter of section Ten & the south East fractional quarter of section nine Lying on the Iowa River Town 79. N. R 6. W. Johnson County Iowa Territory containing 160 acres.

handed in 3rd April 1839

SAML BUMGARDNER

² The following claim I purchased of John Kight in Febuary 1839. & I wish it registered to me as a claim made as I have not got his deed with me the same beeing the S W qr of S 14. & that part of the S $\frac{1}{2}$ of S 15. that Lyes East of the Iowa River T 79 N. R. 6 W. July 3 1840

hand in July 3 1840

ROBERT LUCAS³

⁴ The following is the description of my claim that I. wish recorded Lying and beeing about three miles and a half of Felkners and Myers mill North west. Situated as follows, commencing at the South East Corner made on a Bur Oak Tree Then running North one hundred and sixty Rods to a White Oak Tree. then west one mile to a white Oak Tree. corner with Smiks claim then running south to silver Creek. then running with the Creek to the beginning. Made on the 5. of. June. handed in June 6 1839.

STEPHEN. BROWN

⁵ John Shoups Claim is in Township seventy nine N R 5 west supposed to be N. W. qr. of sect. 21. containing One qr sect. & bounded on the East by John Morris & on the North the school Sect. & Wm Jones including a haw bush & Elm thicket where my house now stands this claim was made June 20th. 1839. & has my name and date on each corner.

handed in July 1st 1839

JOHN. SHOUP

¹ First claim made on the present site of Iowa City. Page 11, of manuscript.

² Taken from manuscript page 45.

³ First Territorial Governor of Iowa.

⁴ Taken from manuscript page 22.

⁵ Taken from manuscript page 26.

¹ This Claim taken June 25 1839

Know all men by these presents that I John McCahun have taken the following claim to Viz. commencing at the south west Corner of a white Oak stub marked J. McCahun running E. to a white Oak Tree mark of J McCahun then North to a Lin then running west on the other side of spring Creek to a Lin Marked J. McCahun then running South to said Stover and Fowles, Line the end or termination supposed to contain 80 acres, the above described claim is from one to three miles below Powashicks Village bounded by the Iowa River
handed in July 8th

JOHN MCCAHUN

The "Record of Deeds or Claim Transfers" occupies ninety-eight pages, or ten pages over one-half of the whole number of pages in the manuscript. On these ninety-eight pages are recorded one hundred and eighty-one "Quit Claim Deeds." The first of these was admitted to record March 15, 1839, and was entered into by Samuel Bumgardner of the first part and Andrew D. Stephen of the second part. Several of the transactions here recorded date back to a time when Iowa was still a part of Wisconsin Territory. It is peculiarly interesting to note that not only land and money entered into the consideration of these real estate transfers or deeds, but also such articles as rails, rope canoes, and in one instance two barrels of whiskey. Here are several examples of deeds or transfers:

² Known all men by these presents that I Samuel Henderson of Wisconsin Territory for and in consideration of the sum of fifty Dollars, to me in hand paid do grant bargin sell and convey to Messrs Turner & McCrory of Napoleon in Territory aforesaid all my Right Title for ever to a certain tract of land known and described as follows, commencing south of an Oak tree 80 Rods thence East one mile to a stake in the Prairie then due North to a white Oak tree thence due west to a Black Oak tree thence south to the place of beginning three miles North of Napoleon In Testimony where of I hereunto sign my name & affix my seal April 11th 1838

Attest

JOHN GILBERT

SAMUEL HENDERSON

handed in for record March 27th 1839

¹ Taken from manuscript page 27.

² Taken from manuscript page 3. Note that the pages, beginning with the "Record of Deeds," are renumbered.

¹ An article of agreement made this day between John. A. Street of Iowa. and Nelson Hastings of Bloomington the agreement is this that the said John A Street agrees to sell a Sertain Claim and rails and what there on the claim lies North East of Napoleon 3 miles in the County of Johnson Iowa Territory all sold to said Nelson Hastings for the sum of Two hundred Dollars to be paid in Two Installments namely one hundred to be paid the first of April and one hundred by the first of July next If the money is paid a cording to agreement. from said Nelson Hastings to Said John A Street then this agreement is in full force and if not paid a cording to agreement. then this is nul and void January 2nd 1839.

witness

ROBERT WALKER

JOHN A STREET

handed in for record March 27 1839—

(Delivered)

² Known all men by these presants that we Green Hill and Scion Hill for and in concideration of the sum of one hundred and sixty Dollars to us in hand paid the receipt of which is hereby acknowledged have granted bargened and sold and by these presants doe for ever sell and quit claim unto William H Downey the following described tract or claim of land lying and beeing in the County of Johnson & Territory of Iowa the same beeing the North west quarter of section five Township seventy nine North Range five west and the East quarter of section Thirty One Township 80 North Range five west of the fifth principal meridian according to a survey of claims made by Luke Douglass given under our hands and seals this 6 day of May 1839

Delivered

his
GREEN * HILL [Seal]
mark

SION. HILL [Seal].

The "Records of Meetings" are in a somewhat unnatural position in the manuscript, being found in the midst of the "Record of Deeds" between pages twenty-one and twenty-two. It is not probable that this was their original position. After close examination I am led to believe that, having become detached from the manuscript, they were accidentally pasted in their present place. The minutes fill six pages and record the proceedings of seven meetings. The association undoubtedly held several meetings before and after those recorded in the manuscript, but of their proceedings there is not a line of

¹ Taken from manuscript page 4.

² Taken from manuscript page 22.

*Place of mark.

manuscript record. Next to the Constitution these minutes form the most interesting part of the manuscript. The dates of the seven meetings recorded are as follows:

- (1) Napoleon Johnson County February 3 1840
- (2) Iowa City July 10th 1840
- (3) Iowa City February 1st 1841
- (4) Iowa City February 7 1842
- (5) Iowa City July 2 1842
- (6) Iowa City February 6 1843
- (7) Iowa City February 11 1843¹

Thus it will be seen that these "Records of Meetings" cover a period of three years and eight months.

MRS. CHARLES ALDRICH.

BY MRS. AGNES BRIGGS OLMSTEAD.



HIS pioneer citizen and most estimable woman died at her home in Boone, Iowa, September 18th, 1892, at the age of a little over fifty-six years.

Her maiden name was Matilda Olivia Williams.

She was born at Dansville, Livingston county, New York, August 8th, 1836. Her paternal grandfather, Stephen Williams, participated in the battle of Trenton, New Jersey, where he was so severely wounded in the head, that, after years of suffering, he became totally blind. Mrs. Aldrich came from the State of New York to Webster City, with her husband, in 1857, where they founded *The Freeman*, a paper which is still published. At the time of her death, she and her husband were the oldest living newspaper people in the north half of Iowa, excepting Hon. A. B. F. Hildreth, of

¹ "On motion the association adjourned to meet at Marion on the 20 of this month"—a government land sale was to be held at Marion on the 20th.

Charles City. In 1891 they removed to the city of Boone, where she finally passed away. In all the work her husband has found to do, her counsel, and active, intelligent, ready assistance have ever been most timely and valuable. Especially has this been true in the work of originating and building up "The Aldrich Collection" in the Capitol at Des Moines.

Through many a season of pleasure and of pain, of toil and recreation, of weariness and rest, I have been associated with this dear, lost friend of ours; but there has never been any other occasion on which I recall her so distinctly as when I, a child of ten years, first saw her. It was one lovely autumn afternoon, at the home of a mutual acquaintance. She looked up quickly as I entered the door and gave me a keen glance which seemed to take me in from head to foot. I was a timid child, but looked into the earnest, kindly face, taking in its every detail and passing from that to her attire, then as in later years, plain but becoming, and scrupulously neat. I cannot explain how or why she should have so strongly attracted me, but from that hour she was enthroned in my heart, the idol of my childhood and earlier youth. I remember, too, it was about this time when my father first met her. He had just crossed the river when she drove down on the opposite side of the swollen stream. He turned to explain to her how and where she could ford the river without difficulty; and twenty years later, I heard him refer to the "Wee little leddie" in her crimson merino and fleecy white wrap, as to some bright-plumaged, sweet-singing bird flitting through the dark foliage. So, little by little, we came to know her in those early days when there were few to know, and to us all she seemed a very pearl of gracious womanhood.

I think her power of winning and holding hearts, lay largely in her intense sympathies. Her heart was quick to vibrate to the sorrows of all hearts, and how much she has done to comfort the sorrow-stricken who have crossed her path, eternity alone can tell. How much she has softened and sweetened the cruel asperities of life by that charity which never

faileth, but is hallowed and blessed by that spirit of love which is not in word nor in tongue but in deed and in truth.

She had a pretty way of saying sincerely pleasant things, and of filling the air about her with her presence and sweetness as orchards in October days fill the air with the perfume of ripe fruit. She possessed such royal gifts of soul as enabled her to fill the atmosphere in which others about her moved with a brightness which they could not create for themselves.

How loyal she was to her friends! How stanch and true she stood by them through every ill-wind of adversity; but how her sensitive heart was crushed and pained by ingratitude or neglect! How brave and firm she was in her adherence to her convictions of right or wrong, and right with her was ever on the side of humanity! She was the friend of the oppressed, the suffering and needy, and her tenderness and kindness went out toward the least and lowest of God's creatures. Little children turned instinctively to her as to a loving friend and sympathizer. For the dumb and helpless creatures of God's creation, who have no voice with which to plead their own cause, her tenderness and compassion were unbounded. She recognized in all the lower animals a certain individuality extending throughout their whole being, to as great a degree as that of ourselves. Inasmuch as we recognize and study this in our own race in order to attain the highest enjoyment in the society of our friends, so she looked upon it as wisdom to regard it in her humble friends that they might become more serviceable and agreeable to all with whom they came in contact. If any need or suffering presented itself, she did not deem it needful to wait while she ascertained the shape or covering of the poor creature so suffering. The simple presence of *pain* was sufficient to call forth the utmost whatever her gentle ministration could do for its relief. And who shall say she was not right in this? Why should a scratched finger on one form of sentient being call forth such expressions of sympathy, while for another, with-

ing, perhaps, in agony, we have no special regard, aside from the mere consideration of profit and loss, because its form is different, and it is clad in feathers or fur instead of silk or cotton? She grasped and realized to the full the depths of truth and meaning in the words of the *Ancient Mariner*:

“ He prayeth well who loveth well
Both man, and *bird* and *beast*.

He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things, both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth *all*.”

All the animals about her home were pets, and as far as possible she cared for them with her own hands. In the knowledge that she had brought comfort and happiness into the brief lives of these helpless ones, and in their trustful affection, she found her exceeding great reward. I believe, too, that these things which she hath done have risen as a memorial before God, and are not forgotten by him who regardeth the sparrow's fall and who heareth even the young ravens when they cry. Thank God for the blessing she has been to these helpless ones, and for all the lessons of tenderness and humanity she has taught to all with whom she has been associated!

Nor did her beneficent influence end here. How much those who have had the privilege of being with her have enjoyed the comfort of her well-ordered home, and how many lessons we have learned from her economy and thrift! I have never known another who understood so well as she the true science of household economy, which, while it provides abundantly for all needs, yet has not a crumb to waste. No one could be more truly economical, yet no one was more generous; and aside from what she bestowed upon the poor, in almost every household with which she was familiar, scattered here and there, are found her treasured gifts. With her, nothing was too trivial to be taken care of and taken care of well. No smallest duty was too trifling to be well done. No other hands could lay folds and press out wrinkles

so smoothly as hers. With what care and precision articles not in immediate use were laid away, and though they might not see the daylight again for months, would come forth at last without spot or wrinkle, and breathing of that faint, sweet odor which permeated all her belongings. Realizing that she had a home to make comfortable and happy, and a husband to strengthen and inspire, she never called her round of duties petty. To her there was nothing common or unclean. The very scouring of kettles and pans was made an example of how thoroughly all work should be done. The patience, the system, taught by action even more than by precept, stamped themselves upon those about her.

The appointments of her table were perfect in their neatness and orderly arrangement. Whatever help she might have, the preparation of food was seldom left to other hands. Somehow, "The little mistress of the house" never made mistakes or had "bad luck." Whatever was done by her careful pains-taking hands was "just right;" and with untiring energy she passed from one duty to another till all were accomplished.

Perhaps her greatest personal gift was a talent for music, and the greatest regret of her life was that she had had so little opportunity for its cultivation. During the later years of her life she seldom attempted to play or sing; but how gratified we always were when, after long pleading, she would finally consent to play "just one little piece." In passing over the keys she had the same nicety and precision of touch so characteristic of the deft little fingers in whatever they did. Her voice in singing was sweet, clear, and full of expression. Though extremely diffident in her opinion of her own ability, she was very fond of music and always a delighted listener. She was a woman of marked intelligence and cultivation. Her manner suggested the associations of a refined home and all the graces of a womanly mind. She had an innate sense of the eternal fitness of things and an intuitive knowledge of the proprieties. Besides the culture and sweet companionship of books, with which she has almost all her life been surrounded, she had travelled widely, and being a keen and intel-

ligent observer, had acquired much information in this way. She read much and not only read but digested and assimilated her reading. She formed her own opinions about the subjects of the day and never hesitated to express them in clear and concise terms. She read only the best literature, and while never posing as a critic of the stereotyped order, she had a ready and accurate perception, a solid and exact judgment of books and authors. I have not said all that might be said but if I had said far more it could not express all that she was to us. She was such a tiny creature to fill so large a place in life; and though her pure and gentle spirit has passed from earth, to us who knew her she still lives in the sweet and useful lessons that have sunk so deeply into our lives.

Beloved friend! We cannot see your kindly face. When we reach out we cannot touch you. When we call you do not answer. But if beyond this earthly portal there are guardian angels, I am sure you are ours still, watching and waiting, and the thought brings comfort.

To the above I beg to add two sentences which I take from a beautiful tribute to the memory of Mrs. Aldrich, which appeared in the old home paper, *The Freeman*, of Webster City, from the pen of the editor, Hon. John D. Hunter: "Mrs. Aldrich was a lady of refinement, of strong intellectuality, of the most amiable and kindly nature, and of the highest domestic virtues. She will be remembered in great love and affection by the early residents of Webster City who enjoyed her acquaintance."

Stanhope, Iowa, December 15th, 1892.

A PUBLIC DINNER IN TERRITORIAL DAYS.



DURING the holidays of the extra session of the Wisconsin Territorial Legislature held at Burlington during the winter of 1837-8, the good people of Fort Madison gave Governor Dodge a dinner at the Madison House, the best hostelry on the west side of

the Mississippi in the Territory. A few years previously Joseph Webster, of Buffalo, New York, had bought the squatter right to the town part and now the main town of Fort Madison, then heavily timbered. Webster had been a miller in Buffalo and claimed to have large wealth, was a good talker, and was going forthwith to build up a great city in the settled part of town, and proceeded to lay the foundation of a grand hotel, not equalled by any hotel in the State at this time. The country was in wild speculation and full of wild cat, red dog and all kinds of paper money; fortunes were made daily in town lot speculation. Few now living acted a part in those days of wild speculation. The panic of 1837 had hit us and the value of town lots was of the past, but Webster and his lots were still left, and for a grand revival a dinner was planned and given to Gov. Dodge and the Legislature, of which he was the great promoter. The dinner was worthy of the occasion, the Governor and most of the members of the Legislature, as well as most of the distinguished men of Burlington attended. Judge Philip Viele, one of the New York Knickerbockers, a man of distinguished ability and politeness, presided; Dr. Barrett, of St. Louis, was present. It was but a short time after the arrest of Rathburn, the great financier and operator, in Buffalo, who had been for a long time using the names of the wealthy men of the city as endorsers without asking their consent. Dr. Barrett, after the party was in good shape, offered the toast, "To Joseph Webster, the Rathburn of Fort Madison." The toast was greatly applauded. Webster as soon as he could get a hearing, said: "Doctor Barrett, do you mean Rathburn the forger, the bankrupt, swindler, or Rathburn the enterprising builder up of Buffalo?" The Doctor in a most bland manner said, "The latter, Mr. Webster, the latter." That was satisfactory and the toasts and speeches went on. Gen. Vanantwerp, another distinguished Knickerbocker, was at that dinner and made a speech. Gen. Vanantwerp was a man in appearance and manners by himself, finely educated and being a Knickerbocker several degrees better than ordinary men, of

polished manners, always well dressed, wearing gold glasses, and while a rather active member of one of the churches, using very emphatic words on occasions that he felt justified in such expressions, and I never knew a man that had so many occasions. The General was sent by Martin Van Buren to Burlington as receiver of public money in the land office, and I am sure that there was no Whig in the Territory that ever made a single complaint against the register or receiver of that office. The changes of administration retired the General and he then went to Iowa City to edit a Democratic paper. He there got into a controversy with Bainbridge, who had been elected to the council as a Democrat, but bolted his party and was elected President of the council by the Whigs. Bainbridge made a speech that no Knickerbocker could permit to go unnoticed. So the General got a raw hide and took his pistol and hunted Bainbridge, but to the General's surprise Bainbridge objected to being publicly cow-hided and knocked the General down and took his pistol. When Polk came in as President the General went back to the land office in Council Bluffs but had to move on under the change of administration in '49. He then went to Keokuk. This was about the time Livingston was charging the great men of the country three hundred dollars each to print their portraits and biographies. Van invested and Gen. Belknap, then a young friend of Van's, wrote up his biography most satisfactorily. But when the book came the biography was all right, and the body was all right, but the head was a bloated Bourbon king head. It was rich to hear Gen. Belknap tell of Van's indignation. In 1860 the General was an earnest supporter of Breckinridge for President, looked on Lincoln as a clown and nothing was too bad to say of Douglas and abolitionists. By this time Van was very poor, and Lincoln's election made him miserable, but from the day of the firing on Fort Sumpter no man was more loyal to the flag than Van. He wanted to get in the army. Van and I went to Washington together in December. The weather was very cold. Van one morning

was reading in Willard's Hotel and forgot the time until too late for his dinner and started up the Avenue in a rapid walk, and just as he turned a corner he met an immense Newfoundland dog bounding down the street. Van, who only weighed about one hundred and fifteen pounds, was knocked down. It was during the rebellion and the town full of people, and within a minute there were a hundred people at the spot. Van was carried into a little cigar shop, and one brought in his cap, another his gold glasses, and another his gold-headed cane. By this time he had recovered his senses, and the first thing he heard was some one enquiring whose dog it was. Van was not badly hurt, and in telling of the incident he had no complaint against the dog or owner, but was furious at the man who enquired whose dog it was, as if that made any difference. Here was a distinguished Knickerbocker run over by a dog and no one enquiring who he was while the enquiry was to know whose dog it was. It was days before he recovered from his fury. I introduced Van to Gen. Lane, the great Jay Hawker, a man that Van had hated with great enjoyment, but at West Point he had been a class-mate of Lane's brother, and liked and praised him, and Lane at once took Van to his kind heart, and no man had a kinder heart than Jim Lane, and Lane got Van a commission in the army and he was placed on Gen. Blount's staff. Blount was a fighter, loved to fight, but knew nothing and cared less for military tactics, while Van was a martinet. Blount and his other aids, Kansas Jay Hawkers, were a perpetual worry to Van in marching and in camp; they paid no attention to rank, and Blount let them do as they pleased, and no doubt they enjoyed Van's annoyance. At the end of the war Van came to Washington and was appointed a clerk in the Senate, an honorable position, and paying \$2,300 salary; it was a clerkship, and Van had them give him a room to himself away from the other clerks. Senators Pomeroy and Harlan got a law passed creating the Post Trader a regular army officer, and Van was appointed Post Trader and was stationed at Philadelphia

and had a most happy ending to his life—an office for life, good pay and army officers for his associates Van desired to be popular, was honest and faithful in all the trusts of his life, and never made grievances, but his style was more amusing than popular.

HAWKINS TAYLOR.

Washington, D. C., December 3, 1892.

PIONEER LIFE IN MUSCATINE COUNTY.¹

BY J. P. WALTON.



IOWA was once under Spanish rule if any but the Indian rule existed. While you are most likely all familiar with its history as a State, there are many disputed points on which the old settler has to be considered authority. One that comes to my mind now is the origin of the names of our counties. We will consider the name of Lee county. You will pardon my introduction. If it were not for that I would not know anything about the name. In the autumn of 1837, my father, Amos Walton, came west from New England. He came across the State of Pennsylvania, down the Ohio and up the Mississippi river. While on the steamboat at St. Louis he became acquainted with a man by the name of Harvey Gillett, who was coming to this country with his family. He persuaded my father to come here with him, offering him work during the winter, which he gave him. He lived with him from November to June and became very familiar with Mr. Gillett's family and business. I have heard my father relate much of it, among other things the following Lee county story:

Mr. Gillett's family consisted of a wife and several children. The wife was the sister of a wealthy man in New York City by the name of Lee. He was the head man in a large mercantile house of the name of Lee, Brewster & Co. Mr. Lee associated himself with several others and organized a land

¹ Annual Address at Old Settlers' Reunion held at Wyoming Hill, Muscatine County, September 21, 1892.

company. I think it was known by the name of the New York Land Company. They sent Mr. Gillett out to purchase lands. He made extensive purchases of the half-breed lands and had to look after them.

In October of 1836, the Territorial Legislature met at Belmont, Wisconsin. It was understood that a sub-division of the then two counties would be made. Mr. Gillett went there to look after the Land Company's interests. While at Belmont he fell in company with Dr. Eli Reynolds, one of the Representatives from Des Moines county, the southern one of the two counties of the Territory. There he formed a partnership with Dr. Reynolds. They laid out the now obsolete town of Geneva. During this session of the Legislature several counties were organized, together with that of Lee and the name of Lee attached to it in honor of its biggest land owner, or the principal man of the biggest land company in the county.

The name of Des Moines county was most likely taken from the Des Moines river, which was known on the early maps as the Moingona river.

As before stated originally there were but two counties—Dubuque and Des Moines. Burlington being the oldest and most populous place within the county they most likely retained the name of the county.

The name of Louisa county is also in doubt, which perhaps some old settler may be able to solve. On page 598 of Portrait and Biographical Album of Louisa county is found the following: "The origin of the name is somewhat in doubt, though the most favorable view of the case is that it was named after Louisa county, Virginia, the name being given by William L. Toole, who was a native of that State and a member of the Territorial Legislature when the act was passed to establish a county." It is said by some that it was named after Louisa Massey, who performed a heroic deed by avenging the death of her brother.

The first view is most probably incorrect, as Mr. Toole was not a member of the Territorial Legislature at that time. The heroic tragedy that Miss Louisa Massey was connected with occurred at Dubuque at or near the time the Legislature was sitting at Belmont. The whole community was talking it over, hence the most probable origin of the name of that little county of Louisa.

The name of Muscatine county was taken from the Muscatine Island, an Indian name that was applied to the island as

early as 1816. The meaning of the name opens a field for the Indian student to explore.

We spoke about Harvey Gillett and Dr. Reynolds and their obsolete town of Geneva. I am going to venture a short description of the town as it appeared to us on our arrival in June, 1838. It was situated three miles up the river from Muscatine, where Col. Hare's farm is. The principal building was a steam saw mill on the bank of the river just below the mouth of the creek. It was owned by John Vannatta, Robert Smith and a German by the name of Temple. John Vannatta was the manager, Smith the engineer. The unsophisticated German furnished the money, which proved to be a permanent investment. I think he became the sole owner. It was not a success as a saw mill; it took too much cord wood to run it. There were also three hewed log houses and two log cabins. The three log houses were occupied by the sheriff, James Davis, Harvey Gillett and his brother, Addison Gillett. The two log cabins were occupied by Hon. Dr. Eli Reynolds and Amos Walton, the postmaster.

James Davis had a small outside building that he had been keeping a grocery in. There was little left but the liquor when we came here, and I doubt very much if anything else was ever kept there other than tobacco.

The principal place of congregating was at the mill, while running, if not at the postmaster's. This went very well until August or September, when we all got the ague, which we did so badly that at times not one of our number of five could help the other to a drink of water. We had this ague from August to the following April, and occasionally for several years afterwards. I am not going to describe a "shake of the ager" to these old settlers; most of them have had the enjoyment, and heard the rattle of their teeth. It was said that some men got too lazy to shake. I never saw one. After the shaking was over the quantity of water required was marvellous. During the summer season, the water for the whole town was gotten from a spring on the bank of the river. Some of us had to carry our water one hundred and fifty yards and take very sulphury water at that. When the river was high my father made a box around the spring and kept out the warm river water.

As before stated my father kept the post office. We were on the main mail route north and south. I think we had a mail one day from the south; the next from the north; but none

on Sundays. It generally consisted of one pouch; it had to be overhauled in seven minutes. While we were shaking with ague, this was a tough job. We always managed to "stand in" with the mail carriers—in the summer time a drink of butter milk, in the winter a cup of our pea coffee, made us all O. K. In return, any favor we wanted, such as a sack of meal from Rockingham or Davenport, was brought us without charge. He was always willing to help assort letters and papers, which was a great help to us.

During the winter season there was considerable travel; of course the passengers had to be warmed while the mail was being overhauled. It made our small cabin, not more than sixteen feet square, quite lively. We kept the post office for three years. After the death of my father it was discontinued.

The stoppage of the post office was the stoppage of the town. The mill and other buildings were moved away or taken down, and nothing now remains to mark the place but the sulphur spring that continues to flow.

NOTES.

It is a long time until this number that the biography of a woman has appeared in *THE RECORD*.

J. L. PICKARD, LL.D., the author, formerly School Superintendent of Chicago, later President of the State University of Iowa, and now the President of our State Historical Society, has deposited in the library of the Society a copy of his statistical work, just published, "A Brief History of Political Parties in the United States," a little book of sixty pages giving every important event in the history of political parties of the country since the adoption of the Constitution, and concluding with an elaborate table showing in detail the electoral vote at each presidential election from 1788 to 1892. It must become a popular work of reference with all who have occasion to refer to past national elections, platforms, candidates and the like—the political editor's book of easy reference and the stump orator's breast-pocket companion.





L. G. Bell

IOWA HISTORICAL RECORD

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No. 2.

REV. LAUNCELOT GRAHAM BELL.

FIRST PRESBYTERIAN MINISTER, IOWA, 1836-68.

BY T. S. PARVIN.



IOWA was first opened to settlement in the spring of 1833, the year following the close of the Black Hawk War and the ceding of that portion of the Indian land, bordering on the Mississippi river, thirty miles in width, extending from the Des Moines river south to the Turkey river north of Dubuque. At that period there were but two settlements in the "Black Hawk Purchase," one in the present limits of Dubuque county, the other in Lee county, neither of which had an organized existence. In the spring of 1834, the Iowa district (with Wisconsin) was attached to the Territory of Michigan for "judicial purposes," and at the first session of the Legislature of Michigan Territory two counties were organized in the Iowa district west of the Mississippi river, Dubuque and Des Moines counties. A very few settlers came during that year, but the numbers increased during the succeeding years, 1835-36, when the population reached some ten thousand.

The school house and the meeting house and the school and the church, however, were among the earliest of the pioneer's work. There was preaching as early as 1834, by

travelling and visiting ministers coming from Illinois, and as early as 1836 "missionary work" on the part of the Catholic, the Methodist, Presbyterian, and Congregational and other churches was inaugurated.

It is an interesting theme to consider the character and review the labors of those, who so early engaged in the work of the "making of Iowa." And in this the school teacher and the minister of the gospel preceded the politician and civil officers of the territory. As early indeed as 1830 there were two schools taught in Lee county, one at Nashville (October - December), the other at Keokuk (December, 1830 - February, 1831), which, however, was then only an Indian village, and as early as 1834 a school was taught in the first "Meeting House" erected in Iowa at Dubuque.

Some of the little boys attending those schools, afterwards rose to eminence in the Territory and State, serving in its Legislative Assemblies and Constitutional Conventions; others became among our most prominent and active merchants and business men, while others yet won renown in the service of our country, when called to arms during the rebellion.

The ministers, who founded the churches at that early period as representatives of the Catholic, Methodist, Presbyterian and Congregational faiths, had much to do, and are entitled to much credit, in the making, or the preparation of the work for the "making of Iowa" what it is to-day. Ours is a State where "the school house may be found upon every hilltop" and through every valley, while the church spire rises heavenward in every city, town and village over our prairies and upon our streams, from the Mississippi to the Missouri. And the thorough training therein of the youth of Iowa for citizenship has given emphasis to the character of the people, who have adopted as their motto, "Iowa, the affections of her people, like the rivers of her borders, flow to an inseparable union."

"That same young State, round whose virgin zone
The rivers like two mighty arms were thrown
Marked by the smoke of evening fires alone,"

has during these fifty and more years, grown into the garden-spot of the Mississippi Valley, whose harvest of golden grain supplies the means to send in turn the "missionary" of good works to other lands.

It is of the life service and labors of one of those pioneer ministers, the first in his branch of the church (Presbyterian) to plant the Standard of the Cross west of the Mississippi and north of the Des Moines river, that we are to speak in this paper.

Of "Father" Bell's early life and labors before coming to Iowa, our information is rather meagre; much more so than could be desired. We have, however, been able in the exercise of three excellent qualities, "time, patience and perseverance," to gather many items in his history heretofore unknown, or, if known, have never appeared in public print. This has been our reward and will prove of public interest, from having postponed the completion of this sketch for the April, rather than January number of the "RECORD."

Rev. Bell was descended directly, through both of his parents, from that hardy race of Presbyterians, the Scotch of Scotland, though his father, Rev. John Bell was a Methodist minister. The son, Launcelot Graham Bell, was born June 17th, 1789, the same year that gave our nation birth, under the constitutional government. If his Christian name was borrowed from the teacher of Racine and Conti, and the companion of the philosopher Paschal, or from the hero of King Arthur and the Round Table, how came the extra vowel *U* interpolated? Possibly the corruption had crept in the family nomenclature before he was born and so inherited—we know not. The place of his birth was Augusta county, Virginia. The father, as we would infer from his profession and locality, was not in circumstances to give his son the education necessary to qualify him to become a minister in the Presbyterian branch of the church, hence his early education was limited and very imperfect, a fact which he regretted, through the after years of his ministerial life. He was, how-

ever, enabled in his later boyhood, to attend an academy in his native county, where he received such an education as was then considered ample for a business man.

At that period he viewed life only in a worldly sense. Though moral and upright in his conduct, he made no profession of religion. Too honest to deceive himself or others, he had no thought of the profession to which in after years he dedicated his best energies, and in which he became so preëminently useful.

Before reaching the age of majority, he had established himself in the mercantile business in Staunton, Virginia, where he was married to Miss Margaret Baird, of Hagerstown, Maryland. This union proved not only a preëminently happy but a useful one, as the wife ever proved a helpmeet indeed to her husband, not only in the duties of the household, but in the aid she was ever ready to render him by counsel and support in his life work as missionary of the church. This union continued through a period of seven years more than half a century, when the wife preceded her husband only a year in his entrance into a higher and holier sphere of labor.

When he became impressed with the belief that he was called to preach the gospel of his Master, though there were many difficulties in his pathway, he did not falter, but set himself earnestly to work for the preparation needed to make him useful in his chosen calling, in which higher sphere he became indeed, one of the most honored and active laborers in his Master's vineyard in the west.

He was naturally of an ardent and sanguine temperament, so that when he became a Christian, he made, as we would expect, a full surrender of himself to Christ, and anxious to labor for, and give to Him the glory which might result from his labors. At this period when he consecrated himself to the higher mission upon which he was about to enter, he was some thirty years of age.

In the year of 1827, he removed from Virginia, to east Tennessee, to the town of Jonesboro, the church of which

gave him a call to minister to the flock in that town. He was licensed to preach, the same year by the Presbytery of Abington, and at once commenced his public ministry. To this church he ministered a few years as their pastor, when he resigned his charge and henceforth, through a long career of usefulness and activity, he gave himself up entirely to *missionary* work in the region of the great (then called) Northwest. About the year 1833, we find him located as a missionary in the Wabash country of Indiana. His field of labor covered some three or four counties, which joined corners, and in these counties he founded several churches, looking after them all as best he could, scattered as they were through the counties of Boone, Frankfort, Montgomery and perhaps others.

The Wabash country in those days was known at home and abroad for the great sickness which prevailed along the river of that name, where the ague and fever prevailed almost universally. From the climate and his exposed labor, Father Bell, being no exception to the early settler, for a time succumbed to their influence. Several of these churches having received "stated supplies," as soon as his health permitted, he removed to Monmouth, Illinois, in the fall of 1836. After recruiting a while, he crossed the Mississippi river at Burlington in the fall of that year, and so became the first Presbyterian minister to engage in labor in the present limits of the State of Iowa.

Unable to find a cabin in, or near Burlington, where he might house his family, he re-crossed the river and spent the winter at Monmouth, Illinois, where he gathered the material for a church, which was organized early the following spring (1837).

On the first day of April of that year, he re-crossed the Mississippi and returned to the vicinity of Burlington, and began the work which filled his hands for the following twenty-five years. During these years he assisted largely, and in many instances taking the leading part, in the organ-

izing of twenty-eight Presbyterian churches, extending from the Mississippi to the Missouri river, including many of the most important churches in southern Iowa.

There are those living (the writer among the number) who knew him in those early years and were acquainted with his noble and self-sacrificing labors. "Self-sacrificing" indeed, as in 1842 he wrote, "the first two years he received no compensation, and the next four, only \$100 per year," during which years he had travelled much and organized many churches.

Iowa had been open to settlement only three years. The lands were not surveyed and consequently not in the market. Mr. Bell, however, purchased "a claim" some three or four miles back from Burlington, near Yellow Springs, where he later in August (24th), 1839, organized a church. This, however, was not the first. He had previously, with the assistance of Rev. Samuel Wilson, both being members of the Presbytery of Schuyler, Illinois, gathered together a few members, and organized the Presbyterian church, the first in Iowa—at West Point, Lee county. The date of this organization was June 24th, 1837. Of this church, the late Col. Wm. Patterson, of Keokuk, became the first elder, and who has only recently died (1889), having lived an active, useful and honored life, serving the church at West Point and later of Keokuk as an elder for a period of more than fifty years, and who lived to see the marvelous growth of the tree, which Father Bell had planted in Iowa upon the prairies of Lee county at that early day. That church still lives a monument to the zeal of its founders and true christian devotion and labors of their successors.

The work of organizing churches went on rapidly, keeping march with the settlement of the Territory, and the springing on every hand of villages and towns, which in the near future were to develope into important towns and cities. In this work Rev. Bell labored under many disadvantages. He bore no "commission" from the Presbytery or Synod (neither of

which existed in Iowa in the earlier years of his work), from the Master alone did he hold a commission. At a later period he was commissioned by the Old School "Board of Home Missions," but with only such a small salary as their limited resources allowed.

For many years there were no public conveyances, and his long journeys through southern and western Iowa were performed on horseback.

While most of his labors were confined to the fields of Iowa south of the present line of the C., B. & Q. Railroad and the tier of counties through which it runs, he did as we know, organize at an early day two churches farther north, one at Muscatine, the other at Iowa City.

During those early years he was a member of the Presbytery of Schuyler Synod of Illinois. Iowa was indeed attached to the Synod of Illinois, as it had been in its political government to the territories, first of Michigan, then of Wisconsin, in the thirties.

Rev. Bell organized "The first Presbyterian Church of Muscatine county," at Muscatine (then called Bloomington), July 6th, 1839. Rev. John Stocker, a Congregational minister from Vermont, but a member of the old school Presbytery of Logansport, Indiana, was called to minister to its people, drawing his support mainly from the "American Home Mission Society."

Of the members who organized that church, none are living to tell its story, though the writer was a member of the congregation, did some outside work towards effecting its organization and later became a member of it.

The second church in central Iowa organized by Rev. Bell was at Iowa City on the 14th day of September, 1840. Of this church the celebrated Michael Hummer became the first pastor.

Both of these churches have in recent years celebrated the semi-centennial of their organization and their "histories have been pretty fully written.

Father Stocker (as he was lovingly called) was a good, not great man, an earnest and devoted christian and faithful in his labors in the Master's vineyard. He lived to serve his people some seven years, leaving a widow, but dying childless.

The Rev. Michael Hummer was a man of more than ordinary ability, but his usefulness was greatly marred by a want of confidence on the part of the people in his piety, which was like the virtue of Cæsar's wife "not above suspicion." His connection with the famous "Hummer Bell" *fiasco* rendered him conspicuous at the time and famous in the history of the churches in Iowa. That bell still remains in custody of the Mormons at Salt Lake City, a "landmark" in the history of early Presbyterianism in Iowa.

The church soon rose from his fall and became stronger in its mission of good, and stands now a beacon light in the University city of our State, a monument to the wisdom of its founders and its chief actor therein, the good brother, whose history we are writing.

All the churches of that period, whether served by "stated supplies" or "pastors," were ministered to by men faithful in their calling, excepting the instance above, working like Brother Bell with only small salaries, seldom exceeding \$400 per annum, about one-fourth the sum paid those engaged in similar work at the present time.

Then we had no "Doctors of Divinity," as in those years the doctorate was bestowed only on ministers advanced in years, of long service, great learning and ability, as well as distinguished usefulness. The people, however, constituting a larger collegiate board, by common consent and universal approval, bestowed upon Mr. Bell, in token and confirmation of their knowledge of his faithful and efficient work and Godly life, a title more honored and respected by the people and complimentary to him, the endearing title of "*Father Bell*." By which title through the coming years of his life, he was significantly known far and near, in the Territory in

which his labors had formed so conspicuous a part in the early history of our people.

The church had grown so in numbers and the necessity becoming so apparent for the organizing of a Presbytery having jurisdiction over the churches in Iowa, that the Synod of Illinois at a meeting held at Rushville, October, 1840, set off the Territory of Iowa as a distinct Presbytery, to be known by that name. The first meeting of the Presbytery of Iowa was held at Bloomington, now Muscatine, on the 6th day of November, 1840. By appointment of Synod Father Bell preached the opening sermon and presided, until the election of Rev. Michael Hummer, as moderator. Father Bell was chosen the first stated clerk. The members set off by Synod to constitute the Presbytery were Brothers Launcelot Graham Bell, Michael Hummer, John Mark Fulton and Enoch Mead. We were present at that meeting, but do not recollect whether Rev. Fulton was present or not, but the others were, as were also Rev. John Stocker and Rev. Samuel Cowles, the latter from the Presbytery of St. Clairsville, Illinois, and who later ministered to the church at Iowa City and other Iowa churches.

The area of that Presbytery was coextensive with that of the Territory, which included all the present States of Iowa, Minnesota, and the two Dakotas.

"The organization of Presbyterianism and civil government in Iowa are nearly coeval. They had their origin about the same time, and, like two streams starting from contiguous sources, they have flowed down the valley of time in parallel channels. The population in Iowa in 1836 was ten thousand and in 1838 it numbered twenty-two thousand. Between these dates a single church of this denomination had been organized, soon, however, to be followed by others, until in 1840 there were no less than nine. The new school branch of the church was not far behind, while the Methodist, the pioneer church through all of the great west and northwest, was even in advance and the Congregational church was

keeping pace with her sister churches, all laboring to one common end—the upbuilding of the faith among the people constituting the Territory, ere long to become one of the greatest States in the Mississippi Valley.

About this time Father Bell removed and located at Fairfield, Jefferson county, Iowa, in order to be nearer the field of his labors, the planting of new churches in the Territory west of Fairfield which had but recently been acquired from the Indians and opened up to settlement. His labors extended through a long field ending with Sidney, Fremont county, in the southwest corner of the State. Through a distance of two hundred and fifty miles west of Fairfield there are churches of his planting and members still living, who well remember how earnestly he labored and faithfully served the Master in distributing and extending the gospel to the remote settlements of that early period, and which have now grown into fruitful fields with abundant harvests, from the seed he planted in those earlier years. They were indeed years of great opportunities and much usefulness, with difficulties correspondingly great, and the results fully show that he labored not in vain, nor spent his strength for naught, for verily the churches of his right hand planting, existing to day in the full tide of success, bear testimony that he was a laborer of whom none were ashamed.

In order to realize the difficulties in the way of transplanting the gospel and establishing new churches in a frontier Territory, difficulties which the pioneer preachers largely overcome, we must “look backward” a moment and consider the circumstances surrounding those faithful “Soldiers of the Cross.”

We must recognize the facts, that the struggle with nature had to precede everything else with the early settler in a new country, where his first care was to construct a shelter for his family and provide for their future temporal wants. The other fact that the magnificent material development following upon the conquest of nature, was bound to keep, at

least for a time, men's thoughts and energies directed towards material things, contemporaneous with their aspirations for a higher intellectual development and progress in the way of "holy living."

Among all the pioneer preachers, whose self-sacrificing labors have placed Iowa upon the high plane of christian activity, none acted a more prominent and useful part than did our good "Father Bell," whose name deserves to be recorded among those, who labored for the good of his fellow men.

Through all these years and amid all these labors and long continued service, he was aided by his faithful and loving wife, who as the wives of home missionaries of that period, were largely called upon to share the privations and hardships of the pioneer life and work (and none more faithful than she), and contributed their full quota to the success of their husbands in this work. Of her, Father Bell said during the year he survived her, "No one could manage domestic affairs with more judicious skill. She had many unavoidable discomforts connected with their position, and many privations, but they were always meekly and firmly met."

When old age was creeping on him and the frailty of advancing years and exposed labors were admonishing him to retire from the service, he still continued in his Master's work. And when nearly eighty years of age, mounted his horse and rode more than a thousand miles through western Iowa, hunting up the scattered sheep of the flock and bringing them into the fold he had planted. He died in the harness, May 30, 1868, having lived to see twenty-eight churches organized though his instrumentality. Among them are many of the most important and strongest congregations now on the roll of the Synod of Iowa. He had at an earlier period done *pioneer* work in Tennessee, Indiana and Illinois and by adding the churches he there established, increases the number to thirty-three in all.

Father Bell lived in deeds as well as years and through all his thoughts and actions strove to

“Keep his spirit pure
From worldly taint by the repellant strength
Of virtue. Think on noble thoughts and deeds
Ever. Still count the rosary of truth,
And practice precepts which are proven wise.
Walk boldly and wisely in the light thou hast—
There is a hand above will help thee on.”

The last of the pioneer missionaries and preachers (of his contemporaries) to pass away was the Rev. Enoch Mead, who assisted in the organization of the first Presbytery of Iowa fifty years and more before his death, which occurred only during the latter days of the last year (1892), dying at the advanced age of four score and more years at Davenport, near where he had lived from the time of his arrival in the Territory.

“When the great King of Jerusalem fell in the hour of victory his warriors buried him with the epitaph: ‘Here lies Duke Godfrey who won all the land for the christian religion.’ Of Father Bell it may be said, ‘he won and held much of Iowa for Christ and Presbyterianism. The conquest of the mighty crusader has utterly perished from the earth, and is remembered only in song and story; the memorials of Father Bell are the Presbyterian churches and Presbyterian institutions from the Mississippi to the Missouri rivers. His works abide, for they were wrought in faith and according to the will of God.’” Such is the language of his eulogist, M. W. Blair, of Kossuth, son of Thos. Blair, one of the founders of the church organized by Father Bell in 1839 and who had been a member of the last Territorial legislature of Wisconsin and of the first of Iowa for the years 1837 and 1838.

Father Bell was peculiarly fitted for his work, because he loved the Master, the Master’s people and the Master’s cause.

In his intercourse with friends and with strangers he was sensible and considerate, and everywhere was recognized as a christian gentleman.

"The traveler who glides through southern Iowa on the C., B. & Q. from Burlington to Council Bluffs, will not fail to note the populous and enterprising towns and cities he passes through. If you look in the minutes of the General Assembly you will notice what an array of prosperous Presbyterian churches are strung along this line. Then the traveler may recall the fact, that before any railroads were located in Iowa and even before stage lines were established, or much of the land had been surveyed, Father Bell had made a mental survey of the Territory, driven his ecclesiastic stakes right over this route. Every county seat from Burlington to Creston, and west through Clarinda and Sidney to Council Bluffs, had been occupied by him and 'preëmpted' for the Master's use."

His later labors were at Monmouth, Illinois, where he first located forty years before his death, and where he had hoped to spend his remaining days, but Providence had ordered otherwise and during this last and long journey in his visiting the churches of his early planting, he stopped at Afton, Iowa, at the house of one of the elders of the church. He was taken ill in the night and in the morning he said to Brother Sipe, "I have come to your house to die." The prophecy came true two days later, when his spirit passed away, a year after the death of his wife, and his remains were borne to Monmouth, Illinois, where they were interred, surrounded by a goodly company of christian people, who had known him long and well and whose testimony was borne to his christian worth and eminent usefulness.

Of the Saints—and was not our Father Bell one, the poet has sung:

"Men may not mark them in the crowded ways.
The noisy world forgets to blame or praise
The "poor in spirit," yet they pass along
Through silent paths and make them glad with song;
Their's is the kingdom where love reigns supreme,
And faith soars higher than the poet's dream,
Wrapped in the sunlight of eternal day.
Blessed are they."

He was a man of unusually sound judgment, which made up for the absence of the brilliant talents, which make the minister of to-day popular in the community.

We are not aware that the Presbyterian church in Iowa has erected any monument in memory of its first pioneer and missionary laborer, but we do know that in life he erected his own monument, which will endure throughout the ages when monuments of stone and brass, built to commemorate the heroic deeds of the warrior will have crumbled to dust. No more fitting monument could we point out to the reader and the stranger passing by, than the churches he planted along the great highways, upon which thousands of people yearly travel, looking out on the right hand and the left over our prairies and through our cities, all of which contain evidences of the labors, among them of "Father," the Rev. Launcelot Graham Bell of blessed memory.

I am much indebted to several old friends for assistance in collecting many of the facts embodied in this sketch. And extend my thanks, especially to Rev. Drs. McClintock, of Burlington, and Bailey, of Cedar Rapids, to Dr. Fullenwider, of Creston, a survivor of the church at Kossuth of 1839, and to Hon. M. W. Blair, also of Kossuth, and Wm. Garrett, of Burlington; the last three being pioneers and witnesses to Father Bell's first labors.

[From the advance sheets of Gov. Gue's forthcoming History of Iowa.]

THE CARDIFF GIANT DECEPTION.

THE MOST INGENUOUS AND SUCCESSFUL FRAUD
OF MODERN TIMES.

IN THE month of October, 1868, strange stories were whispered about the streets of Syracuse, New York. It was said that the petrified body of a human being of gigantic proportions had been unearthed on the farm of a Mr. Newell in the town of Lafayette, near the village of Cardiff, some thirteen miles from the city.

Upon investigation made by a reporter of the *Syracuse Journal*, who hurried to the spot where the discovery was said to have been made, it was learned that William Newell, the owner of a small farm a mile west of Cardiff, a country village of three hundred inhabitants, had begun to dig a well near his barn for stock water. The spot selected was near the low swampy margin of Onondaga creek. Two well diggers began the excavation on the morning of October 16th, and when about three feet below the surface their spades struck what seemed to be a large rock. Upon trying to unearth the boulder a huge foot was discovered having the shape of the human anatomy. Upon making farther explorations it was found to be attached to an enormous leg, and that to a body in human form, but of colossal proportions. Mr. Newell, who had been in constant attendance upon the well diggers, directing their work, cautioned them when their spades struck the hard substance "*to be careful.*" He took one of the spades and uncovered the form until it was discovered that buried in the earth was an immense stone giant. He directed the further digging, until an excavation had been made fifteen feet in length, disclosing the full stature of the "petrified giant." The news of the wonderful discovery made on the Newell farm spread rapidly among the neigh-

bors, and soon an excited crowd of villagers gathered around the grave of the great unknown, and gazed with awe-stricken faces upon the colossal form of the "petrified giant," as Newell declared it to be. The excitement increased every hour, and before Sunday night more than a thousand curious people had gathered at the Newell farm from the surrounding country to see the wonderful man of antiquity. The news had reached Syracuse and been published with displayed headlines in the daily papers. Every livery team was soon on the road conveying hundreds more people to the scene of the wonderful discovery. Large offers were made the farmer by some of the city visitors—for his giant, but he refused to sell. Early Monday morning it seems to have dawned upon Mr. Newell's mind that he had struck a huge "bonanza" in his shallow stock well. He procured a tent and erected it over the resting place of the giant, enlarged the excavation around the body, the water was pumped out, guards were stationed around it, and Newell began to collect half a dollar each from the increasing crowd of visitors hourly coming in from every direction. No one was permitted to touch the reclining giant as he held his great reception lying prostrate in his ancient grave, with closed eyes and majestic form, in the calm, awful repose acquired by countless ages of unbroken slumber, while earth's tragedies and pleasures had rolled unceasingly by. Ten thousand dollars offered by a little city syndicate on Tuesday morning to the homespun farmer for his "petrified giant," awakened him to a realization of the sudden fortune that had come to him like the discovery of a gold mine. But he steadily refused all offers, and quietly proceeded to take in the half dollars at an increasing rate that almost bewildered him. The wonderful discovery had been telegraphed to all parts of the country, and the newspapers of the whole civilized world were publishing glowing accounts of the marvelous affair. Scientists were speculating upon the genus of the recently exhumed "petrified man," for the fact that it was a human petrification, first asserted by "Stubb" Newell, seems

not at this time to have been seriously questioned. A few scientists who had seen the giant believed it was a statue that had been chiseled out of rock; but the owner, from the day of its discovery, had refused to permit a close and careful examination of it to be made, or to allow any of the tests to be applied to it.

Several eminent geologists visited the Newell farm and made such examination as the owner would permit. Among these was Prof. James Hall the noted New York geologist and paleontologist, who made the geological survey of Iowa in 1855 and was State Geologist of Wisconsin in 1857.

Dr. Hall gives the following opinion of the giant:

It is certainly a great curiosity, and as it now presents itself, *the most remarkable archæological discovery ever made in this country*, and entirely unlike any relic of a past age yet known to us. It is clearly a statue cut by human hands, and is in no way connected with petrification or with calcareous deposits from springs sometimes called petrifying springs; nor is it a cast or model of any kind but an original. The importance of the object lies in its relations to the race or people of the past, formerly inhabiting that part of the country. The statue is of a far higher order, and of an entirely different character from the smaller works of rude sculpture found in Mexico and Central America or in the Mississippi valley.

In regard to the question of the antiquity of its origin, we are compelled to rely upon the geological and chemical evidence. *That the statue has lain for a long time where it now lies, there can be no doubt.* The entire length of the left side and the back of the statue is eroded to the depth of an inch or more from the solution and removal of its substance by water percolating through the gravel stratum upon and in which it lies imbedded. Such process of solution and removal of the *gypsum*, a mineral of slow solubility, in the waters of that region, must have required a long period of years. Any theory of the recent burial of the statue in this place is disproved by the fact of the extensive solution and removal of the surface by the water coming in along the gravel bed from the southwest. The most extensive erosion has taken place upon the left side and beneath the back upon that side corresponding to the direction whence the water came. You will see therefore upon any theory of inhumation, you must have time for this process of the gradual dissolving of the stone. So long as the alluvial deposit was going on, this portion was covered by water, and there would be no current along the gravel bed, and this movement of the water would only take place after the drainage of the stream or the lake to a lower level. Therefore so long as the alluvial deposit was going on, and the water remained above that level, there would be no current, and consequently no erosion. This statement answers the inquiry as to what are some of the evidences of its antiquity.

Thus the most eminent of living geologists proved the great antiquity of the Cardiff giant, and also proved that it could not have been buried where found in recent ages. Several other noted scientists visited the scene of the wonderful discovery, and pronounced it a statue carved out of gypsum at some remote time.

The "petrified giant" was described as follows by the editor of a New York daily:

The road through Onondaga hollow, and across the Indian Reservation is one of the finest in the State. For thirteen miles we wind along the brow of giant hills, while away below flows Onondaga creek. At the foot of Bear mountain lies the farm we are in search of, and the white tent in the distance tells us of the spot where the strange object lies in state. The roads from every direction leading into the village were lined with vehicles bringing the daily flood of visitors to the lately obscure little farm in the valley which had sprung into sudden and world-wide notoriety. As we enter the crowded tent and look down into the pit, there lies in solemn state a majestic form that impresses the beholder with awe. Was this a man? From the crown of the head to the soles of the feet in its gigantic proportions and its perfection we gaze and think of the strange traditions of olden times, and wonder if this man ever breathed. Did he have a being and walk forth among people? Did he know joys and sorrows? Did he govern nations or turn destinies of empires? That finely shaped head—was it ever the seat of intellect? That manly breast—did it ever hold a beating heart which pulsed the life-blood through those giant limbs? Those hands—have they ever wielded the iron rod of oppression? A man? Then he must have lived in the forgotten ages of the past—before the era of our civilization dawned. Kingdoms, Empires, Nations, Civilizations have come and gone since he had a being. Time has moved on and left no record of his life. Man with his feeble mind cannot grasp the idea. But we know there is nothing hid that shall not be revealed and feel that God takes these means to restore the buried parts.

Is this a statue? Then who the man who chiseled those finely proportioned limbs—that massive head? Where now the intelligence that conceived the subject and grandly wrought its completion? Who were the people or the race it is intended to represent? In what age of the world have they lived and flourished! How many generations has it lain where we now behold it? The position is so natural—the contour so perfect, the repose so life-like, and the countenance so noble—that in whatever light we view it a grand field for intelligent investigation is opened up before us.

Dr. Amos Westcott wrote to the *Scientific American* an elaborate article in which he says:

It would be far easier to suppose this a veritable petrification of one of the "giants who lived in those days"—than to suppose it a statue. There is not

a chisel mark upon the entire image, nor of any other implement employed by the human hand. The style of model, its perfection, its peculiar smooth surface—all defy the artist. Not a single individual has ever examined it who was not impressed with the feeling and belief that it is the most extraordinary and gigantic wonder ever presented to the eye of man. Be it what it may, it presents a most perfect human form of colossal size, defying the present state of science, whether geology or archæology. Its origin we have to confess, is as deep a mystery as when first brought to light.

An Onondaga squaw who came to see the giant said that her tribe believed that the statue was the petrified body of a gigantic Indian prophet who lived many generations ago and foretold the coming of the "pale faces." He warned his people with prophetic fervor of the coming encroachments of the white man, and their extermination. He told them he should die and be buried out of sight, but that *their remote descendants should see him again.*

A coin was found by some one in the vicinity of Cardiff, bearing the ancient date "1019," and was supposed to have had some connection with the remote history of the giant.

The mystery surrounding the whole affair seemed only to deepen with investigation. The scores of learned men who came to look upon the wonder, widely differed as to what it was, its antiquity, and probable origin, but all agreed that it was one of the most remarkable discoveries ever unearthed in America. The people came by hundreds and thousands from all parts of the country, paid the admission fee, looked upon the giant and went away in awe and wonder. The daily receipts had run up to \$1,000. One George Hull, a cousin of Newell, appeared upon the ground a few days after the discovery and took charge of the exhibition. Col. J. W. Wood, of Chicago, of large experience in the "show" business next put in an appearance and under his directions the tent was greatly enlarged and better accommodations made for the daily throng of visitors. P. T. Barnum sent an agent to purchase the wonderful giant who was drawing such crowds. But a local syndicate was formed which offered a large sum—said to be \$40,000 for the wonderful stone man.

One H. B. Martin, of Marshalltown, Iowa, now appeared upon the ground as one of the proprietors of the exhibition. A pamphlet was issued by the exhibitors showing a portrait of the giant at full length—prostrate. He was named the “American Goliath,” and described as a “Petrified Giant,” “being a perfectly formed and well developed man of solid stone.” These pamphlets giving a detailed account of all that was known of the giant, with statements of noted scientists as to the great antiquity of the “petrified man” were eagerly purchased by the crowds of visitors, and there seemed to be no limit to the fortune flowing into the treasury of the lucky owners.

Here the scene changes. A thousand miles westward in Iowa, on the upper Des Moines is the picturesque village of Fort Dodge. In its vicinity are very extensive deposits of gypsum. In the year 1867 one H. B. Martin stopped several days at the St. Charles House and spent some time examining the gypsum formations. He seemed to be deeply interested in the beautiful variegated stone which had been used in the construction of some of the best residences in the place. He disappeared after a few days and was soon forgotten. On the 6th day of June, 1868, he returned accompanied by a large broad shouldered man, well dressed and quite stylish. They took rooms at the St. Charles. George Hull registered his name, residence Binghamton, N. Y. H. B. Martin registered his home, Boston, Mass. They took frequent strolls along the river bluffs and among the gypsum ledges. C. B. Cummins, one of the old citizens, had been working one of the gypsum quarries on Soldier creek near the village, and Hull and Martin were frequent visitors at his place. They inquired all about the peculiarities of gypsum, cut into the blocks with their knives and found it free from grit and easily carved into any shape desired. At last they informed Mr. Cummins that they wanted a block got out twelve feet long, four feet wide and two or three feet thick, for which they would pay a good price. They wanted to ship it to New York to exhibit as a

specimen of Iowa mineral production and thus interest capitalists in the development of the gypsum deposits. Mr. Cummins assured them that a block of such dimensions could be obtained, but that it would be expensive, and very difficult to transport to the railroad which was forty miles distant at that time. That it would weigh at least five tons and there were no wagons in that region strong enough to convey it to the railroad. They said expense was no objection, and they would find means to transport it. Mr. Cummins, upon further talk with them, suspected that they were sharpers and had some swindle in view, and refused to deal with them.

They then went down to Gypsum creek south of Fort Dodge and leased an acre of land, erected a shanty and hired Mike Foley, an experienced quarryman, to get out a solid block of gypsum twelve feet long, four feet wide and twenty-four inches thick. It took them two weeks to transport it to Boone the nearest railroad station, as it crushed several wagons and bridges, and mired down in the sloughs innumerable times. They were compelled to have it dressed down several tons before it could be drawn to the station.

On the 27th of July they reached Boone with the block, and shipped it east on the Northwestern railroad. This was the last that was seen of Hull and Martin, and the affair was soon forgotten.

* * * * *

When in November, 1869, the papers were filled with accounts of the wonderful "Petrified Onondaga Giant" that had been resurrected near Syracuse, N. Y., and the whole civilized world was wondering what race of remote antiquity he had belonged to, and the scientists were as sorely puzzled over the problem as the common people, a New York paper stated that Professors Boynton and Hall pronounced it to be a statue carved out of crystalline *gypsum*, but that the gypsum was of a different color and general appearance from any found in that State.

Galusha Parsons, an eminent Fort Dodge lawyer, on his way to New York stopped over at Syracuse and took a look at the "Petrified Giant." He wrote back to the editor of the *North West*; "I believe it is made out of the great block of gypsum those fellows got at Fort Dodge a year ago and sent off east."

Two or three of those who had known of the huge block that had been taken away more than a year before by Hull and Martin, began to investigate a little. Syracuse papers were sent for, letters were written, and soon the news came back that a George Hull was one of the exhibitors of the "Petrified Man." A description of the New York Hull corresponded in every particular with the Hull who had procured the Fort Dodge gypsum block of huge dimensions, fifteen months before. Here was a clue to be followed up, and the city marshal W. H. Wright, Dr. McNulty and the editor of the *North West* begun a quiet but thorough investigation which in the course of six weeks developed a chain of evidence so complete, that it reached without a missing link from Gypsum creek, Iowa, to the Newell farm near Cardiff, N. Y. Quietly but with great celerity the mass of evidence was put in type at the *North West* office in Fort Dodge, and a pamphlet was issued that was destined to wreck the great fortune then sight for Newell, Hull and Martin, and expose a fraud the most ingenious and successful ever perpetrated in America.

* * * * *

Going back to Newell's farm where the thousands were coming weekly from every part of the country to gaze upon the "gigantic petrified man," it had passed into the ownership of a syndicate of capitalists who had moved it to Syracuse where better accommodations could be found for the increasing throng of visitors. It was now valued at \$100,000, and the daily revenue derived from its exhibition justified that price. Preparation were in progress to move it to Albany and place it on exhibition in the State Geological Rooms. Early one morning a news dealer exhibited on his

stand a large package of forty page pamphlets illustrated with portraits of the "stone giant," his inventors, his sculptors, his burial and resurrection!! Its title page bore this legend:

"THE CARDIFF GIANT HUMBUG!!!

A COMPLETE AND THOROUGH EXPOSITION OF

THE GREATEST DECEPTION OF THE AGE.

RICHLY ILLUSTRATED WITH VIEWS OF THE GIANT FROM
THE QUARRY TO THE TOMB.

Published at the North West Office, Fort Dodge, Iowa."

Here was a counter attraction suddenly sprung upon the public, as exciting as the appearance of the giant himself. The pamphlets sold like hot cakes. Intense excitement followed—and soon the proprietors of the "Petrified Man" were seen reading the true history of the origin of "the greatest wonder on earth." They rushed to the news stand, bought out the enterprising dealer and *burned every copy*. The next morning bright and early the news dealer was "at it again." Again the terrified showmen bought and burned his stock. But several hundred copies had got into the hands of as many people, and the suppression became impossible. They must fight for their vanishing fortune.

Early the next morning the syndicate owners published a positive and unequivocal denial of every important fact as set forth in the pamphlet, and ridiculed the whole "yarn" as they termed it. But the newspapers keen on the scent for sensations, began to investigate, and the atmosphere was getting sultry with the shock of contending forces.

In the meantime Barnum had hunted up the Chicago sculptor and got a plaster cast of the "Giant" and put it on exhibition in his museum advertising it as the "original." The proprietors of the true original hastily shipped it to New York, put it on exhibition at Apollo Hall, and applied to Judge Barnard for an injunction to prohibit Barnum from exhibiting his cast. But again the Fort Dodge pamphlets put the great

showman in possession of the true history of the fraud, and the injunction was denied on the ground that the original giant was a fraud, and the courts would not protect one fraud from the encroachments of another.

Hull, the alleged originator of the deception now came forward and tried to save the tottering fortunes of the owners of the giant, and Martin, the Iowa man, who was Hull's partner in guilt, also came to the rescue. Each made a solemn affidavit denying any knowledge of the deception or any connection with it.

Newell got affidavits from his neighbors as to his unimpeachable integrity, and every possible effort was made by the owners of the "petrified man" to counteract the effects of the exposure—but all was in vain. The chain of evidence was continuous and conclusive. Below is a brief abstract of it: Geo. Hull and H. B. Martin came to Fort Dodge together on the 6th day of June, 1868, and registered their names on the St. Charles Hotel books, occupying room No. 11. Geo. Hull, of Binghamton, N. Y., H. B. Martin, Boston, Mass., is the way they were recorded. They remained there until July 14th, engaged in getting out a huge block of gypsum. They had it transported to Boone the nearest railroad station, and on the 27th of July they had it shipped in car No. 447 to E. Burkhardt, Chicago. Hull followed it to Chicago, stopped at the Garden City House and was repeatedly seen there by Fort Dodge men who knew him, until the 22d of September. The gypsum block was tracked to an unoccupied building surrounded by a high board fence, on the west side of the river, where a sculptor named Otto worked on it until it was completed. Hull himself was the model after whose form the giant was fashioned. It was then securely boxed taken to the Michigan Central depot, and shipped as *finished marble*, its weight having now been reduced to 3720 pounds. It was directed to "Geo. Olds," Union, N. Y. This is a station ten miles west of Binghamton on New York & Erie Railroad. It arrived at its destination October 13th and was

delivered to a man claiming to be Geo. Olds on the 4th of November. It was drawn away by a four-horse team. The men and team stopped at the house of a Mr. Luce over night a few miles north of Union. The night of the 6th they staid at Mrs. Pierce's just above Centre-Lisle. At Marathon they were seen by many people going north, and on the 7th they stopped over night with Ebenezer Palmer. When questioned about the contents of the big iron bound box, they said it contained castings. Sunday night they staid at Homer. Here one of the men in charge of the team and load was recognized as George Hull by those who knew him. When asked at Preble Hotel what was in the large iron bound box, Hull said it was iron machinery. The four-horse team was seen by several persons between Preble and Cardiff, and in answer to frequent inquiries as to the contents of the huge box, Hull sometimes said it contained "castings," sometimes "machinery," and other times said it was "a soldier's monument." The team was seen by four or five farmers late in the afternoon of the same day, November 9th, and Hull was seen to go towards Newell's just before dark and only a mile distant from it. The night they reached Newell's house was very dark and rainy. Newell had the grave already dug to receive the "giant," and with the help of the three men in charge of the four-horse team and wagon, they lowered him into his grave, filled it up with earth by lamp light, and removed as far as possible all traces of the burial. The box was knocked to pieces, the boards split up and scattered around the premises. The team started before daylight on the morning of November 10th on its return trip and was seen and recognized by M. E. Cummins at whose house the men in charge of it stopped and got breakfast. Mr. Cummins questioned the men as to what they were loaded with two days before as they went towards the Newell farm. They answered "machinery." But they claimed not to know what kind of machinery it was, and were not disposed to talk about it.

Hull was seen to go into Newell's house on the evening of

November 9th, but not in company with the men in charge of the four-horse team. He left them at Tully and got a livery team to take him to Cardiff, and from there walked to Newell's after dark to avoid being seen with the team and mysterious box.

He again appeared at the Tully Hotel before daylight the next morning wet through and covered with mud, and fell asleep in his chair while waiting for breakfast. He then disappeared and was not seen again for nearly a year, when he appeared at Newell's a few days after the "Petrified Man" was discovered in Newell's well. Martin, who was a blacksmith at Marshalltown, Iowa, came to Newell's soon after, and these three men were the joint owners of the "giant."

It has never been known how much these three original owners of the "Petrified Man" realized out of their scheme, but it must have been a large sum; for they valued it at \$100,000 soon after they sold a large interest in it to the Syracuse syndicate; but how much money was paid them by the syndicate, before the exposure of the fraud, could never be ascertained. All efforts made by the exhibitors to refute the truth of the exposure made by the Fort Dodge pamphlet, proved futile, for names, dates, affidavits and shipping bills were published in full, and every investigation made, only proved still more conclusively the absolute impossibility of overthrowing the chain of evidence it contained.

The collapse of the exhibition soon came. Hull again disappeared from view; Newell went back to his farm; Martin returned to his forge, and the deluded scientists had to admit that they had fallen victims to the most adroit deception of the age.

Years after, Hull and Martin made full confessions of their part in the whole affair, as detailed in the Fort Dodge pamphlet. The selection of a block of gypsum lying in the bed of the creek where the action of the water had for ages eroded and worn away the formation, was the shrewdest part of the great deception. In carving out the statue the sculptor was

instructed to leave these marks of erosion untouched, and it was this that deceived Prof. Hall and other eminent geologists who examined the "petrified giant" and pronounced it of "great antiquity."

But for the registering of their names while at Fort Dodge, there is little doubt that the fraud would have remained undiscovered until the ingenious perpetrators of it could have realized a great fortune out of the exhibition.

The gypsum quarries at Fort Dodge have since been developed by local capital and enterprise, and the manufacture of stucco from them has become an important and profitable industry. One of the several mills is named after the "Cardiff Giant" which brought such notoriety to the Fort Dodge gypsum in early days.

INDIAN TREATIES.



FOUR hundred years ago the American continent was in the possession of various Indian tribes. The particular portions held by respective tribes changed constantly as fortunes of war determined.

As European nations made discoveries they came to a mutual agreement that discovery gave title to the soil. At the same time all nations claiming *title* recognized the Indian *right of occupancy* until the right should be extinguished and the title made perfect in the civilized nation. Some claimed that the blessings of civilization were sufficient compensation for the surrender of the right of occupancy. Occupants found unwilling to surrender their rights, were in some instances compelled to yield; in other cases, contracts were made; in other cases, settlement by whites induced the red men who subsisted largely upon the chase to move to the frontiers, as wild animals fled before the arts of civilized men.

As nations claiming the land came into collision they sought alliances with savage tribes from selfish motives.

So the Indians were treated as *enemies* to be dispossessed of their right of occupancy by force—or as *allies* whose help was needed for the time—or as *rightful occupants* deserving fair treatment and entitled to compensation for surrender of their rights. Common occupancy could not be thought of since habits of life were so widely different. To avoid conflicts the American Colonies, claiming title to lands from the English nation, made the best terms possible with the Indians occupying their territory. Nearly all the Colonies had therefore entered into treaties with the tribes before the Revolution. In some cases individuals had made purchases of lands direct from the Indians.

When the Colonies surrendered to the newly formed general government their Western Territory, it became necessary for the United States Government to carry out the provisions of treaties then in force, and to adjust individual claims upon territory acquired by cession from the Colonies.

A great part of the territory ceded was still held by Indian tribes whose right of occupancy was not denied even after cession, until civilized settlers became owners of the lands by purchase from the United States. Conflicts with occupants were so frequent that some method of extinguishment of the right of occupancy became a necessity. To attach the Indians to the soil and thus bring them into subjection to purchasers of the soil in some due proportion to the extent of the purchase was not feasible, for their tribal organization, their perfect independence of any other control, and their nomadic habits would make it impossible for the owner of the soil to secure their obedience or their service. The incumbrance would prove too great. To treat them as dependents, supply their needs, and control their movements, would prove equally impracticable. To treat them as prisoners of war seemed more feasible, but was attended with great expense unless they should be paroled prisoners. The idea of parole how-

ever involved agreements, which were to be voluntarily entered into by the prisoners themselves. That the United States Government accepted this latter view in the main is shown from the fact that, until 1840, Indian affairs were left in charge of the War Department. And yet traces of each of the other views appear in treaties.

By virtue of treaties, Indians have become in fact *wards* of the nation.

Recognition of Indian tribes as possessed of national prerogatives, to be treated as friends or as enemies, according to their attitude toward the Government of the United States, was but the acceptance of the views held by the Mother Country of whom the Colonies had declared their independence.

The first treaty was made with the Delaware nation across whose territory the army of the United States must pass to reach certain forts held by England. It was a treaty of mutual forgiveness for hostilities committed; of perpetual peace and friendship; of free passage to forts of English enemies; of supplies, upon proper remuneration; of enlistment of such Indians as could be spared; of defense for the Indians by erection of a fort to be garrisoned by the United States; of fair and impartial trial for offences committed; of well regulated trade under supervision of an intelligent agent; of guarantee of possession of lands held under previous treaties (colonial probably); of representation in Congress as soon as Congress shall sanction it. This treaty was signed by two U. S. Commissioners and by Delaware Chiefs, September 17th, 1778.

No other treaty is made until the Independence of the United States is acknowledged by England in 1783.

There was a marked separation of Indian tribes into three parts: The Six Nations in New York; Cherokees, Creeks, Chickasaws, Choctaws and a few less prominent tribes south of the Ohio river; and the large number of tribes north of the Ohio river. The first and third parts constituted the

"northern department," as the second constituted the "southern department."

Treaties made with the Indians of the northern department are 87 per cent. of the whole number.* More than 79 per cent. of all treaties have for their chief purpose the fixing of limits of occupancy and the removal of the same; the changes of boundary lines and the clearer determination of the same; the acceptance of reservations; the cession of lands; the acceptance of lands in severalty; and the fixing of boundaries between hostile tribes. All others are treaties of peace.

There are two classes of treaties with reference to limits of occupancy. 1st.—General. 2d.—Special. Of the first class were treaties (1) with the Six Nations, October 22d, 1784, which fixed their western limit four miles east of the Niagara river and a line running due south from a point four miles east of the source of the Niagara river to the Pennsylvania line and the western line of Pennsylvania as far south as to the Ohio river — (2) January 21st, 1785, with other tribes of the northern department, confining them upon the east by a line extending southward from the mouth of the Cuyahoga river to the parallel of the portage between the sources of the Miami and the Maumee river, westward to a point north of the mouth of the Kentucky river, and from this point south to the Ohio river — (3) November 28th, 1785, with Cherokees whose limits contained southern and eastern Tennessee, Western Carolinas and northeastern Georgia — (4) Jan. 3rd, 1786, with Choctaws whose right of occupancy was limited to southern Alabama and Southern Mississippi below the Yazoo river — (5) January 10th, 1786, with Chickasaws, confining them to territory lying between that of Cherokees on the north and the Choctaws on the south; as far east as the center of Georgia — (6) August 7th, 1790, with Creeks who were confined to that part of eastern Georgia not occupied by Cherokees.

These general treaties contained numerous provisions for United States military tracts, varying from two to twelve

miles square, and also a strip six miles wide and west of the Detroit river from Lake Erie to Lake St. Clair, also the fort at Mackinaw and its dependencies.

These general treaties were often renewed or explained or made more definite up to 1802, when Congress upon March 30th passed an Act fixing the line between white settlements and Indian occupancy for the northern department, which varied not essentially from the provisions of the treaty of January 21st, 1785; and for southern department fixing a line the same as that determined upon for Cherokees and Creeks by treaties of November 28th, 1785, and of August 7th, 1790.

Of *special treaties* one may suffice as an example. Selection is made from treaties entered into between the United States and the *Pottawattamies* because with no other single tribe have so many treaties been made, the number being *twenty-nine* with the tribe alone, and *fifteen* joint treaties with other tribes — forty-four in all, more than eleven per cent. of all treaties made with the Indian tribes.

October 2d, 1818. "The Pottawattamie nation of Indians cede to the United States all the country comprehended within the following limits: Beginning at the mouth of the Tippecanoe river and running up the same to a point twenty-five miles in a direct line from the Wabash river; thence on a line as nearly parallel to the general course of the Wabash river as practicable to a point on the Vermilion river, twenty-five miles from the Wabash river; thence down the Vermilion river to its mouth; and thence up the Wabash river to the place of beginning. The Pottawattamies cede to the United States all their claim to the country south of the Wabash river." (Parts of White, Tippecanoe, Benton and Warren counties, Indiana.) "The United States agree to purchase any just claim which the Kickapoos may have to any part of the country hereby ceded below Pine Creek." This provision shows that there were rival claimants to the same territory, and in subsequent treaties with various tribes it was found necessary to treat with several tribes for the same

lands. July 30th, 1819, the Kickapoos were paid for their claim and recognize the validity of the treaty made with the Pottawattamies. One month later the Kickapoos define the boundaries of their cession. Less than a year later change is made in terms of purchase; three weeks later a change is made in terms so that the Indians may have money wherewith to remove to lands in Missouri. "The United States agree to pay to the Pottawattamies a perpetual annuity of two thousand five hundred dollars in silver; one-half of which shall be paid at Detroit and the other half at Chicago, and all annuities, which by any former treaty the United States have agreed to pay the Pottawattamies, shall be hereafter paid in silver." Up to this time one permanent annuity of \$1,000 in silver, one for ten years of \$500 in silver, one permanent annuity of \$500, and one for fifteen years of \$1300 in specie, had been promised.

"The United States agree to grant to the persons named in the annexed schedule, and their heirs, the quantity of land therein stipulated to be granted; but the land so granted shall never be conveyed by either of the said persons, or their heirs, unless by the consent of the President of the United States." The persons referred to are seven Burnetts, five men receiving two sections of land each, and two women one section each. One Pottawattamie Chief, one section, and one daughter of a Chief, one section. The seven Burnetts are children of a Pottawattamie woman, daughter of a Chief, (probably half-breeds.)

Following this treaty with the Pottawattamies as a nation, appears a line of treaties with Chiefs and bands of the tribe, treaties surrendering reservations made to individuals or families. This is especially true of the years 1832-1837. In the first of the years named the Pottawattamies ceded to the United States "lands in Indiana, Illinois and Territory of Michigan south of Grand river," except many reservations, which in five years were all surrendered to the United States.

In 1827 the Pottawattamies were troublesome along the

road from Detroit to Chicago, and they were induced to cede their lands without compensation.

In many cases the United States assumed the payment of debts contracted by Indians. This practice encouraged traders to trust Indians, and often the entire annuity went into the pockets of traders as soon as paid. Beside money annuities, supplies of food and clothing were agreed upon. These supplies are furnished under contract. Contractors have taken advantage of the government and of the Indians. Traders have in many cases been ready to take the Indian blankets in settlement of debts previously contracted. Indians show the same grade of honor as their white neighbors who pay liquor debts promptly even if their families suffer for food and clothing. The prohibitory policy of the government is not strong enough to bear down the greed of traders who find a source of revenue in the redman's love for whiskey.

Laudable attempts to civilize the Indians by furnishing them seed, draft animals, ploughs, mills, and millers—provisions of many of the earlier treaties—have failed to conquer the redman's love for hunting and fishing for which the large reservations furnished opportunity. "Farmer Indians" have been held in contempt by "Blanket Indians," and a species of social ostracism has stood in the way of civilization.

TREATIES OF PEACE AND FRIENDSHIP.

These have been most numerous just after a period of war. *Twenty-four* such treaties were entered into within four years of the close of the War of 1812. *Twenty-three* such treaties were made within three years of the close of our Civil War. One example will suffice. June 1st, 1816.—A treaty was made with various tribes of Sioux in words as follows:

"The parties being desirous of reëstablishing peace and friendship between the United States and the said tribes, and of being placed in all things, and in every respect, on the same footing upon which they stood before the late war between the United States and Great Britain, have agreed to the following articles:

ARTICLE I. Every injury or act of hostility, committed by one or either of the contracting parties against the other, shall be mutually forgiven and forgot.

ART. II. There shall be perpetual peace and friendship between all the citizens of the United States, and all the individuals composing the aforesaid tribes; and all the friendly relations that existed between them before the war, shall be, and the same are hereby renewed.

ART. III. The undersigned chiefs and warriors, for themselves and their tribes respectively, do, by these presents, confirm to the United States all and every cession, or cessions, of land heretofore made by their tribes to the British, French, or Spanish Government, within the limits of the United States or their territories; and the parties here contracting do, moreover, in the sincerity of mutual friendship, recognize, reëstablish, and confirm, all and every treaty, contract, and agreement, heretofore concluded between the United States and the said tribes or nations.

ART. IV. The undersigned chiefs and warriors as aforesaid, for themselves and their said tribes, do hereby acknowledge themselves to be under the protection of the United States, and of no other nation, power, or sovereign, whatsoever.

In witness, etc."

Signed by three United States Commissioners and forty-one chiefs and warriors of various Sioux tribes.

"Mutually forgot." Do Indians ever forget?

"Perpetual peace and friendship between all the *citizens* of the United States and all the *individuals*, etc." Why this distinction except for the purpose of emphasizing the lack of civilization in the latter?

"Under the protection of the United States." Wardship with a one-sided obligation.

The large majority of the twenty-three treaties of peace following the Civil War are made with the same Sioux tribes, again a *perpetual* (?) peace.

TREATIES OF MEDIATION.

Between 1820 and 1828 there are several such treaties, by means of which the Government of the United States undertook to end the internecine wars between hostile tribes.

August 19th, 1825, at Prairie Des Chiens, (Prairie Du Chien) William Clark and Lewis Cass undertook the role of mediators between the Sioux and bordering tribes upon the east and south with the following result:

ARTICLE I. "There shall be a firm and perpetual peace between the Sioux and Chippewas; between the Sioux and the confederated tribes of Sacs and Foxes; and between the Ioways and Sioux."

Then follow several articles defining boundaries; making provision for a subsequent conference for a fuller explanation to tribes not quite certain as to their own claims.

ART. XIII. "It is understood by all the tribes, parties hereto, that no tribe should hunt within the acknowledged limits of any other without their assent. * * *

ART. XIV. "Should any causes of difficulty hereafter unhappily arise between any of the tribes, parties hereunto, it is agreed that the other tribes shall interpose their good offices to remove such difficulties; and also that the Government of the United States may take such measures as they may deem proper, to effect the same object."

The difficulty anticipated soon arose, for a line was not sufficient barrier to keep warlike Sioux and warlike Sacs and Foxes from conflicts, and in 1830 the United States secured a tract of land twenty miles either side of the line west of the Mississippi and as far west as the Des Moines river and made the forty mile strip "*neutral territory*."

In the Southern Department early treaties were sufficiently explicit to keep tribes apart.

TREATIES OF REMOVAL.

Nearly every treaty of cession involved removal, generally westward as the tide of settlement flowed in from the east.

In a few instances removals were made eastward from the Mississippi, as the undisputed possession of this river after the Louisiana Purchase encouraged settlement along the eastern bank, before the prairies between the river and the Great Lakes were sought for settlement. Removal involved the surrender of the right of hunting which was reserved to the Indians, in treaties of cession, so long as the United States held possession of the ceded territory. The Indians of course recognized no change after cession, until white settlers came upon the lands, either by purchase from the United States or as "squatters." The Indians looked not back so far as to their cession for the reason in removal, but attributed it all to greed of the whites. Conflicts arose, new treaties were entered into, the United States showing a desire to pacify the tribes, and the tribes expressing a willingness to be pacified over and over again because of the presents they received from the pacifying government.

Frequent treaties of removal introduced the idea of "reservations" and finally of lands given "in severalty."

TREATIES OF COMMERCE.

Trading posts have been established upon reservations and Indians have been restricted in trade to these posts conducted by licensed traders. A single quotation will suffice.

November 28th, 1785. Treaty with Cherokees.

ART. IX. "For the benefit and comfort of the Indians, and for the prevention of injuries or oppressions on the part of the citizens or Indians, the United States in Congress assembled shall have the sole and exclusive right of regulating the trade with the Indians, and managing all their affairs in such manner as they think proper." This article is repeated in other treaties, and January 9th, 1789, the plan of "licensed traders" is introduced—the Indians agreeing to arrest any traders not licensed. November 3d, 1804, the United States guarantees Sacs and Foxes the establishment of a "trading house or factory," at which Indians can be supplied at lower

prices than paid to traders elsewhere, and provides for a fort at Prairie Du Chien. September 30th, 1816, peddlers are excluded from Chickasaw nation under penalty of forfeiture of goods—one-half to the nation, and one-half to the United States. June 22d, 1825, in treaty with several Sioux tribes, "none but American citizens, duly authorized by the United States, shall be admitted to trade or hold intercourse with said bands of Indians." In many treaties following the same provision appears—the Indians at the same time agreeing to permit free passage to licensed traders and to arrest and deliver at the nearest military post all traders not so licensed. September 27th, 1830, the United States agrees with the Choctaws "to assist to prevent ardent spirits from being introduced into the nation."

TREATY PROVISIONS REGARDING CHURCH AND SCHOOL
MATTERS.

December 2d, 1794. \$1,000 given Oneidas for the rebuilding of a "church burned by the enemy."

January 7th, 1829. United States agrees to pay the missionary establishment upon the St. Joseph for buildings they are compelled to leave upon removal of Indians west of the Mississippi.

May 23d, 1836. A similar agreement as to improvements made by American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions in the Cherokee country.

EDUCATION.

September 29th, 1817. Six sections of land were given "to the Rector of the Catholic Church of St. Anne, Detroit, and to the corporation of the College at Detroit" in equal portions.

March 10th, 1819. Lands are given to United States to be held in trust as a school fund for Cherokees.

Fifteen other treaties contain provisions for education chiefly in the Southern Department. May 24th, 1834, the

Chickasaws claim the education of their children at the expense of the United States because "they have never raised the tomahawk to shed the blood of an American, and have given up heretofore to their white brethren extensive and valuable portions of their country, at a price wholly inconsiderable and inadequate, etc." \$3,000 for fifteen years was agreed upon. Ought this civilized government to have waited for such an appeal?

December 29th, 1835. The Cherokees, preferring to manage their own school funds, obtain the sum of \$214,000 in lieu of all funds and annuities and "their present school fund amounting to about \$50,000 shall constitute a part of the permanent school fund of the nation."

Many years intervene before the United States undertakes any general establishment of schools among the Indians.

The lack of wisdom in this delay is shown in contrast with the present condition of the Indians of the Southern Department, which is due to their own purpose in securing school privileges for their children.

Improvements made by Indians in process of civilization have been paid for by United States since July 30th, 1831. A step toward just treatment.

So long as the practice of treaty-making prevailed, there seemed to be but little progress towards the education of the Indians in the arts of civilized life, except at the hands of Christian Missionaries.¹

With the assumption of control of Indian affairs by Congress during the first administration of President Grant, and his appointment of men as agents who had an interest in the welfare of Indians began the new era.

¹ RECAPITULATION BY DEPARTMENTS.

	<i>No.</i>	<i>Friendship.</i>	<i>Bounds.</i>	<i>Cession.</i>
Northern Department, . .	319	69	22	228
Southern Department, . .	70	10	19	41
TOTAL, . . .	389	79	41	269

Since Congress took charge of Indian affairs, up to the end of the 51st Congress, one hundred and eighty-six Acts have been passed which refer entirely or in part to the conduct of Indian affairs. The amount of money appropriated has been nearly one hundred and fourteen millions of dollars—exclusive of War Department expenses in prosecution of Indian Wars.

The first recorded appropriation in gross for schools was in the 49th Congress and amounted to \$2,486,740. During the 50th Congress \$2,753,600 was appropriated, and during the 51st Congress, \$4,562,100.

A similar sum has been included in the recommendations of the Committees of the 52d Congress.²

With the sensible views which have prevailed in the Department of Indian Affairs during the past four years at least, there has been an evident advance in the civilization of our redmen. Had the possibility of giving Indian children a good education been acknowledged when white settlers demanded their removal, millions of dollars might have been saved and

Recapitulation by Administrations: Previous to 1789, . . .			6
Washington,	2	Terms	11
Adams,	1	"	2
Jefferson,	2	"	26
Madison,	2	"	29
Monroe,	2	"	39
J. Q. Adams,	1	"	31
Jackson,	2	"	69
Van Buren,	1	"	31
Harrison,	1	"	6
Polk,	1	"	21
Taylor,	1	"	7
Pierce,	1	"	43
Buchanan,	1	"	12
Lincoln,	2	"	56

389

Seven terms under Presidents who had seen military service, 129

Thirteen terms under civilians,, 254

² Appropriations made slightly less than recommended.

thousands of lives. The present position of most of the Six Nations might have obtained in other tribes.

If we should take 200,000 white men and encourage them in habits of idleness, by allowing them to range over large portions of territory well stocked with wild animals and with fish, giving them a fair amount of clothing and the means wherewith to buy powder and shot, permitting a body of greedy and unscrupulous traders to enter under protection of the Government with articles of little value but attractive to the ignorant, and above all to carry the means wherewith to deaden even the natural intelligence by stimulants which give the traders an undue advantage in their traffic, how many generations would pass before the best of our redmen would look with scorn upon their degraded neighbors?

LAKE WEST OKOBOJI, IOWA.

BY REV. W. AVERY RICHARDS, NEWELL, IOWA.



HIS LAKE is situated in Dickinson County, and is one of a link of the chain composed of Lower, Upper and Middle Gar Lakes, West and East Okoboji, and Spirit Lake in Iowa, and Loon Lake in Minnesota.

Of all these lakes the West Okoboji is the most picturesque, though it must be admitted that Spirit Lake is favored with the charm of a beautiful "Indian Legend," which has given it great renown.

Its length is some seven miles; its width from one-half to two miles.

In general outline it is very irregular, giving a remarkable variety of views—promontories piercing it here and there, with corresponding bays falling back into the mainland. The shores are either bold, skirted with timber of oak, maple,

red cedars and other kinds, with walls below of boulders, or where low, composed of beautiful sandy and pebbly strands, and were it not for the legendary prestige of Spirit Lake, it would be without rival.

On its south shore may still be seen (in 1893) the "log cabin" where all of the Gardner family, save Abba (the one taken prisoner) were brutally murdered by the Indians in the "Massacre of '57." In front of the house is still found the grave in which seven bodies were laid, including those killed in the Gardner family.

Charming Okoboji!

Lakelet of the West!

Best of all I know thee,

And, I love thee best;

Yes I love thee rolling,

Tossing to and fro,

As the Redman, strolling,

Loved thee long ago.

Moonlight sees me walking

Where thy waters play,

And I find me talking,

Most familiarly

With thy waves, now dashing,

Dancing round my feet;

Coming, going, splashing,

In their glee complete.

When the daylight, breaking,

Gleameth over thee,

Songs of praise are waking

With the warbler's lay;

And our anthems bring we,

Lifting high thy praise,

As did Redmen sing thee

In the ancient days.

Or, while winds are sporting

With thy hoary spray,

I their glee am courting,

Lost in ecstasy;

And in boat I, flying,

(Happy as a child

With its playmates vying)

Join the frolic wild.

Here the chieftain, meeting,

Wooded his dark-eyed maid;

Oft each other, greeting,

Lovers here they strayed;

Here their vows were plighted,

True, for weal or woe,

While they here united

Fortunes long ago.

Oft these roving Redmen

Breathed thy bracing air,

Heard thy music—said, when

Parting time drew near—

"Lovely Okoboji!

Can I say adieu?"—

How they sighed to go, they

Loved the charms they knew!

But thy cooling breezes

Fan my fevered brow,

Still their music pleases,

Breathing soft and low;

And thy borders, donning

Prairie-flowers now,

Charm as when they owning,

Loved thee long ago.

Distant shores discerning,

(For I find my soul

Passionately yearning

To take in the whole)

Types of groves, elysian,

Meet the eye betime,

Filling all the vision

With a sight sublime.

Oak and maple, rising,
 Lofty there have stood,
 Since an age surprising!
 Dating near the flood;
 Arms of elms, extending,
 Downward touch the wave,
 Goodly cedars, bending,
 Breaking billows lave.

There the bald-head eagle
 Builds her airy nest,
 And from eyrie regal—
 Place she loves the best—
 Scans her bright dominions,
 Thinks them very fair,
 And, with noble pinions
 Proudly cleaves the air.

West Okoboji, October, 1865.

Smaller birds are singing
 There now merrily,
 For the breeze is bringing
 Strains across to me;
 While these happy daughters
 Mingle evermore,
 Song with dashing waters
 On yon fairy shore.

Charming Okoboji!
 While thy beauties are
 Shining forth so nobly,
 Grand, sublime and rare;
 Praise I Him who lovely
 Made thee—yea adore!
 Lift my song above thee—
 Praise thy Maker more.

A BUNDLE OF ERRORS.



STATEMENT which first appeared in a leading Dubuque paper, then copied into another prominent paper of Burlington, has been going the rounds of the Iowa press, stating that Iowa has only had *three* Cabinet Ministers and they have been named as Harlan, Kirkwood and McCrary, of the Interior Department. It is surprising that the editor of such a prominent paper should make such a glaring mistake. First, Mr. McCrary was not Secretary of the Interior, but was Secretary of War, and he had been preceded in that office by General Belknap, while Frank Hatton at a later period was Postmaster-General, making *five* members of the Cabinet with which Iowa has been honored; two Secretaries of the Interior, two of War, and one Postmaster-General. So much for error number one.

More recently the papers have been publishing the statement, and giving as authority an ex-Governor, himself recently

holding a high position at Washington, that there were only *five* living ex-Governors of Iowa, naming Kirkwood, Stone, Carpenter, Newbold and Larrabee. Besides these there are two others, Merrill, (now of California) and Sherman, making *seven* instead of five. Error number two.

The *Hawkeye*, in an issue of a few weeks since, in speaking of the new battle ship, which has been named Iowa, and for which an emblem has been proposed, significantly asks, "Why not a hawk? Iowa is known everywhere; where it is known at all, as the Hawkeye State," and says the editor, "*The Hawk, our State's emblem* is a bird of prey." The italics are ours and to them we take exceptions. The "hawk" is *not* and has never been an *emblem* of the State of Iowa. The hawk had nothing to do with giving the name of Hawkeye to our people. They were called "Hawkeyes" from *Black-hawk*, and not from the bird of prey. The hawk therefore should no more have a place on that ship or elsewhere as our State's emblem than the buzzard or any other bird. Error number three.

A prominent Mason recently deceased in Kansas has been published in every paper in the West as "The oldest Mason in the West," when in fact he was made a Mason as late as 1856, and there are in Iowa, Kansas, and indeed in most if not all Western States, many *older* Masons living. We personally know many in this State who were Masons a decade earlier and some in Missouri, even two decades before this brother saw masonic light. Just let an error, as is this, of the fourth-class appear, and it goes like prairie-fire over the land.

In spite of every precaution, errors will creep into the records of the Historical Society. In its issue for January we find a statement that "Lee County owes its name to a Mr. Lee, of New York City, who was stated to be a member of a New York Land Company, and that his agent, Mr. Gillette, in attendance upon a session of Legislature of Wisconsin in Belmont, in 1836, suggested the name which the Legislature accepted, and named the County of Lee for Mr. Lee, who

was, it is said, the biggest land owner or the principal man of the biggest land company in the country." This may possibly be so, but we do not believe it. In the first place Mr. Gillette was not the agent of the New York Land Company. The first agent sent by that company was Dr. Isaac Galland, whose son, Washington Galland, has been a resident of Iowa since the year 1827 and now resides at Nashville, Lee County, Iowa. Dr. Galland was succeeded by David Kilbourn, who continued to act as the agent up to the time of the partition of the land by the court some years later.

The late General Lee, of the Confederate Army, was stationed at the foot of the Rapids during those years and had as his associate Lieutenant Albert M. Lea. With the latter I became personally acquainted in 1838. I heard him then, as I have his letters of later date stating that the County was named *for him*, and that the Clerk in ignorance of the spelling of his name, spelled it Lee. Wherefore it was supposed to have been named for Captain, since Gen. Lee. I have no doubt, nor has any other person among the early settlers, or those familiar with their history, but that the County was named for one or the other of these two, Capt. Lee, or Lieut. Lea, of 1836, and that the Lee of the Land Company or his agent Gillette, had nothing to do with the matter.

In the same article, in speaking of the mails of 1838, it is stated that there was a mail one day from the south, next day from the north between Burlington and Davenport. This would convey to the reader the impression that as early as 1838 the Territory of Iowa was favored with at least tri-weekly mails. We were during that year a resident of Burlington, had visited Muscatine, Davenport and Dubuque, and we know that there was but a *weekly* mail, carried most of the distance on horse-back and a short distance in a two-horse hack. We have official documents before us, which state that prior to 1842 there was only a weekly mail between Keokuk and Dubuque, or any of the intermediate towns, that in 1842, the mail service was increased to a mail twice a week be-

tween Dubuque and Davenport. It was not until 1850 that we had a daily mail (Sunday excepted) anywhere in the State, the first of which was between Keokuk and Burlington, and Burlington to Muscatine, and Muscatine to Davenport, and Davenport to Dubuque. Iowa was making great progress without increasing its mailing facilities quite so rapidly as the article in question would have us believe. We remember an amusing incident, that took place during the session of the first Territorial Legislature, 1838. An ignorant member introduced a bill which made him the laughing stock of his associates, as it "instructed the Postmaster-General to establish a tri-weekly mail between Burlington and Dubuque." As if the Postmaster-General was a servant of the Iowa Territorial Legislature. These may be numbered as errors five and six.

The error makers are still busy at their vocation, as we note in the public press of the State, but I can't correct them all.

An official publication of a Historical Society is supposed to present historical facts, otherwise its statements would be misleading and the future historian when collecting historical matter be led astray and so perpetuate errors through future time.

T. S. PARVIN.

Cedar Rapids, April 6, 1893.

DEATHS.

Since the issuing of the January number, three deaths have occurred among the older and more noted of the pioneers of Iowa, and one previous to the issuing of that number, which we had overlooked.

COL. W. W. CHAPMAN, died at his home in Portland, Oregon, where he had resided since his removal from Iowa, in 1847. His death occurred the 9th of October, 1892. In the April number, 1886, we presented a biographical sketch of

him prepared by Prof. T. S. Parvin, who has long been a contributor to the pages of the RECORD. Mr. Chapman was the first delegate in Congress from the Territory of Iowa (1838) and lived to an advanced age. In the Proceedings of the Pioneer Law Maker's Association, we find a more complete and elaborate sketch of this distinguished citizen and by the same author, so we only need refer to this publication.

HON. S. C. HASTINGS, first Representative in Congress from the State of Iowa in 1846, died at the home of his daughter in San Francisco, California, February 18th, 1893. He had been making his home of late years in Portland, Oregon. He removed from Iowa in 1849. In a previous number of the RECORD, we published a sketch of Judge Hastings, who had been Chief Justice of both Iowa and Oregon.

The other two pioneers referred to were ladies.

MRS. SAMUEL SIMPSON WHITE, who was the mother of the first child born in Burlington and wife of one of the founders of that city, died in Portland, Oregon, February 10th, 1893. The associates of her husband were McCarver and Doolittle, all three of whom later removed from Iowa to Oregon. They located and named the City of Burlington at Flint Hills in 1833. Mrs. White's christian name was Hulda and she was the first white woman to make her home in the present limits of Des Moines County. Her husband had visited the site of Burlington (then called Flint Hills) in the employ of the American Fur Company in the year 1829. After the close of the Blackhawk War, the treaty of which was signed September 21st, 1832, with the gentlemen we have named, he crossed the Mississippi, laid claim to the land, erected cabins, and Mrs. White, who accompanied her husband, became the pioneer woman, the mother of the first child who was born in Iowa in 1833, soon after locating in Burlington. She had been a life-long member of the Congregational Church, and at the time of her death was in her 82d year. Her husband became Associate Justice of the

Territory of Oregon after its organization into a territorial government. From his arrival in the Territory, until 1869, they remained on their farm, and in later years removed to Eastern Oregon, where they remained until 1873, when they returned to Portland. She was noted for her charitable works in the church and in the community in which she lived so many years. She was a self-sacrificing and noble woman, whose strong personalities made her prominent in the society in which she moved. She lived long enough to see the Territory of Iowa fast developing into a State, and the Territory of Oregon to become not only a State, but highly developed in all enterprises that go to make up a State. Were we writing her biography, rather than a notice of her death, we might add much more, but those who knew her are so very few, that we may be excused from further reference.

The other lady was MRS. MARTHA RORER GARRETT, wife of Wm. Garrett, so favorably known throughout Iowa for more than one-third of a century as Grand Secretary of I. O. O. F. She was the daughter of Judge Rorer and born in Little Rock, Arkansas in 1831. She came to Burlington in 1836, where her father located, and at the period of his death was the Nestor of the bar of Southern Iowa. Mrs. Garrett was highly esteemed by all who knew her in the city of her residence, where as the daughter and wife of the oldest and most distinguished pioneers (she herself being a pioneer) made her well known, and enabled her to lead an active and useful life in the new and growing community with which she had so thoroughly identified herself. She left quite a family of children, one of whom, the Rev. Claybourne Garrett, is well known throughout this State, as the former Rector of the Episcopal Church in Davenport and at present of St. Mark's Episcopal Church at Seattle, Washington. Her memory is held in high regard by the citizens of Iowa's first capital, because of the christian virtues and liberal charities which she dispensed. Long before there were any organized efforts for the sick and needy, she was known as a busy worker in their behalf. Few women indeed have done more for the

welfare of their fellow men than Mrs. Garrett in the community in which she lived more than one-half a century. She was a bright and shining example of the virtues which adorn her sex. She died February 28th last.

NOTES.

WE have received, through the courtesy of the Recording Secretary, a copy of the "Report of the Proceedings of the Army of the Tennessee at the twenty-third meeting, held at Chicago, Illinois, October 7th and 8th, 1891," a pamphlet of 202 pages and two illustrations, and covering the ceremonials incident to the unveiling of Gen. Grant's statue. It contains orations by Generals W. Q. Gresham, J. W. Noble, A. Hicklenlooper, G. W. Dodge, Willard Warner and Horace Porter, and by Henry Watterson, Joseph Medill, James Whitcomb Riley, Mayor Washburn, Gov. Fifer and others, and discloses the curious fact that the Society has more money than they need—an accumulation of twenty thousand dollars—the interest on which is sufficient to defray the expenses of their annual meetings and banquets. The publication is a credit to the Society as a body—the venerable remnant of an illustrious army—but especially such to the Recording Secretary, Col. Cornelius Cadle, whose compilation it is.

CORRECTION.

In the introduction to Historical Lectures recently published, the list of lectures given before the Society was incomplete, as mention was made only of lecturers whose lectures had been published by the Society.

The list of lecturers should be as follows:

HON. T. S. PARVIN.	HON. HIRAM PRICE.
HON. F. H. LEE.	REV. DR. G. F. MAGOUN.
HON. CHARLES NEGUS.	REV. DR. W. SALTER.
HON. H. C. DEAN.	

The omission was unintentional and the list will be corrected.

J. L. PICKARD, *President*.



John A. Darwin.

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HON. JOHN ABBOT PARVIN.



IN THE lives of her public men, the student will find much of the history of the State. Iowa was truly blest in the character of her pioneer citizens, who coming at an early period in the history of the Territory, thoroughly identified themselves with its interest and continued through their lives to labor in her behalf. Many of those of an early day worked with a will to lay broadly and deeply the foundations of the State. Others were spared through a length of years and still labored to build upon the foundation they had laid in earlier years.

It has been the policy of the officers of the Historical Society, to publish from time to time in its official record, sketches of those who have been instrumental in a large degree in the work of "State-making," and in this the Society has rendered a good and public service to the student of to-day, who may find in the lives of those whose characters have been thus portrayed much by way of example to stimulate and encourage the youth of the present to engage in good works and noble deeds, which shall tell for future years and coming generations, who may find in these examples much by way of encouragement to lead them to walk in the ways of their fathers.

Among those whose names and history have through a long period been connected and identified with the history of our State, few have been more conspicuous or more deserving of "honorable mention," than the subject of this sketch. Coming to Iowa at an early period in his life and also in the life of the Territory, now the State of Iowa, the Honorable John A. Parvin at once identified himself with the best interest of the community in which he located and through a long life labored with the best class of her citizens to give name and character both to the Territory and State of later years.

John A. as he wrote his name, christened John Abbot Parvin, was born in Fairfield, Cumberland County, New Jersey, the 10th day of November, 1807, and died at Muscatine, where he had spent almost a full half century, on the 17th of March, 1887, greatly beloved and honored by those among whom he had lived so long and who knew him so well. He was the fourth son of Honorable Daniel Parvin and Elizabeth his wife. His mother's maiden name was Sutton. His father, who was a mechanic had exchanged the shop for the farm on which the boys, as they grew older labored.

There were no free or public schools in that section of the State at that period, and private schools were only taught during the winter months, except for small children. Laboring upon the farm through the day, this future pioneer of Iowa went to school during the winter and by dint of hard application he acquired a fair mastering of arithmetic, grammar, surveying and navigation, and on coming of age followed the sea for a few years in order to acquaint himself with the practical side of the navigation he had studied either at school or by the fireside, being his own teacher, rather than from any romantic taste in that direction. In 1829, he visited the "New Countries" as Ohio and the West were then called, spending the winter in Cincinnati and Lawrenceburg, Indiana. The next year he returned to his native State, engaged in

teaching, and in January, 1831, married Bathsheba Rocap, a neighbor and who had been a schoolmate of his in winters previous. Of this union there were born two children, one of whom, Thomas survives and is a resident of southern Kansas. Mr. Parvin continued to teach during the winter for a few years, when in 1837, prompted by the love he had formed for the West, he again set out for Cincinnati, where he engaged in the profession of teaching and continued thereat for two years, when he removed to Iowa and located, the month of April, 1839, at Bloomington, now Muscatine. In his new home he found but little to invite him to engage in enterprise, but as a few others had come in about the same time with children, for their good and to enable him to look around for other pursuits, he again opened a school, which he taught for two terms, when he purchased an interest in a mercantile establishment and conducted a general store for four years. During these years he took an active part in the organization of the first M. E. Church of that county, also he largely assisted in organizing the first Temperance Society of the county, if not the Territory. Through all his life he continued most thoroughly devoted to these three enterprises, the school, the church and the temperance organization, to all of which he remained faithful to the end and in each and all proved himself a most valued co-laborer with others engaged in the same good work. In 1844, he was elected Clerk of the District Court and re-elected upon the admission of the Territory into the Union as a State, two years later. When, upon retiring from this, he engaged in the profession of civil engineering and surveying to which he devoted himself more or less through many years. During the year 1850, the Asiatic cholera made its appearance in Iowa; when Mr. Parvin suffered from a severe attack. While lying a victim to the plague, he was elected to the Third General Assembly of the State, a member of the House from Muscatine county. He secured, during his representative career, the passage of a bill making the town of Bloomington the city of Muscatine

and aided largely with his democratic fellow members (for he belonged to that party) in passing the first "prohibitory law" of the State, inhibiting the sale of intoxicating liquors, including wine and beer to be drank on the premises. Subsequently the "wine and beer" clause was stricken from the law by the republican party after the organization of that party and by a strange commutation of facts the two parties have changed sides and now occupy opposite sides upon the question from that they held in the early history of the State. In 1854, Mr. Parvin was nominated and elected on the "temperance ticket" as Mayor of Muscatine, and during his magisterial career closed under the democratic law every saloon in the place. After the lapse of one-half a century later mayors and officers in that ill-fated city, have been made to confront facts and events not dreamed of in that earlier period.

In the following year, 1855, Mr. Parvin left the city and removed to his farm a few miles north, where he engaged in the pursuit of agriculture and continued to the close of his long and useful life. He did not however lose his interest or cease his labors in the cause of temperance, education, religion and all else having in view the improvement of society and the development of the resources of the State. Upon the organization of the republican party, Mr. Parvin, who had been a democratic leader identified himself thoroughly with the new organization. The Constitution of 1846 under which Iowa became a State, prohibited banking and placed other restrictions upon legislative action, which were regarded by the new party as detrimental to the growth of the State, hence the Constitutional Convention was called, which met at Iowa City in 1857 and which framed the present constitution of the State.

To this Convention Mr. Parvin was elected and made temporary chairman upon the organization of the Convention. He was made chairman of the "Committee on the distribution of power and legislative department" and a member of the

“Committee on Incorporations.” In this Convention Mr. Parvin proved himself a valuable member. He was not an orator nor given to much speaking, yet we find from the Journals of Debates, that he was often heard and listened to with interest upon leading questions discussed before the body and always commanded the respect and attention of his fellow members. He was elected a member of the Senate of the tenth, eleventh and twelfth General Assemblies of the State, and served his county and state with credit.

During those sessions of 1864, '66, and '68, the first of which was near the close of the war period and the latest session may be termed the reconstructive period following he was an active and useful member. During his senatorial career, he was conspicuous for both the interest he took in and his labors in behalf of those measures of *reform*, which are calculated to promote the general good. He became the father of the “Reform School” of Iowa, located at Eldora and later divided into two “Industrial Schools,” that of the boys remaining at Eldora and the other for girls being located at Mitchellville. Upon the creation of this institution, Mr. Parvin was made a Trustee and President of the Board, in which office he continued for the eighteen following years, rendering truly most valuable service to the institution and the public.

Upon his decease the Board of Trustees spread upon its record and enclosed an engrossed copy to his widow, reciting the esteem in which he was held as a fellow laborer and the loss sustained by his removal from their midst by death. His long public career as a legislator and one of the framers of the Constitution of the State was specially set forth; while from his long connection with the institution, his valued services as an active member and President of the Board, the care and pains which he bestowed to carry it to success, he won not only the esteem of his fellow men, but deserves to be remembered by the public as one of the real benefactors of his race.

Mr. Parvin was appointed the first Superintendent of the

"Iowa Soldiers Orphans' Home," established by voluntary effort. Later, upon becoming adopted by the State, he served as one of the Committee for its location. It now occupies the commanding site of old Ft. McClellan, near Davenport, overlooking the Mississippi River. In this institution also he took the deepest interest.

His first wife survived their marriage but a few years, when he married Miss Hannah Dunham of the same county, to whom several children were born, one only, a daughter, survives the father. She, the widow of a soldier of the late war, is a resident of Nebraska. His last wife, to whom he was wedded during the last years of his membership in the Senate was Miss Martha Williams, of Boston, Massachusetts, who survives him. She is a lady of cultivated tastes and accomplishments and was for some years in charge of the music department of the famous Mt. Holyoke Seminary of that State.

In 1882, the members of the Constitutional Convention of 1857, celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary in a reunion held at Des Moines, presided over by Hon. Francis Springer, President of the Convention. Mr. Parvin with some twenty of the members of the Convention were present. Since then many of their number have followed their predecessors and there now remains but about eight of the thirty-six members of the Convention of 1857. The Constitution they presented to the people more than a third of a century ago remains the organic law of our people and under which the State has prospered in a remarkable degree.

In the spring of 1854, while Mr. Parvin was Mayor of Muscatine, a convention of teachers and friends of education was held in that city, and presided over by him. The result of that meeting was the organization of the "Iowa State Teachers' Association" of which he was elected the first and afterwards re-elected President, and at the second session delivered the address, which he entitled "The Necessity of Public Education," taking the advanced ground in favor of

the thorough establishment and support of Common Schools by the people and for the people's children.

Through all his public life, his career was as honorable to himself as it was useful to his constituents, and in whatever position he was called to fill, he acted well his part and ever enjoyed and retained the confidence and respect of his fellow citizens. For while men differed with him upon questions, especially in politics and temperance, they all readily accorded to him honesty and integrity of purpose and courtesy in maintaining his principles. A member of a Christian Church from his youth, he did not like too many, when crossing the river and locating in a new Territory leave his religion behind him, nor did he ever make it a cloak for the furtherance of his political or personal ends, but ever remained true to his convictions.

Since his decease all of his early associates in organizing the church have passed away. The church however survives and its influence is widening and deepening with the coming years. Taking also an active interest in the organization of Sabbath Schools, and with an innate love of children and youth, and of the cause, he continued through life a laborer in his Master's vineyard.

The cause of temperance was ever near and dear to his heart, and for which he labored in season and out of season, believing he was serving his fellow men and his God in all his efforts to establish sobriety among the people and restrain the evil influences growing out of the liquor traffic.

It was well for his peace of mind that he was called from his earthly labors, ere the city, in which he had so long dwelt and for whose good he had so many years labored, was called to pass through the tribulations and trials of a recent period, which has overwhelmed many with sorrow and cast a blot upon the fair fame of one of the most lovely and enterprising cities of the State.

Very many of his old associates and early fellow workers in the Church, the State and the moral reforms of his age

have passed with him off the public stage. The few that are left are hoary with age, lingering upon the narrow verge that separates them from their companions, who upon the other shore voice them to pass over to that reunion, where no parting comes and no sorrow follows.

Tall and erect in person, quick in movement and of speech, ever genial in his intercourse with his fellow men, yet of a retiring disposition, fond of home and studious in his habits, he made his influence felt in society by the force of his character, fixedness of purpose and his honest adherence to the principles and faith in the right, as he understood the right.

His position upon all questions of public interest was never doubted and his honesty in maintaining his views never called in question. With none of the qualifications of the modern politician, he was yet successful in his political aspirations and carried the people with him, because they felt that he was sincere in his beliefs and acted only from motives inbred from an honest purpose.

He died as he had lived, a firm believer in the Christian religion and its power to lift man to a higher plane of life. The last half of his mature years, he labored with the republican party with the same zeal as for thirty years before he had advocated the principles of democracy. Opposed to the *extension* of slavery, he assisted as Chairman of the republican delegation from Iowa in nominating at Chicago the Great Man, who by the stroke of his pen cleansed the "Augean Stables" of the foulest blot of the centuries. He labored also but with less success to remove the "curse of strong drink" from the land, leaving its accomplishment a legacy never to be realized, but worthy of contending for in the arena of life.

Young men entering upon the duties of early manhood may learn from such examples the value of fixed and correct principles of conduct and a firm adherence to them from early through later years to the end, sure that the popular verdict will declare for those who persevere to the end and

strive for a holy living, worthy the pursuit of all who would not live in vain.

Such was the life of my father's brother, and its portrayal has been a labor of love by

T. S. PARVIN.

Cedar Rapids, June 22d, 1893.

JUDGE EDWARD JOHNSTONE.



THE request of the editor I have jotted down the following [writing in haste in midst of business] of my long-time and most esteemed friend. If I have failed to state correctly any of the events of his life or am mistaken in my estimate of the man, no one will regret it more than myself.

Among the most prominent attorneys of the Territory, even as early as 1838, were Read & Johnstone Hugh T., (my schoolmate, a very eminent lawyer and gallant soldier) and Edward Johnstone, who died at his home in Keokuk, May 7th, 1891.

Judge Johnstone was a native of Pennsylvania, born July 4th, 1815, of Scotch-Irish stock, a family preëminently distinguished in state and nation, in civil and military life; one brother, William F., Governor of Pennsylvania, two educated at West Point and of the regular army; another a poet of the highest rank, and others Captains, Lieutenant-Colonels, and Colonels, for the family numbered ten sons and two daughters. But if the number was unusual, their physical statures (the sons) were even more remarkable—in height from six feet to six feet five—weight from 200 to 250 pounds. The judge was of the tallest and heaviest, and by common consent was recognized as the finest looking man of the State—not for mere physical proportions alone, though his presence has

been well said to have been "leonine," but he had a face evidencing great culture, ever bright and intelligent, a head in keeping with his stalwart form and a manner dignified, courtly and most impressive. He was the observed of all observers in every crowd. (Parenthetically in this connection, General Belknap, his old friend, was wont to tell that the Judge and that other stalwart democrat, George Gillaspay, who was fully as large as the Judge, being together in Washington, he took them to the White House and advised the President (Grant) that he had two *little boys* from his State whom he wanted to introduce, and bringing them in from the ante-room, the President said, "Well, if these are your boys in Iowa, how large are your men?")

The Judge was of the cleanest habits, a ripe scholar, of varied learning, and yet ever modest and retiring and most tolerant of the views of others. He had friends and admirers everywhere and without dissent was given the first and best seat wherever he went, or in whatever engaged.

In affairs of state he was active and most prominent. A member and Speaker of the Second Territorial Legislature, of the Third and Fourth Territorial Councils, of the Third Constitutional Convention (1857), Clerk of the Wisconsin Legislature, 1837, Commissioner to settle the title to the Half Breed Lands (1838)-1845, and for four years United States District Attorney for Iowa, County Judge of Lee county, 1852-6, Mayor of Fort Madison, 1850, and at the time of his death, President of the Iowa Law Makers' Association, of the Iowa Columbian Exposition, and a member of the Iowa Soldiers' Monument Commission. From 1868, a resident of Keokuk, he gave his attention almost exclusively to financial matters, being for a quarter of a century cashier of the Keokuk Savings Bank, one of the strongest, best known and ably managed banking institutions of the State. And yet during all this time and for all the years of his life he was a very close student of literature—a constant reader—ever ready to assist in the upbuilding of the State of his choice and a leader

in every enterprise, benevolent, educational or otherwise, for the State's development, or the improvement or advancement of his fellows.

He was admitted to the bar in 1837, just before coming west, having read at Greensburg, Pennsylvania, with Major Alexander, and afterwards with Mr. Foster, who at one time represented his district in Congress. I doubt if he ever had much taste or aptitude for the profession, especially the so called "rough and tumble" practice, so common and by many deemed necessary in the early days of our Western States. In the preparation of a case, and papers, the quiet of the consultation room, careful and thoughtful advice, opinions in the weightiest matters, he was ever invaluable, leaving to others by preference the contest of the trial table, the excitements and labors of the court room. (His partner, General Read, on the other hand, never was happier than when contesting questions of fact with a foeman worthy of his steel, and the hotter and the more excited, the better was he suited.) My friend the Judge, however, liked none of this, and my impression is, that he seldom tried a case involving much controversy, and yet was a good and sound lawyer, and always an able and influential official whether in offices, judicial, legislative, or any other.

He was wanting, as I believe, in one essential to that greater success or the gratifying of that higher ambition, which would otherwise have been his. What I have just said of his reluctance to engage in the battles of the legal forum, indicates what I mean. If he had been a thoroughly combative man ready to take and give blows, had not been so ready to shrink from political contests, involving a long tedious and perhaps acrimonious struggle, such was his admitted ability, that I hazard nothing in saying he would have had senatorial, congressional or gubernatorial honors, some or all, if indeed he had not attained even higher distinction. But either from a natural dislike of such contests or because he preferred the quiet of his library and of home and family, he declined all

places involving these struggles, or if once prominently mentioned therefor, and he "snuffed the battle even from afar," his friends were soon told, none of these for me, I am out. For a man of his unequalled presence, his popularity, recognized political sagacity (for in his way he was a leader and was consulted by his party and his wishes generally if not always deferred to), his undoubted ability, this want of courage as it was frequently styled, but I would rather say, this dread and dislike of the unpleasant and forbidding side of politics, I say this essential to success, especially in a new country, was a matter of surprise and regret to his many friends. I give it as my opinion, that if he had been a thoroughly aggressive combative man, as royal a fighter as he was effective in his quiet and acknowledged organizing power, he, rather than many men prominent in the early days of the Territory and State, would have led his party and held the highest offices in its gift. Nor do I believe he was quite unconscious of this defect, if I may so call it, for more than once I have heard him express his surprise that any one could take pleasure in the bitter controversies and personal contests too common in the struggles for place, and yet that at times he had wished he had a little more fight in his nature.

Judge Johnstone was most happily married and left a widow and four children, proud of his life and memory, as he was of them and his home. The death of few men ever was more sincerely mourned in Iowa. So long and usefully connected with the history of our State and his adopted county and city, so universally esteemed by those who knew him, and few men had a larger acquaintance, so kind and genial and helpful in all his relations, so honorable and honest, so thoughtful of duty and faithful to every trust, a power for years in politics, state and national, a man of letters, a student of history, loyal to home and all that its safety and happiness implies, a royal friend, it can be seen how much his influence in the State's progress and advancement and how great his loss to family, friends, his city and the State.

ADDENDA.

The first theatre west of the Mississippi River was opened in St. Louis in 1837. The poem which I attach, was written by Judge Johnstone, as I understand, under the following circumstances.

Before leaving for the west, he read in the public prints that a prize of \$100 was offered for the poem most appropriate to this opening. He wrote this and forwarded the same to the manager at St. Louis. On his way west he stopped there, went to the theatre on the opening night, and to his great surprise heard this read as the prize production; of the fate of which he had not before heard. The next day he made himself known, received the \$100, which to him in his then needs was more than thousands afterwards.

(Judge Parvin in his admirable address before the Pioneer Law Makers' Association in February last says, that the paper was written after Judge Johnstone got to St. Louis.) Whatever the circumstances, or wherever written, it serves to show the poetic nature and the high culture of the future statesman, jurist and lawyer.

GEO. G. WRIGHT.

Des Moines, June, 1893.

THE ODE.

When Freedom's flag was wide o'er Greece unfurled,
And Delphi was the center of the world—
The Drama first upreared the rustic stage
To smooth the manners and instruct the age.
And though hoar time hath sped with ceaseless flight,
And dimm'd the splendors of her age of light—
Though the famed monuments of that fair day
Have fallen to earth and crumbled in decay—
Though vision-like the circling years have roll'd,
And Greece is not now what she was of old—
The Drama still to mem'ry fondly true,
Loves the bright land where first her childhood grew,
Points to her Thespis, who, though rude in art,

Touched the warm feeling of each generous heart—
 To Æschylus, who madden'd while he sung,
 And o'er the lyre a hand of frenzy flung—
 To Sophocles, who gorgeous and sublime,
 Lives to this day, and dies alone with time,
 As to Euripides, whose plaintive song
 Seizes the list'ner as it floats along,
 Leaves with the bosom liquid notes of woe,
 Steals to the heart, and makes the tears to flow.

Where the rough Alps, with summits high and free,
 Frown o'er the plains of fallen Italy,
 The Drama thence a look of pity throws:
 For there in days of yore her praises rose—
 For there were heard the cheers and plaudits loud
 When Terence' muse addressed the Roman crowd;
 When Plautus, too, poured forth the comic song
 The cheers were high, the laughter loud and long.
 Again she casts her searching eyes around.
 "Beware!" 'tis whispered, "this is holy ground!"
 Why! 'tis on Britain's Isle our footsteps stand—
 Nay, it is more—'tis Shakespeare's fatherland!
 Here did that Master every feeling scan,
 Each nook and recess in the heart of man—
 Here "rare Ben Johnson" put "his learned sock on"—
 Here brilliant Sheridan fame's laurels won—
 Here, by the aid of Goldsmith's magic pen,
 "She stoops to conquer" all the hearts of men.

Flush'd with fond joy she turns with rapturous glance
 To vine-clad hills and sun-bright vales of France,
 Points to the theatre with tragic mien,
 And marks the passions of the stern Racine;
 From those who sympathize and warmly feel,
 She asks a tear to shed with "Grand Corneille,"
 And shows in light on Moliere's pungent page
 The shams and follies of his gilded age.

Then swift across the Atlantic wave she flies,
 Where, rear'd 'mid wilds, her beauteous domes arise—
 For far and near her votaries here are found:
 For, if not classic, this is Freedom's ground.
 Each hill and dale her thrilling voice have heard,
 And Forests echo to the native Bird;
 Throughout the land, where 'er she chance to roam,
 She finds a resting place, but *here* a home.

We dedicate to thee, Oh, Goddess blest!
 This, thy first temple, in the far, far West.
 Oh! fondly cherish this fair house of thine
 And shed around thy influence benign:
 Let vivid images of by-gone things
 Defile before our eyes like "Banquo's kings."
 Let Lear again enact his frantic part,
 And sad Ophelia win the hearer's heart—
 Let the kind audience feel a sad regret,
 With Romeo weep o'er clay-cold Juliet—
 Let Spartacus, again from bondage freed,
 Not like a slave, but like a Thracian, bleed—
 Picture the scene where chaste Virginia fell,
 And "point to freedom in the shaft of Tell!"

And may the sylph-like nymphs our joys enhance
 By mystic trappings of the fairy dance.
 On Ariel's wings, and soft as brooklets' flow,
 Their footsteps falling like the flakes of snow,
 Let their lithe forms in mazy circles run
 And grace receive what Taglioni won.

Let these fair walls with echoes soft prolong
 The dulcet gushings of each soul-born song—
 Sweet as the euphony of heaven's bright spheres
 Fall the bland warblings on the listeners' ears.
 But no! from earth each silver sound hath fled—
 We weep, we wail for Malibran is dead!

Now, to this audience, honored, grave and gay,
 The humble speaker hath one word to say:
 If e'er this house with scul lion jesting rings
 Or desecrated be to vulgar things,
 Let the bold player his presumption rue,
 And curse the player and his temple too.
 But if the muse, enlightened, never strays
 From out the pleasant path of Virtue's ways,
 Then may fair genius sanctify this dome
 And social pleasures fix their lasting home.
 The tragic muse shall high her standard rear,
 The sternest eye will glitter with a tear—
 Thalia, too, shall every grief beguile
 And from the lips of sorrow steal a smile;
 The rudest hearts shall feel the genial power
 And future peoples bless this natal hour.
 Then o'er the player be your kindness shed—
 Pour out a golden shower upon his head,
 And may this house be ever richly blest
 And Stars arise hereafter in the west.

ST. ANTHONY'S CHURCH, DAVENPORT,
IOWA.

AS YEAR after year is adding to the growth of the beautiful State of Iowa, many of the early landmarks are rapidly beginning to disappear, and every institution which can point to an association with the early settlements, has already assumed the character of historic interest. Among the earlier colonizations in the Mississippi valley which has become noted for picturesque situation, chivalrous enterprise of her pioneers, early advancement in commercial progress, devotion to education, religious culture, and the attainment of a commendable measure of science and fine arts, is the city of Davenport. One of the old and very interesting landmarks of this city so full of beautiful homes and of great promise for the future, is the church organization which was called into existence in the primitive days and founded on the hallowed spot designated as "Church Square" on the old city plat. This is St. Anthony's Church, the first congregation organized in this region, constructed with the first brick manufactured in this locality, always first in the old days to assist in the metamorphosis of the prairie valley into the prosperous metropolis, and constantly retaining a favored place among the affectionate reminiscences of the old days in the recollection of some pioneers, many old settlers and numerous descendants who have learned by tradition to view with reverential devotion the old brick structure near the alley that was the first church and school, the ample greensward that first teemed with fragrant exotic flowers under the skillful hand of saintly French Abbè Pelamourgues, the old little bell which nestles in an outer nook of the present church with all the dignity of a Columbian relic, the old stone edifice, not obliterated, but much enhanced by a modern cathedral-like improvement and restoration. There is something sacred in the very atmosphere of that historic church square, and a ramble along its

western walks brings about an elevation of the spirits. The site was secured through the exertions of Very Rev. S. Mazuchelli, the first priest, in conjunction with several early Catholic settlers, is situated now in the heart of the city, and in regard to location, title and purpose we learn from page 100 in "Book A of Land Deeds, Scott County, Iowa," that—"This Deed made and entered into this second day of December, 1839, by and between Anthony LeClaire and Margaret, his wife, of Scott County and Territory of Iowa....and Mathias Loras first Catholic Bishop of Iowa Territory, of Dubuque Co.,....for and in consideration of Two Thousand and Five Hundred Dollars to them....paid, the receipt of which is hereby acknowledged....sell and convey....tract of land situated in LeClaire's addition to the town of Davenport, Scott County, Iowa Territory, and marked and designated on the plat of said town as "Church Square" and bounded on the North by Chippewa Street, on the east by Brady Street, on the South by Ottawa Street, and on the West by Miller Street, unto the said party of the second part as the Catholic Bishop of Iowa Territory and to his successors forever, legally appointed according to the rules of the Catholic church, for the use of the Catholic congregation of Davenport, Scott County, Territory of Iowa.... (Warrantee deed)

In Presence of (Signed)

JOHN FORREST	ANTOINE LE CLAIRE	[SEAL]
SAMUEL MAY.	MARGUERITE LE CLAIRE	[SEAL]"

Acknowledgment of the instrument was duly made on December 2nd, A. D., 1839, before John Forest, Justice of the Peace; and the same was placed on the County Records December 26th, 1839. The extent of this square is 320 feet by 320 feet.

For the active commencement of St. Anthony's an interesting paper is quoted in FRANC B. WILKIE, Davenport, 1858, which reads as follows:

"At a meeting of the Catholics of Davenport and vicinity, held on the first day of December, 1839, for the purpose of regulating the Church accounts of said town, the following resolutions were adopted:

1. *Resolved*, That a board of three Trustees be regularly elected by the congregation, to open a subscription, collect its amounts, and pay all standing debts incurred for the purchase of the ground and for the building of St. Anthony's Church of Davenport.

2. *Resolved*, That the Trustees be elected for the term of three years, and that after said period, a new election of Trustees shall be made.

3. *Resolved*, That the Rev. John A. Pelamourgues, Antoine LeClaire, and Geo. L. Davenport, be the Trustees of the Catholic congregation of Davenport and vicinity for the purpose and time mentioned.

SAMUEL MAZZUCHELLI, *Secretary*."

The list of contributors is thus quoted:

SUBSCRIPTIONS TO PAY FOR ERECTING THE CATHOLIC CHURCH			
<i>Gentlemen.</i>	OF DAVENPORT.	<i>Subscribed.</i>	<i>Paid.</i>
Antoine Le Claire		\$2,500 00	\$3,500 00
Bishop M. Loras		150 00	150 00
Rev. S. Mazzuchelli		50 00	20 00
Rev. J. A. M. Pelamourgues		50 00	22 00
Nathaniel Mitchell		20 00	20 00
G. C. R. Mitchell		20 00	20 00
Adam Noel		25 00	
John Noel		25 00	
George L. Davenport		25 00	
George Meyers		25 00	
David Barry		25 00	
Richard Shial		25 00	
C. Harold		25 00	
W. B. Watts		20 00	10 00
Otho G. M'Lain		15 00	
Michael Riley		15 00	
Narcisse Yerten		25 00	
James O'Kelly		10 00	
Patrick Fox		10 00	
Thomas O'Kelly		10 00	
Patrick Carrol		10 00	
Alexis Le Claire		10 00	10 00
David Le Claire		10 00	10 00
James Lindsey		10 00	
James Wicks		8 00	3 00
Harvey Sturdevant		5 00	
Patrick Hogan		5 00	
Louis G. Trudeau		5 00	
John Brossard		5 00	
John Trucks		15 00	

<i>Ladies.</i>	<i>Subscribed.</i>	<i>Paid.</i>
Mrs. Margaret Le Claire	\$ 25 00	\$ 10 00
Mrs. Conway	15 00	15 00
Mrs. Ruth Trucks	10 00	10 00
Mrs. Annie Finch	5 00	
Miss Felicite Le Claire	5 00	
Miss Mary Trucks	5 00	
Miss Mary Long	5 00	
Miss Mathilda Long	5 00	
Miss Mary Finch	1 00	
Miss Sarah Ann Lindsey	5 00	

EXPENSES.

A Lot 320 feet square in the Town of Davenport	\$2,500 00
Brick for Building the Church	827 00
Lumber and Shingles	843 25
Hardware	167 60
Glass, Putty, Paints, Oils, Painting and Glazing	206 00
Mason Work	488 00
Carpenter Work	589 00
Plastering	263 50
A Bell	102 00
Sundry Articles for the Altar	107 00
Three Stoves	45 75
Fuel and two days' Labor	14 00

Previous to the organization of St. Anthony's, the first priest who is known to have celebrated Mass and administered to the wants of the Catholics in Davenport and Ft. Stephenson, is Father Mazzuchelli, who located at Dubuque in 1835, and from that time was the Missionary of Wisconsin and Iowa, and on his journeys to and from the southern Mississippi river stopped off several times to administer spiritual consolations to the Catholics at Davenport. In 1838 he formed plans for a Church to be built there, in dimensions about 25 by 40 feet, and two stories high, to be built of brick as soon as they could be manufactured, and having in view that the building could serve at the same time for Church, school, and priest's residence. Dubuque had at that time been created a new diocese, including all Iowa Territory, and the Catholics were full of sanguine expectation, that their religious growth would be commensurate with their gratify-

ing temporal prosperity and advancement, and were inclined to commence with generous plans, in which they were encouraged by their zealous young missionary. Antoine and Margaret LeClaire, to whom the Catholics of Davenport owe a lasting debt of gratitude, took a leading part in the pious enterprise and became a large factor in carrying out the plans. On the 27th of April, 1838, the first ground was broken for the new Church, which was built with the first brick manufactured here, and was the first Church in the city. It was completed in 1839, and on the 23rd day of May in that year, Rt. Rev. Bishop Mathias Loras, assisted by the Very Rev. Samuel Mazzuchelli, dedicated the new edifice for its future career of grace and blessings. On this occasion the faithful members of the new congregation surrounded their amiable prelate and besought him earnestly to send them a pastor who could reside with them, as soon as it would be possible, and he immediately gave them this promise.

Subsequently Father Pelamourgues was appointed, who arrived in the latter part of August to enter on his charge.

The Baptismal records show his commencement of the records by the following first entry in the register:

* *	
"page 1."	
"BAPTISMS."	
1839.	
"I.	On the first day of 7 ^{ber} was baptized by the
GEORGE	undersigned George Frederic Meyers, born on
MEYERS.	the 20th day of March, 1839, son of George
	and Mary Myers of Stephenson (Illinois)
	Godfather, Antoine Leclaire, Godmother Margaret
	Leclaire. J. A. M. PELAMOURGUES, <i>priest</i> ."
* *	

Father Pelamourgues was a man of remarkable zeal and piety. The Bishop had gained him as a missionary for his vast new territory when he went to France on an exploit for this purpose. Upon their arrival in New York in October,

1838, Father Pelamourgues separated from his companions in order to spend the winter in the study of English language and literature at the Seminary of Baltimore, while the Bishop and Father Cretin proceeded to St. Louis where they performed missionary duties in that time. In April, 1839, they reunited in St. Louis on their journey to Dubuque, when Father Pelamourgues, after the instalment, went on some pioneer journeys to St. Peters and the upper Mississippi; upon his return from there the appointment to Davenport awaited him. It included not only the town, but contiguous territory for 100 miles or more, and the preaching to the Indians of all southern Iowa. Once when hastening to a dying Indian near Ottumwa, he crossed the forbidden line, which resulted in imprisonment by the soldiers for nearly two days, but he found his Indian.

The first pastor took up his quarters in the new combination church, school and residence, a most useful structure for the times, and immediately commenced to identify himself not only with the spiritual interests of his subjects, but as well with their temporal progress and the welfare of the entire city and all its inhabitants. He soon proved himself to be competent and a very fatherly adviser on all subjects. For the preaching of the gospel and the promotion of virtue and piety he watched assiduously. He loved the poor and visited the sick in their afflictions; organized schools and Sunday schools; assisted in public meetings and became a leader in them; his rooms and his school halls were always open for meetings which had the interest of the community for their object. His school is referred to as a leading institute of education; his school rooms, the town hall; and his bell the town-bell. In triumph or in calamity he was the first at the bell rope to signal the warning or note of joy. His shepherd's voice and the powerful influence of his good example had something to do with shaping the good records of Davenport's beginning history. He remained as pastor of St. Anthony's until 1868, and is universally esteemed as a man full of merit of his Davenport home.

In the beginning of June, 1852, Rev. G. H. Plathe came to administer the parish during a visit of Father Pelamourgues in his native country, and he remained till the close of July, 1853. He was a most exemplary and zealous priest, and commenced and successfully promoted the building of the stone Church, which was completed at the close of the year 1853.

Among other Church records the first marriage is of interest and reads in Father Pelamourgues' handwriting:

* *	
<i>1st</i>	" MARRIAGES.
	<u>1839.</u>
GEORGE L. DAVENPORT	" On the 21st day of November, 1839, was married
to	by the Rev. S. Mazzuchelli George L. Davenport
SARAH	of Davenport to Sarah M. Clarck of Cincinnati in
CLARCK.	presence of Antoine Leclair and George Davenport. They were dispensed with all publications."
* *	

In the death roll the first, and the fourth registry attract our attention.

* *	
	" DEATHS.
	<u>1839.</u>
"1. JOSEPH NOEL."	" On the 7th day of September was buried Joseph Noel husband of Margaret Noel, living one mile north of Davenport. He died of billious fever; aged 40."
"4. WILLIAM B. CONWAY."	" On the 9th of November, 1839, was buried William B. Conway Secretary of Iowa Territory who died in Burlington of the billious fever; aged 41."
* *	

The death of Wm. B. Conway was sadly mourned. He died at Burlington, and his body was received at Davenport on the ninth, by a committee appointed for the purpose, and was conveyed to St. Anthony's Church where the solemn services for the dead were performed by Rev. Father Pela-

mourgues. From Franc B. Wilkie we quote: "At a meeting of the citizens of Davenport, convened at Davenport Hotel on Saturday, November 9th, 1839, to testify their respect for the memory of William B. Conway deceased, late Secretary of the Territory of Iowa, T. S. Hoge was called to the chair, and G. C. R. Mitchell appointed Secretary. * * * *

Resolved, That this meeting has heard with the most profound regret of the death of William B. Conway, Esq., late Secretary of the Territory of Iowa. Possessing a mind richly cultivated and improved, a disposition amiable and kind, he was generous and hospitable; of manners the most bland and courteous, respected, honored and beloved by all who knew him. We feel that in his death this neighborhood has lost its brightest ornament and the Territory one of its ablest and most worthy officers and highly valued citizens. * * * "

In the list of pastors we find from reliable dates, when Father Pelamourgues took his leave for France in the beginning of May, 1868, he was succeeded on May 10th by the Rev. Father Maurice Flavin who officiated until the close of July, 1871.

Rev. P. A. McCabe attended this Church from September, 1853, till January, 1854, at the return of Father Pelamourgues from France. Father McCabe celebrated the first Mass in the stone Church on Christmas day, 1853.

In August, 1871, Rev. Father Michael Flavin succeeded as a very efficient pastor and remained until the beginning of January, 1875, when he was transferred in that capacity to St. Mary's Church, which had been built by his predecessor; and gained good renown under his pastorate.

Rev. Father Thomas O'Reilly was pastor from January to April, 1875; and Rev. Father J. J. Swift succeeded him in that year from April 25th to December 29th.

The beginning of 1876 introduces Rev. Father L. Roche as pastor, who built the present comfortable parochial residence in 1877, and remained in office until the middle of August, 1880.

Rev. Father P. J. Burke entered upon the pastorate two months later and officiated until March 5th, 1882, when he gave way to the advent of another incumbent.

On the 20th of March, 1882, Rt. Rev. Bishop John McMullen sent Rev. Father D. J. Flannery as pastor of St. Anthony's. He was ordained to the priesthood for the Dubuque diocese on the 22nd of December, 1872. He built several Churches in the Mason City missions during the first years of his ministry, administered parishes for several years with the highest degree of efficiency in Clinton and in Washington, and came to St. Anthony's ripe in experience and wisdom. The present flourishing condition of St. Anthony's may be attributed to his scholarly teaching, zealous spiritual direction and unswerving fidelity to duty.

The Catholic school of St. Anthony's Church, commenced in 1839 by Father Pelamourgues, continued to flourish until 1846, when a great impetus was given it by the advent of the Sisters of Charity of The Blessed Virgin, from their Mother house in Dubuque. These most amiable Christian educators combined an academy with the school, and although the academy has since then been transferred to more adequate quarters, the gentle Sisters continue as the Professors in St. Anthony's school to the present time and their most acceptable and finished elementary education has made its most pleasing impress on the vast number of students who have been competently cultivated in their letters as well as the higher thoughts of Christian science.

From the jurisdiction of the old Church Square there have sprung up St. Kunigunda's Church in 1854, now named St. Joseph's, Sixth and Marquette streets; St. Margaret's Church, in 1856, Le Claire and Tenth streets, now named Sacred Heart Cathedral; and St. Mary's Church, in 1872, on Sixth and Hennepin streets. While these all have their edifying features, none remains dearer in the hearts of the people than good old St. Anthony's on the "Church Square."

JOHN F. KEMPKER,

June 13th, 1893.

Pastor Mercy Hospital, Davenport.

THE NAMING OF LEE COUNTY.

IN an article entitled a "Bundle of Errors" that appeared in a recent number of the HISTORICAL RECORD, one of the errors charged was the statement appearing in a previous number that the County of Lee in this State was named from one Charles Lee, a New Yorker and an early land holder in that county.

There are three Lees, this Charles, Albert Miller Lea and the late Gen. Robert E. Lee, each reputed to be the one from whom the county was named.

In 1867, Isaac R. Campbell writes to Ed. Johnstone:—"In the fall of 1836, at a meeting held six miles west of Keokuk, the forming and naming of a new county was discussed, when the names of "Lea," "Sprigg" and "Rapids" were discussed, but it does not appear that any one of them was then adopted, but the name of Lea was suggested because he had surveyed the rapids bounding it on the east."

It may be stated also that when a Lieutenant in the service of the United States he descended the Des Moines river the previous summer (1835), in a canoe, from the Racoon forks to its mouth, surveying its course and its rapids, and then ascending the Mississippi to Montrose where he had spent the latter portion of the previous winter in a military camp, occupied by a detachment of the First U. S. Cavalry, of which his company formed a part, and where he rejoined his company.

These facts, with his exploration and mapping of the country from Montrose to Lake Pepin that summer, are the material furnished for giving his name to Iowa's most south-eastern county, if it was given to it.

As late as July 24th, 1890, Albert M. Lea writing from Corsicana, Texas, in regard to the naming of this county, says:—"One year ago writing to Mr. Justice Miller, I alluded casually to Lee County, Iowa, as bearing my name, when he answered that that matter had been discussed and he would

be obliged for information on that subject. I wrote him that during the session of the Territorial Legislature of Iowa in Burlington, in the winter of 1840-41, I attended for the purpose of getting a charter for a Land and Immigration Company, and had a bed in the office of Grimes & Starr, where also Alfred Hebard, a member from that county, did his writing; that one day Hebard turned from his desk in the presence of both Grimes and Starr and said to me, "there Lieutenant, you have the honor of the name of the first county of Iowa."

This was four years after the county of Lee was created and named, as that was done on the 7th of December, 1836, in an act passed that day by the Territorial Legislature of Wisconsin sitting at Belmont.

During some months before and after this time, Mr. Lea, as he says in his own biography, was on his way from Galena to Baltimore and was not at Belmont, where the Legislature was in session, and had no one there in his interest.

It seems from all the statements he has made, he knew nothing of the naming of Lee County at the time that naming was done, and got his first intimation of it four years after it was accomplished.

Writing to Judge Mason on this subject in 1879, the Judge writes to him that "he thought he was mistaken as to the county being named after him, that as he (Mason) supposed it was named after one Charles Lee, a New Yorker, who was speculating in that region and possibly in the Half Breed Tract."

There can be no possible connection of the name of Robert E. Lee with the naming of this county. He was then holding the rank of Lieutenant or Captain in the U. S. Army, was assistant to the Chief Engineer at Washington, 1834 to 1837, was Assistant Astronomer in establishing the boundary line between Ohio and Michigan in 1835, and was Superintending Engineer of the improvement of St. Louis Harbor and of the Missouri and Upper Mississippi rivers from 1837 to 1841.

Thus it appears that Lee County had been legally christened the year before he had any official duties to perform in the Northwest, and it is not probable that the sponsors of Lee County would have gone east to seek out a person holding only the rank of Lieutenant, whose name it should wear, when that person had no private or official connection with it or interest in it.

Referring to Charles Lee, the New Yorker, who, as stated in a previous number of the RECORD as being a land owner in Lee County, and had an agent in attendance on the Legislature at Belmont, the question remains to be answered which of the three Lees furnished the name?

If there is anything in the legal doctrine of the "preponderance of evidence" that preponderance points to Charles Lee as the one.

At this late day it is of small moment whose name was used in christening the county, but it is of importance that the *facts* of history should not be falsified, and that they be handed down to posterity correctly stated, although those facts appear to be immaterial ones.

A few years ago a writer in the Annals of Iowa, pretending to give the paternity of the names of many of the Counties of Iowa says of Lee, "it was named from the Lees of Virginia." The writer of that article was undoubtedly writing at random, and was guessing at what were his facts and was one whose articles, unverified, should never find a place in a historical journal.

There is an instance of misnomer in one of the streets of Iowa City. A former citizen of Louisa County by the name of John Ronalds was one of the Commissioners who located the State Capital at Iowa City in the year 1839, and it was intended to perpetuate his memory by naming one of the streets after him, and his name appeared as the name of one of the streets on the first and original plat of the city.

In the year 1868 a bird's eye view and map and plat of Iowa City was published on which this was printed "Donald

Street." In later years, to make a bad matter worse, when painted signs were by order of the City Council posted on the corners of the streets, this street seems to have been made the victim of another blunder by having its name painted "Renolds," and by this name it is now known to our city officers.

H. W. LATHROP.

REPORT OF EXERCISES AT THE UNVEILING
OF THE PORTRAIT OF SAMUEL J. KIRK-
WOOD AT THE STATE CAPITOL IN
DES MOINES, JUNE 20, 1893.



IT IS certainly most appropriate for the State to preserve portraits of men who have rendered her signal service. The Legislature determined to place among other portraits already procured, that of her "War Governor," Samuel J. Kirkwood.

The commission was given most properly to a distinguished artist, long resident in the State and whose early home gave him a somewhat intimate acquaintance with the subject of his painting. Mr. George H. Yewell, now of New York, is the artist.

Upon the occasion of the unveiling there was a notable assemblage of distinguished men of the State, including Col. I. W. Griffith, Hon. W. M. Day, Hon. J. B. Stewart, Hon. R. S. Finkbine, Hon. Geo. G. Wright, Hon. C. C. Nourse, Hon. B. A. Beeson, Des Moines; ex-Governor Jno. H. Gear, Burlington; Hon. Peter A. Dey, Iowa City; Hon. John W. Luke, Hampton; Gen. R. V. Ankeny, Hon. R. D. Kellogg, Hon. C. D. Reinking, Col. Wm. T. Smith, Rev. Dr. A. L. Frisbie, J. McLoney, Hon. P. M. Casady, Col. Barlow Granger,

Wm. H. Fleming, Des Moines; J. M. Shankland, H. G. McEldery, J. H. Merrill, J. B. Hedge, L. F. Andrews, Judge S. R. Dewey, Washington, Iowa; Mayor C. C. Lane, Judge C. C. Cole, Des Moines; H. W. Lathrop, Iowa City; B. F. Gue, Solomon Hewitt, Charles Aldrich, Capt. Head, Des Moines; and the municipal officers of that city. The unveiling occurred in the reception parlor of the Governor of the State.

The scene presented in that large, spacious room, as Judge Wright rose to call the meeting to order, was one of the most imposing ever seen in Iowa's proud capital. Seated in a deep mahogany chair in the center of the room, at one end of a large table, sat Horace Boies, Governor of Iowa. At the opposite end sat the Hon. Peter A. Dey, while to one side of the table was stationed Judge Wright, and close to his right sat ex-Governor Gear. Around the room was an assemblage which could not but fill a visitor's heart with veneration.

There were gathered men who have lived in Iowa for years; have watched its growth and development into one of the foremost States in the Union and have grown gray in its service, and here were they met on a beautiful afternoon to pronounce eulogies on a man who has done for his State more than any other, a man with whom they were all personally acquainted, who was at his home in Iowa City, too feeble to be in attendance to hear the words of praise which his old associates were about to bestow upon him.

In the assemblage sat men who had it in their power to unfold volumes of history never yet written. Nearly all had spent more or less time in the service of the State, and Governor Kirkwood would truly have felt honored had he been there to see and to hear the men who had come to do him honor.

Promptly at 2:30 o'clock Judge Wright arose and announced the purpose of the meeting. Peter A. Dey, of Iowa City, was introduced. Mr. Dey rose from his chair and moved to the side of the room beneath the picture of Governor Kirkwood, which hung on the wall, veiled with the stars and

stripes. Governor Boies stood while Mr. Dey spoke as follows:

Governor Boies.—I have accepted with more than ordinary satisfaction the invitation of the committee in charge of the exercises of this day, to represent the artist and present his work for your approval.

For nearly forty years I have known Mr. Yewell intimately, have sympathized with him in his struggles for professional attainment and rejoiced in his success. I have known Governor Kirkwood almost as long, but of him it is not my purpose to speak, as others will tell you that in the period of greatest danger to the Nation, largely through his efforts, every call upon the State of Iowa was honored and every obligation discharged. On this occasion I may without impropriety say something of the artist.

In 1841 there came to the newly selected capital of the Territory of Iowa, a widow with her young son, brought to this new country by the hope that in some way the struggle of life might be less arduous than in the older States. Time passed on, the boy grew and entered cheerfully the life of toil and labor that seemed to await him; in the intervals of leisure he developed a taste for sketching and found among the incidents of pioneer life much to amuse and interest the early settler. With charcoal, pencil and brush he delineated the peculiarities of the men around him; whatever interested them, whether of local character or matters of legislative interest, he treated with humor and skill and struck a vein that gave him a local and even a state reputation.

His pictures were crude but conceived in a spirit that made the subject even of ridicule enjoy them and join in admiration of the boy cartoonist. They finally attracted the attention of, Charles Mason, one of the Judges of the Supreme Court, who furnished him the means to procure instruction such as could be had in New York. Later he went abroad, spent years in France, Italy and Germany. While in Europe he devoted time to pictures in which were faces and figures, bringing out to a great extent peculiarities, passions and emotions. He also paid a great deal of attention to painting the interiors of churches and other buildings; possibly in this line of art he had few, if any, superiors. A few years ago he returned to this country and since then has devoted himself largely to portrait painting. In the maturity of his powers and the ripeness of his genius he paid the debt of gratitude in the portrait of Judge Mason, which, perhaps, next to this, is the most characteristic of all his portraits. It is not merely a likeness, but embodies the man who extended to the struggling boy the helping hand.

The portraits of Professor Parvin in the State library, of Judges Wright and Dillon in the Supreme Court room, of Governors Chambers and Lowe and of General Dodge in this room, are the work of his later years. To the portrait before us, the head and face of which he regards as artistically the great success of his life, he has devoted time and study. From the intimate acquaintance of long years, profoundly impressed with the massive strength of character and at the same time warm hearted nature of Governor Kirkwood, this portrait has been a labor of love.

It is said that the great value of Trumbull's paintings in the rotunda of the Capitol at Washington, is that he knew intimately the men he painted and transferred their characters to the canvas. Stuart's great picture of Washington, that for nearly a century has been in every home in the land, whether in the finest steel engraving that ornaments the walls of the wealthy or the crude lithograph in the humblest home, is always the same face, represents the same man, and why? Because the artist has so thoroughly impressed the character of the man upon the canvas that we never fail to recognize it and feel that Washington must have been as he was painted as no other head or face would fit him. It may be that our children and our children's children will recall the War Governor of Iowa from engravings that in the coming years will hang on the walls of the homes of our people, copies of the painting which we this day unveil, and will then say as we say now, it must be perfect for no other head and face would fit our ideal of the man.

I feel that I am committing no breach of confidence when I give you the artist's own language in a letter never intended for the public: "I regard the head and face purely as a work of art, in many respects the best I have ever painted. I have endeavored to paint Governor Kirkwood as I knew him, a strong man with a face of great power and determined will, at the same time full of tenderness and sympathy." How well he measured the man you who are his old and tried friends know as well as I. How well he has succeeded in impressing this delineation of character upon the canvas it is for you to judge.

In the name of the artist, George H. Yewell, I present to your excellency this picture and ask you if the contract for painting the portrait of Governor Kirkwood has been satisfactorily executed.

As Mr. Dey concluded, the stars and stripes, which concealed the features of Samuel J. Kirkwood from view, were removed amidst general applause, and the new painting stood forth with a wonderful reality. It was seen at a glance to be a magnificent work of art. There was a strength and dignity, yet an air of kindness about the face which impressed every person in the room at once. There was an expression of character and individuality portrayed in the features which impressed all at once that the picture was the work of a great artist. It is truly a beautiful likeness of the character and the man it attempts to reproduce. Governor Boies in accepting it spoke these words:

Sir: In accepting for the state from your hands, as the agent of the artist whose work it is, this portrait of one of Iowa's most distinguished citizens I am called upon to perform a duty gratefully imposed by a generous people and most cheerfully assumed by myself.

The occasion makes appropriate a brief reference to certain historical facts which in this connection will not fail to be of interest to the general public.

Governor Kirkwood, whose likeness you present, was born in the state of Maryland, December 20th, 1813, and although an old man now is still blessed with mental and physical vigor becoming his age, and lives in his old home in Johnson county, surrounded by friends and neighbors to whom he is endeared by a long life of most upright and manly dealing in all the affairs of men with which he has been connected.

He was educated as a lawyer and for a time practiced his chosen profession in his then adopted state of Ohio.

From there he removed to Iowa in 1855, and soon after becoming a citizen of the state entered public life, being elected a member of the state senate in 1856, Governor of the state in 1859 and again in 1861. In 1863 he was tendered by President Lincoln the appointment of Minister to Denmark, but declined the position. In 1866 he was elected United States Senator from this state to fill the unexpired term of Senator Harlan. In 1875 he was again elected Governor of Iowa, and the year following resigned the office to accept that of United States Senator, to which place he had been again elected. In 1881 he resigned his seat in the senate to accept a position in the Cabinet of President Garfield, and from that position he voluntarily retired in 1882 to resume his place as a private citizen and rest from the toil of a long, laborious and most honorable public career.

Once elected to the Senate of his state, three times its Governor, and twice its Representative in the Senate of the United States, it is, I believe, no exaggeration of fact to say that Iowa has never honored any other citizen with so many and such important places of public trust, and it is certainly true that no servant of hers ever acquitted himself in the discharge of his official duties with more perfect fidelity to all her interests or with more marked intelligence in the work that fell to his lot.

It was, therefore, a most fitting expression of the gratitude of a state he had served so long and so well when our last legislature appropriated a sum sufficient to secure and preserve this splendid likeness of the man whose life work is so intimately interwoven in the most important as well as the most honorable period in all its history.

Under the provisions of that act it was made my duty to select an artist to perform the work proposed.

With the aid of friends of the Governor I was fortunate enough to secure the services of Mr. Yewell, now of New York, but formerly a citizen of Iowa and an old time friend of the honored subject whose portrait he was to paint.

It is not too much for me to say that the artist has been faithful to the most exacting degree in the performance of the trust confided to him and has succeeded in producing a likeness that cannot fail to please every citizen of Iowa who may now, or in the long years to come may be able to see and admire his work.

After Governor Boies had concluded, Judge Wright said he would take the privilege of calling upon any one who was

present to speak, in view of the nature of the meeting for which they had come together. He then called upon Governor Gear, who spoke as follows:

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen:—I am glad that I am here to join you in doing honor to one of the most distinguished men of our State. I regret that my colleagues, the ex-Governors of the State, are from various causes unable to be here to-day, and I much regret that by the infirmities of his great age, that we are deprived of the pleasure of Governor Kirkwood's presence.

We have assembled here to do honor to a man who during his long residence in Iowa has impressed himself on the people of our State as no other man has.

Mr. Yewell has done his work well, and the portrait just unveiled is not only a great work of art, but to us who know Governor Kirkwood well it is a splendid picture not only in its physical likeness, but the artist has also thoroughly portrayed his mental characteristics, which is the highest evidence of art.

Coming to Iowa in the early fifties, he settled in Johnson County, where he made his home. His friends recognizing his ability, soon called on him to serve them in the Legislature. He was elected to the Senate as a member of the Ninth General Assembly. He at once took high rank in that body which had in its membership many of the able men of the State. At that time the question of establishing a State bank under the new constitution, which had recently been adopted, was a prominent one. Governor Kirkwood drafted and the Assembly enacted the law establishing the State Bank of Iowa, a bank which all through the hard times of 1857-60 stood solid as a rock, redeeming its issues in gold. Called by the people of the State to be its chief magistrate at a critical time in the nation's history, he met the responsibilities of the hour. When President Lincoln issued the call for the first 75,000 men, Governor Kirkwood at once called the Legislature together in special session. His proclamation was a patriotic document and struck the loyal chord of the hearts of the people of Iowa. How Iowa responded illumines a bright page in the history of our loved State.

At the outbreak of the war, the national government was bankrupt, and it fell on Governor Kirkwood, by his personal efforts to raise funds to equip the State's first regiments. To do this, he called on the State banks of Iowa; he and a few of his friends became personally responsible for more money than they were really able to pay in order that Iowa's regiments might be equipped and sent to the front to bear their part in defending the nation's honor. The State banks promptly responded to his call. During the first three years of the war, he gave his time, day and night, to the duty of raising the State's quota of troops. He was wise and a rare judge of men, and his appointment of the officers of the Iowa regiments gives proof of his high qualities in these regards. He made constant trips to the field of war and gave much of his time to the aid and comfort of the soldiers. Childless himself, all Iowa soldiers were "his boys." He never was known to turn a deaf ear to an Iowa

soldier. I was in his office one morning at Washington City when he filled the high office of Secretary of the Interior. There were present Senators, members of Congress and Governors of States, all awaiting their turn to transact their business. The door opened and an Iowa soldier whom the Governor knew, came in supporting himself on a crutch and cane. Kirkwood at once rose and gave him a seat. Turning aside from those present, he inquired, "What can I do for you?"

A Senator who was waiting, a gentleman of more than national reputation, said to me, "Gear, what kind of a man is Kirkwood who turns away from all of us to talk to that old soldier." I replied, "Senator, Governor Kirkwood considers all Iowa soldiers as his boys and they in turn look to him as a father."

Again as a United States Senator he served the state and nation with distinguished ability. He had a logical and legal mind, and was, in fact, a great constitutional lawyer, and in this branch of Congress he had ample opportunity to display his great abilities as a lawyer. He was a member of the Judiciary Committee of which Roscoe Conkling was Chairman, and on one occasion an important question involving constitutional law was under debate. Governor Kirkwood made a speech in which he electrified the Senate. A Senator said to Roscoe Conkling, "Conkling, whoever knew that Kirkwood of Iowa was so strong a lawyer?" Conkling replied, "When Kirkwood gets up and shakes the wrinkles out of his clothes, he knows as much constitutional law as any man on the floor of the Senate,"—well merited praise from one who was himself one of the greatest lawyers of the nation. Governor Kirkwood's name will be handed down in history with John A. Andrew, Andrew J. Curtin and Oliver P. Morton as one among the trusted advisers of President Lincoln during the Civil War.

Kirkwood was able, wise and sagacious, and, above all, he was truthful and honest. On the stump he was a tower of strength to his party, giving hard blows to the opposition, but never descending to demagogism. As an orator he was powerful in the fact that his language was simple and his similes homely, and always struck the chords of the hearts of his audience.

In his career as a public man he commanded the admiration, aye more, the affection, of his party, and enjoyed in an eminent degree the respect of the opposition.

It has been well said that the affections of the people of Iowa, like the rivers which form her border, flow to a perpetual union—of this Iowa gave splendid proof under Kirkwood's administration, and to-day in his advanced age, infirm in body, but thank God, vigorous in mind, it can be truly said that the affections of Iowa's people cluster around him as around no other man, and we all join in the hearty wish that "his days may be long in the land."

Sir, there are three gentlemen in this room besides myself, who are pioneers in the State, all of whom have known all the Governors of Iowa, and without disparagement either to my distinguished predecessors or successors, I do not hesitate to say that in the record he has made he has impressed himself on the people as has no other Governor. Sir, when the generations of the future people of Iowa shall visit this noble edifice and shall witness the portraits of

our distinguished citizens hanging on these walls and shall point to this triumph of artistic skill and ask whose likeness it is, the reply will be, "Samuel J. Kirkwood." From the lips of every inquirer will come spontaneously, "Yes, Samuel J. Kirkwood, Iowa's 'great War Governor.'"

Hon. H. W. Lathrop being called upon, spoke as follows:

If there is anything of which Iowans are proud, it is the financial standing of the State, she being free from debt and the fact that her per cent. of illiteracy is the smallest of any state in the Union.

No man in the state has done more to bring about these conditions than Governor Kirkwood. During the first eighteen years of her political existence, Iowa was without a banking system. At the second session of Governor Kirkwood's service as State Senator, and the first session of the General Assembly under the then New Constitution permitting banking, on account of his superior knowledge on the subject he was added as a special member to the committee on Banks, much of that knowledge having been obtained a few year's previously when a member of the Ohio Constitutional Convention, where the subject of banking was ably and fully discussed.

At this session he was among the foremost in the advocacy of the passage of the bill providing for a State Bank and its branches. It proved to be one of the best systems ever established, and it furnished the people a safe and sound currency.

As president of one of its branches he assisted in its administration.

As Governor he afterwards vetoed a bill passed by the General Assembly, providing for the establishment of a banking system that would have opened wide a door for "wild cat" banking.

When at the special session of the General Assembly in 1861, bonds to the amount of \$800,000 were voted to carry on the war, he took especial pains to see that those bonds should not be thrown upon the market and sold at a depreciated price, sending Hon. Ezekiel Clark to New York for that purpose, with instructions to buy at a good fair price the first offered on the Stock Board, in order to fix their market value. This purchase did fix their value, and at that rate they were afterwards disposed of. By this plan, and his economical administration of the Governor's office only three-eighths of the sum voted were ever used.

In our educational system he has filled the various offices of Member of the Board of Regents of the State University, Member of the Board of Trustees of the State Agricultural College, one of the Curators of the State Historical Society, and a large contributor to its collections, being also its President, Sub-Director in his school district and President of the Township Board, and all these offices received his best, most earnest and intelligent labors in their administration.

When filling national offices he never got the credit his merit entitled him to, for he was always handicapped with short terms, preventing him from getting that official momentum by long experience in them, so essential to success in the performance of duties connected with them.

Though filling the office of Secretary of the Interior in Garfield's Cabinet

less than fourteen months, he stamped upon the Indian Bureau the policy of detribalizing the Indians, allotting to them their lands in severalty with a title to them in fee, and recommending that they be educated and brought into citizenship.

Though not permitted to hold the office long enough to give his policy full force and effect, it has to a considerable extent been endorsed by his successors.

Mr. Lathrop gave an epitome of the Art Life of Mr. Yewell detailing some of his early efforts as a juvenile artist.

Mr. Charles Aldrich next read the letter printed below, from Ex-Governor Carpenter:

FORT DODGE, IOWA, June 16th, 1893.

Hon. Charles Aldrich, Des Moines, Iowa.

MY DEAR SIR:—I received the invitation to be present on the 20th inst. to participate in the ceremony of unveiling the great historic portrait of Ex-Governor Kirkwood. I had delayed answering because I was hoping to shape matters so as to be able to come, but within the last day or two I have found that engagements which I can neither avoid nor postpone, will prevent me from being present. I deeply regret this, as nothing would afford me greater pleasure than to join with others in giving expression to the public estimate of Samuel J. Kirkwood. I well remember in 1861, when it fully dawned upon me that free government must be surrendered on this continent or the inevitable alternative of civil war must be accepted, that I began to consider whether the President would receive the loyal and undivided support of the various Governors of the states adhering to the Union. I know that under our form of government, accordingly as the Governors of the loyal states gave the President active, earnest and enthusiastic support, or, on the other hand, as it might be possible for them to quibble and hesitate with half-hearted sympathy, the cause of the Union would be advanced or retarded. I had known Governor Kirkwood whilst he was a senator in the Seventh General Assembly; I had watched his career as Governor; had read with pride and satisfaction his correspondence relative to the surrender of Coppock upon the requisition of the Governor of Virginia; and I was satisfied that in him the government would find a brave, resolute and uncompromising defender. It has been a source of pride in my state—in its patriotism and intelligence—that his subsequent career was a fulfillment of my prophecy respecting him.

What a group of historic characters the Governors of the loyal states in these times which tried men's souls, would make. There was Yates, of Illinois, and Ramsey, of Minnesota, and Harvey, of Wisconsin, and Blair, of Michigan, and Morton, of Indiana, and Denison, of Ohio, and Curtin, of Pennsylvania, and Morgan, of New York, Buckingham, of Connecticut, and finally side by side stood Massachusetts and Iowa in the advanced thought and unyielding purpose of their populations, and in the sturdy patriotism and defiant resolution of their Governors, John A. Andrew and Samuel J. Kirkwood. This galaxy of names brightens, the luster of the heroic age in which they lived.

Let the portrait of Governor Kirkwood be placed where it will receive the kindest light from the sun in the heavens, and where the first glances of the eyes of his admiring countrymen will fall upon it as they enter the executive chamber.

Yours, very sincerely,

C. C. CARPENTER.

Letters were also read from Judge G. S. Robinson, of Iowa City, and Alvin Saunders, of Omaha.

Judge Cole made a brief and forcible address. "I met Samuel J. Kirkwood thirty-six years ago and know him best in a political way. The keynote to his greatness, and he is great, is that he always had a flood of internal light to shed on any question. He was not full of quotations. They were wonderful, original arguments of his own construction. It was this wonderful readiness and great mental power and capacity to always respond. He was great because God made him great." Judge Nourse next said a few words, speaking of the value to posterity of such a picture, of Governor Kirkwood's sincerity as a man and ability as a statesman. Judge Wright brought the meeting to an end with a few remarks, thanking Governor Boies on behalf of the friends of Governor Kirkwood and the entire state for the way in which he had carried out the instructions of the last legislature in regard to purchasing such a portrait.

The above account is compiled from the columns of the *State Register* of June 21st.

SOME TORNADOES IN IOWA.



FROM time to time the papers are mentioning the work of these destructive storms, and at the same time seem inclined to make it appear that they break out in this State with greater frequency than elsewhere; and also that they are of common occurrence with us, I have thought it well to record my recollections of the past fifty-three years regarding these visitations.

The first of these storms in Iowa occurring within my recollection came upon this town in the month of June, somewhere in the year 1842 or '43, I believe. I have no written data, but depend upon my individual recollection of it altogether. It was I am sure close to 1844, the year of the great flood, in which the Mississippi river made its highest mark since the beginning of the settlement of St. Louis, and occurred at the time that the first building of the North Presbyterian church was in progress of erection, its walls being pretty nearly completed.

The storm came from the west and in the early morning hours and came suddenly, for at the preceding sunset there was no sign in the sky indicating such a fearful visitor to be near at hand.

My father had not long before, two or three years before, completed his first substantial dwelling house upon his homestead—the same house which is now occupied by Mr. Boartz, on the old home farm just east of this city.

This house is built of sound hewn logs of the heavy oak timber then growing upon the hills around about the then, capital of Iowa.

My father was a good mechanic and that he “built” his house well, and strongly founded it, was proven by this storm.

The heavy oak logs were put together at the corners of the house by square notches and saddles, and then were securely pinned and nailed together in the saddles, the rafters were of young oak trees hewn to shape and were framed into the top logs and then nailed and pinned, and then were also securely fastened together at the ridge of the roof.

About this house on all sides of it was then growing large forest trees of oak, aged and veritable giants of their kind. There were of these oaks three distinct species. The tall stately white oak with whitish gray bark predominated, the next in numbers was the shorter stouter burr oak, with a trunk so twisted and plaited in its fibers, and of such toughness, that a lightning stroke rarely could mark or splinter it,

and then next in numbers came the tall regular built red oak with its very dark green foliage, and its thick, rough, very dark gray bark and its straight grained watery and easily split trunk, often, from the last two qualities of its constitution, the chosen path of the lightning's stroke. That it was the primeval conductor of the forest could be seen on every hand in the "woods" of that day, for while here and there might be seen in any of the groves of pioneer times a white or burr oak tree stricken or scarred by lightning, nearly every red oak tree would show by the splintered and dying topmost branches, the deeply furrowed trunk and the displaced roots, that the king of the storm preferred the very acid juicy trunk of the red oak for its way from cloud to earth, to the drier compact and resisting trunks of the white and burr oaks which stood thickly about the victim, untouched. Among the timber about my father's house at the time of the storm was quite a large number of shell bark hickory trees, the wood of which is celebrated for its toughness and elasticity.

Just about one hundred feet west from the north end of the house stood a white oak tree not less than three feet in diameter and about sixty or more feet high.

The approach of the storm was made known to the family by the terrific crashing of the thunderbolts upon the summits of the bluffs on the west side of the Iowa river. The progress of the storm was accompanied by the incessant flashing of lightning so continuous that the whole landscape was lighted up continuously by brilliant, white, quivering light, so constant that objects in the town a mile distant were continually in sight.

The lightning flashes seemed near to the earth and were mostly horizontal in direction, and so great their blaze, that the mass of clouds in which they played from side to side could not be seen at all. The storm was one immense body of interwoven lightning flashes.

The center of the storm came across the town to the west of us, a little to the north of the site of the church which I

have before mentioned, and passed as near as we could judge directly over our house.

My father had for years navigated the ocean and had breasted many a storm upon the "main," but this "land-lubber of a storm," as I heard him call it in speaking to mother as it was coming upon us, "was a little the brightest of any that he had ever seen," but he said to her, "Elizabeth, don't be afraid, we will weather it." Father's calmness reassured us all and we stood at the west window of the house, a small one, and watched its progress. We saw the trees and bushes, which extended to a distance of about two hundred yards west of the house, suddenly seized as if by the hand of omnipotent power, and by it borne down to the earth and whirled and twisted about as one would level down and twist in the fingers the grass of the fields.

In an instant after this, it seized that grand old oak standing near the north end and west of the house, and whirled its great umbrella top about much as one can whirl the little end of a fishing rod; three times did it twist that tree about its axis, and each time the old forest monarch gained the mastery with a loss of a few of its branches, but the storm king was not to be conquered by an oak tree. Again he seized the monarch of five hundred years growth, and with sudden twist tore him asunder midway of his trunk as easily as one could twist a match in twain, the great umbrella shaped top arose on the breast of the conqueror and sailed away from its place, falling about one hundred feet southeasterly from where it had stood for hundreds of years. While the tree was being twisted off, the storm laid its colossal hand upon the house. It was shaken in all its parts, an awful blow would smite it on a corner, and it would seem as if that corner would raise from its foundation, then the power of the storm would strike the house in the midside causing the whole structure to reel and tremble and to shake in every joint. When these blows of the storm king came down upon our shelter they were each time accompanied by gushes of water

as if a Niagara was being dashed upon us, thus was added to the force of the wind, the weight of water beating and battling to effect our destruction, but they prevailed not, for the house, our protection, was oak ribbed and iron bound.

The cessation of the storm was even more rapid than its onslaught, it retired to the eastward with hollow rumblings and growlings, leaving the levelled forest behind it sighing and sobbing in the breeze which followed it, which sighs and sobs, accompanied by a gentle rainfall, seemed the mourning for the thousands of the sons of the forest laid low by the unrelenting storm king.

When morning at last broke through the clouds behold the wreck all about us! The entire forest from the present cemetery eastward as far as could be seen, was laid low. I should say that not more than one tree in every hundred was left standing on the high grounds, and in the gulches about our place all the tall ones had lost their tops, and it was only in the deepest parts of these gullies that but few trees were broken off.

Our fences had disappeared, crops were levelled and beaten into the earth, but we could see that the houses of our neighbors were standing, only some small buildings being blown away.

At last the neighbors gathered, the Pattersons, Irishs and Hamiltons formed a neighborhood, and from that gathering it was reported no killed or hurt. Some horses or cattle were hurt or killed. The same report came later from the town, no one hurt or killed. The house of Mr. Gardener, the Universalist minister had been blown down and torn in pieces, which with the contents of the house were scattered in a line out along the upper Muscatine road for a distance of a mile or two. The minister and his family escaped unhurt.

A lightning stroke came down through the unfinished walls of the North Presbyterian church, throwing down part of the north end wall, and from there the lightning plowed its way

on the surface of the earth, throwing out a double furrow over two hundred yards long to a small oak tree, killing a cow and her calf which lay by her side, and carrying hair from them up the tree from the tops of which the stroke is supposed to have again reached the clouds.

The center of the storm crossed the Cedar river about six or seven miles below Gower's Ferry, and killing several persons in Cedar county, also destroyed an enormous amount of the heavy timber on the Cedar Bluffs.

It looked very stormy all the day succeeding the storm and at night heavy black clouds hung in the western sky, causing apprehension on the part of many that the following night the storm might be repeated. As my father's house had withstood the central fury of the storm, many of the neighbors came to it for shelter and asylum. Among them was a dutchman, John Goldwitzer by name, who showed very marked fears. My father asked him why he did not go to Pattersons to stay. Goldwitzer replied that Patterson's house was not so good as fathers, and that if father's should "*preak town every poddy in it would shoust be kilt*" and he added "*I would petter pee kilt as gripped,*" a saying with which he was annoyed many a day after that. I have thus given an account of, so far as I know, the first tornado experienced by the white people in Iowa. That tornadoes have swept our prairies and have torn down the groves and forests of the State for centuries before the one of which I now write can not be disputed, and doubtless they will continue to sweep over us for centuries to come leaving death and ruin in their path.

That they come and go in cycles seems to me proven by the record of their visitations.

I do not now recall a visitation in this location, succeeding this early one, until, I think, the year 1858, when that frightful one rolled over the country west and south of this city and took the life of Hon. Jesse Berry.

The next in order was that of 1859, the most fearful, powerful, and extensive of any such storms which have scourged us so far.

Next in order was the one of 1882, which destroyed so much life and property at and near the town of Grinnell. And lastly the late one of the current year in the northwestern portion of the State.

I am of the opinion that these storms have a tendency to recur in period of eleven years and that they are prevalent in the regions from the Gulf of Mexico to the valley of the Saskatchewan river, and between the Rocky Mountains and the Atlantic ocean in the spring, summer and fall months for two to three years during each maximum sun-spot period. A storm of this character may occur at times out of the regular periods which I have assigned, but if they do, they are very exceptional.

I do not include in this class mere hurricanes, or other violent winds which move directly forward, but am speaking of gyration storms, the writhing, twisting monster, the tornado.

It is to be hoped that some one who has the time and can reach the information, will give in the pages of the RECORD a list of the visitations of these tornado storms which have been recorded in Iowa.

C. W. IRISH.

PIONEER DAYS IN PLYMOUTH COUNTY.¹

BY W. L. CLARK.



CONGRESSIONAL township ninety-two, range forty-three west, since October 18th, 1881, has formed the civil township of Remsen; prior to that date it was included in Marion township.

It is bounded by Meadow township on the north, Cherokee county on the east, Henry township on the south and Marion township on the west.

¹ Reprinted from the LeMars *Sentinel*.

The Dubuque & Sioux City (Illinois Central) railway passes through the northwest corner of the township, with a station known as Remsen, which is located on section six.

The chief stream of Remsen township is Whiskey Slough, in the eastern part of the territory.

The population in 1885 was given at 650, of which 400 were American born. The present population is 1,279.

The oldest settler now living within the township is Henry Mullong, who bought a second-hand homestead claim of S. C. Pringy, on the south half of the southeast quarter of section twenty-eight. Mr. Mullong settled on the land in 1873, and he thinks that it was originally claimed by the first settler of the township, whose name is forgotten, in 1867.

The next to locate was J. J. Murphy, on the southwest quarter of section ten, where he still lives. He is at present in the employ of the Illinois Central Railroad Company, at their water tank.

Ed. Ellier came to the township in 1878, and bought land of a speculator named Baxter. This land was on the northwest of section thirty-two.

Until after 1880, there were no settlers in Remsen township to speak of, and from that time on the territory was largely settled up by Germans, who have come to be wealthy farmers and stock-growers.

Many artificial groves adorn the township and lend both beauty and actual value to the domain.

There are no religious societies in the township, except those found at Remsen village, the only post-office and market place in the township.

The first school was taught at the residence of R. E. McCaustland, on section thirty-four, about 1880. At this date, 1891, the county school records show that this township has five sub-districts, which are provided with four good school houses. The total enrollment of scholars is ninety-three.

The village of Remsen is situated on the west half of section six in Remsen township. It was platted August 28th,

1876, by the Sioux City and Iowa Falls Town Lot and Land Company. Since then five additions have been made. It is located on a beautiful tract of rolling prairie land, and is now a thriving little mart of about 537 people. It derived its name from Dr. William Remsen Smith, of Sioux City, a large land owner. It was made a station on the original Dubuque & Sioux City railroad line, and has come to be one of the best market places and shipping points along the line.

The first business in Remsen was engaged in by J. H. Winchel, who owned a large farm one mile north, and H. W. Alline, of Remsen, under the firm name of Winchel & Alline. Scales were put in and grain bought and shipped. This was in the fall of 1880. At the same time P. Hopkins, of LeMars, bought and shipped, from this point, cattle and hogs.

But little was accomplished in the way of business improvements until 1881, when Frank Miller put in a general store.

The same year the "Blake House" was erected by C. R. Blake. It is now known as the Munhoven House.

The first to engage in the sale of agricultural implements were Rathmann & Michael. The first hardware was sold by John H. Rathmann. The first grocery store was that of Samuel Wentz. In 1882 a furniture store was put in by Hubert Nothem. The same year, Dr. Theodore Wrede opened up a stock of drugs. "Dr." Baker had kept a few patent medicines, etc., the year prior. A saloon was started to quench the thirst of the pioneers, in 1871, by Peter Monner. The pioneer grain company was Peavey & Co. The first to handle lumber were Townsend Bros., of LeMars. The first blacksmith to wield his hammer beside the glowing forge was Martin Seba, in 1880-81. A wagon shop was put in operation by John Schumacher. The first bank was the Bank of Remsen, in 1887.

In the spring of 1889, the citizens of Remsen concluded, to further the business interests of the place, that it was best to become an incorporated town. The first election of officers resulted as follows: N. Lang, Mayor; Edward S. Lloyd, Recorder.

The village supports a local newspaper, edited by J. P. Kieffer, who issues twice each week—one issue printed in German called the “Remsen Clocke” and later in the week one of the same contents, only printed in English, called the “Remsen Bell.” These papers have a large circulation, some hundreds going to Europe, sent by Germans to their friends.

Remsen became a postoffice point in 1879. H. W. Alline was appointed the first postmaster; he served until 1885, when he was succeeded by L. L. Page, who conducted it until April 11th, 1889, when A. C. Morgan was appointed, and still serves acceptably to all. It became a money order office in 1886. The first money order was issued August 20th, 1886, to Rev. F. X. Schulte, in favor of Appleton & Co., Chicago, Illinois.

There are two church organizations at Remsen, each having a good building. The Evangelical Lutheran society was formed in 1884 by six members, Rev. Miner, of LeMars, officiating. In 1888 a frame church building was erected at a cost of \$1,600. The present membership of the society is twenty-six.

Until October, 1889, the church was supplied with a minister occasionally from other points, but at that date Henry Bender became pastor and is still serving.

The Roman Catholic people of this vicinity were first attended by Father Gilchrist, formerly of Marcus, Iowa. He looked to the spiritual welfare of this people for some two or three years. The first church building was blown down by a cyclone in 1885, and the present building was erected the same year. Rev. F. Schulte took charge of the congregation in December, 1885, and finished the new edifice, which seats about three hundred people comfortably. In the fall of 1886 the fine parsonage was built at a cost of \$1,900. In the summer of 1888 the parochial school house was built at an expense of about \$3,600.

The winter of 1880-81 is known in the annals of Remsen

as the "starvation winter," it might also be termed the "freeze-out winter," because if hunger did beset the little garrison, none the less did the lack of fuel cause much trouble. Those who remember the serious inconveniences of the long snow blockades, even in a much larger town, can imagine the sufferings of those who were ten miles from a grocery store, the same distance from a meat market, and who did not live on a farm, consequently did not have a well filled cellar to fall back on.

The first school was taught by Miss Mary Alline, during the summer of 1881, in one of the living-rooms of the depot building. It found its next home in a room over J. H. Rathmann's hardware store; from there it was moved to a building owned by J. K. Alline. This house also served the Protestant people of this section as a church. In it was organized the Methodist Episcopal church, under the leadership of William Edgar. The original members were four in number, F. K. Morgan and wife, and Daniel Arburthnot and wife. A successful Sabbath school was for a long time maintained. Its superintendent was Z. Gilman.

DEATHS.

WILLIAM TODD, a pioneer of Louisa County of the year 1836, died March 1st, 1893, at Columbus Junction, in his 88th year.

HERMAN MORSE, aged 80, died at his home in Independence, Buchanan county, April 24th, 1893. He had been a citizen of Iowa forty years.

ALEXANDER LEVI, said to have been the first citizen naturalized in Iowa, died at his home in Dubuque, March 31st, 1893, aged 84 years. He had been a citizen of Dubuque since 1833, and was the last of the charter members of the first Masonic Lodge formed in that place.

DR. ROBERT S. HALL, a native of Massachusetts, but an Iowa pioneer of 1856, and a veteran of the 31st Iowa Volunteers, died at Waterloo, May 21st, 1893, aged 50 years. At the time of his death Dr. Hall was a prominent member of the medical profession of Chicago, to which city he removed several years ago.

LIEUT.-COLONEL JESSE A. P. HAMPSON, of the 12th U. S. Infantry, died in Chicago, October 14th, 1892. Col. Hampson was a native of Pennsylvania, where he was born in 1837, but an Iowa pioneer, having come here before the war. In November, 1861, he enlisted at his home in Fairfield, Jefferson County, as a private in the 4th Iowa Cavalry, from which he was promoted in April, 1862, to a Second Lieutenancy in the 10th U. S. Infantry, and by regular gradations reached the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel, which he recently attained. Col. Hampson was 57 years old.

NOTES.

WANT of space compels us to postpone the publication of several articles intended for this number.

THE experiment, enthusiastically essayed a few years ago, of enlisting Indians into the army as soldiers, has been given up as impracticable, and they are being mustered out. The Indian is fond of fighting, but chafes under the restraints of discipline.

WE have received the April number of the *Annals of Iowa* edited by Hon. Charles Aldrich and Hon. B. F. Gue, and published by the State Historical Department at Des Moines. This is the first number of a new publication devoted under State Government auspices to early Iowa history and could not be in abler editorial hands. The frontispiece of this initial number is a good portrait of Hon. Hiram Price.



Mrs. Mary
Chas. Mason

IOWA HISTORICAL RECORD

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CHARLES MASON.¹

SOLDIER — AUTHOR — LAWYER — PIONEER — JURIST.



THE management of the governments of the few remaining Territories of the United States to-day, is easily effected as compared with the same function when Iowa was a Territory fifty years ago. Precedents have been made, usages have been established, which then did not exist, and in case of difficulty or doubt [as measured by the time occupied in communicating with the supreme authority at Washington, except in the case of Alaska], the most distant Territory is but a moment from Washington, whereas Iowa was two or three weeks off, according as it was high or low water in our navigable rivers, winter or summer. It was therefore more necessary then than now that the officials intrusted with the conduct of the governments of the infant Territories should be men of unerring judgment and self-relying ability.

¹ In the preparation of this sketch of Judge Mason, the writer is indebted for kind assistance to Mrs. Remey, Mr. J. L. Waite, editor of the *Burlington Hawk-Eye* and to Mr. George H. Yewell and Hon. Geo. G. Wright.

Either from careful selection, providential accident, or the force created by necessity, we find that in the case of early Iowa, the men charged with the responsibility of her government, whether in the executive, legislative or judicial departments, responded to the calls of every crisis with elastic strength corresponding to the gravity of the occasion, as a steel spring rises still higher the more it is pressed. Of such a mold was Charles Mason, trained to military life at West Point, called to the bar in New York City, and appointed Chief Justice of the Territory of Iowa by President Van Buren.

The ancestry of Judge Mason on his father's side is traced back through the earliest New England colonial history to Capt. John Mason, a favorite and daring English naval commander, the founder of New Hampshire, and in 1617 the explorer of the New England coast, who, after the receipt of many honors and rewards from the sovereigns of England of that day, about 1635 died, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

Charles Mason, the subject of our sketch, was born October 24th, 1804, in the town of Pompey, Onondago County, New York. After receiving such education as the schools of his native place afforded, in 1825, in his twenty-first year, he was sent to the National Military Academy at West Point, where in 1829 he was graduated first in his class. Among his fellow academicians who subsequently became distinguished, were Jefferson Davis, Robert E. Lee, the latter in the same class with Mason, and Leonidas Polk.¹

¹It is unnecessary to say that Davis and Lee became respectively the President and Generalissimo of the Confederate States, but it is not so generally known that Polk, previous to his graduation at West Point had been "converted" by the Chaplain, the Rev. Charles P. McIlvaine, afterwards Episcopal Bishop of Ohio, that, after passing through the orders of Deacon and Priest, he became the Episcopal Bishop of Louisiana, and that at the outbreak of the Civil War he exchanged the mitre for the sword, rising under Davis' *quasi* government to the rank of Lieutenant-General. He was killed by a shell

Upon the receipt of his commission in the army after his graduation, his first assignment to duty was as instructor at West Point. After two years so spent he resigned from the army and began the study of law in New York City, where he was admitted to the bar and began to practice law. Soon after his admission to the bar, he removed in 1832 to Newburg, New York, where he formed a law partnership with Judge Hasbruck, which lasted two years. He then returned to New York, and while there became a frequent contributor to the *Evening Post*, then edited by the distinguished poet, William Cullen Bryant, and during the absence of the editor in Europe and the illness of Mr. Leggett, the manager, was for some time the sole editor.

These employments—his tutorship at West Point from 1829 to 1831, his study of the law, which (the date not being accessible) we may assume was not long, as his necessary reading of history and international law at West Point must have greatly facilitated his preparation for the bar, and his law practice at Newburg and his editorial work for the New York *Evening Post*, bring his history down into the year 1836.

In the summer of this year (1836) he made his first visit to the West. Returning to New York he soon came back again and spent the winter of 1836-7 at Belmont, the temporary capital of the Territory of Wisconsin, whose boundaries then included what is now Iowa. In February, 1837, he

from a United States cannon passing through his chest at Pine Mountain, Georgia, in June, 1864, during the Atlanta campaign, thus relieving the House of Bishops of his church of the solution of a knotty problem which would have arisen had he lived another year and desired to exercise again his episcopal functions. The sincerity of his conduct has never been questioned. Just before his death he had received several copies of a small religious book, a couple of which he had given to army friends. It fell to Jefferson Davis in 1832, then a Lieutenant in the garrison of Rock Island, in obedience to superior orders, with sword and fire to ruthlessly evict the early settlers who had prematurely "squatted" upon what was afterwards to become Burlington, the pioneer home of his school friend Mason.

first visited Burlington, then a mere hamlet and little resembling the populous and opulent city of to-day which has taken its place, and which then had lately become the capital of Wisconsin, for Iowa, even as a Territory, was not yet upon the map. This journey from Belmont to Burlington, we believe he made on horseback, traversing, we may suppose, in the pride of military horsemanship learned at "the Point," the "military road," in the west then only a trail, which Congress was making across our wild domain, through "sloughs" and over "hog-backs."

He soon again visited the East, and August 1st, 1837, was married to Miss Angeline Gear, of Berkshire, Massachusetts, and in the following November with his wife came back to make his permanent home in Burlington, having been appointed United States Attorney, and one of Governor Dodge's aides.

Upon the organization of the Territory of Iowa in 1838, he was appointed by the President Chief Justice of the new Territory. The court consisted of three Judges, his associates on the bench being Joseph Williams and Thomas S. Wilson. He held the office of Chief Justice continuously from the organization of the Territory of Iowa until after her admission into the Union. His decisions as Judge, have often been referred to with pride by the several generations of Iowa attorneys which have succeeded each other since his day. One of them which attracted unusual attention at the time, and which was among the first made on this point, sustained the right to her freedom of a slave brought to Iowa by her master, Judge Mason holding that the slave having been voluntarily brought by her master into the free Territory of the United States could not be remanded into slavery.

Judge Mason's services to Iowa did not end with her Territorial days. We find his name constantly associated with honorable official position in her State government or with public enterprises connected with her welfare and progress down to the day of his death. He was appointed by Gover-

nor Hempstead Attorney for Iowa to bring suit against the State of Missouri in the United States Supreme Court to define the boundary line between the two States, which he prosecuted to a final determination, obtaining a decree in favor of Iowa. He was appointed, with Stephen B. Hempstead and William G. Woodward, a commission to revise and codify the Laws of Iowa, which resulted in the "Code of 1851."

In 1851, the County Commissioners system having been superseded by that of Judges, he was elected County Judge of Des Moines County, but resigned the office the following year.

In 1858, when the present State Constitution took effect and provided for a new system of public education, Judge Mason was appointed a member of the State Board of Education.

In April, 1853, he was appointed by President Pierce Commissioner of Patents, and held the office till August, 1857, when he resigned. The duties of this office required his almost constant presence in Washington, and a corresponding absence from home, and at the close of this public service engagements growing out of it compelled his still further absence from Iowa. In this way his individuality was in a measure lost to that new citizenship which flowed to our State in the movements of population to the West, the flood-tide of which was in 1854.

In 1859 he was engaged as the legal adviser of Munn & Co., the proprietors of the Scientific American, and in 1861 became the senior member of the firm of Mason, Fenwick & Lawrence, Patent Attorneys at Washington, D. C., in which latter capacity he continued actively interested until a short time before his death, although residing a large portion of each year in Iowa.

In 1861 he was nominated by the Democratic State Convention for Governor, but declined. In 1867 he was again nominated by the democrats as the very strongest candidate

they could produce, but was defeated. He acted as Chairman of the Democratic National Central Committee in 1864, and in 1868 and again in 1872 he was a delegate from Iowa to the Democratic National Conventions of those years.

For the last ten years of his life Judge Mason was much interested in public enterprises affecting the prosperity of his home city, Burlington. He was President of the Water Company, of the German American Savings Bank, of the Burlington Board of Trade, of the Burlington and Northwestern Railroad Company, and of the Burlington Street Railway Company, and Treasurer of the Burlington School Board. A mere reference to his official connection with these public trusts, and his almost invariably standing at the head of them, shows the high estimation in which he was held by his townsmen and neighbors, who placed him at the head as their leader.

Judge Mason was the author of various pamphlets, some of them on the subject of sewerage, drainage and sanitation, but more notably on financial subjects, of which he had made a profound study. His contributions to the *New York Evening Post* and his editorial connection with that paper in the earlier part of his career, show that he had a natural inclination for authorship. One of his pamphlets, "An Inquiry Relative to a Resumption of Specie Payments," published at Burlington in December, 1872, has a more than usual interest at this time in view of the wild excitement and confusion of judgment existing upon the subject of the relative values of the precious metals and the regulation of the national currency. We quote from the opening passages of the "prefatory" pages:

"Several years ago the author of these pages proposed a restoration of our constitutional currency by permanently lessening the value of the gold dollar till it was equivalent to the then average greenback dollar, which at that time constituted our actual currency. That method would have proved effectual and harmless; but it would have given unfriendly criticism such means of exciting prejudice, which calm reason would have found it difficult to allay, that its early adoption was hardly expected. It was, however, believed to be

the only efficient remedy for the evils then felt and apprehended, that the somewhat impatient dispositions of our people would be likely to submit to. Its ultimate adoption was therefore looked forward to with no little confidence.

"Subsequent reflection has convinced the writer that one important element was omitted in this calculation.† The effects of the great and continuing influx of the precious metals from the more newly wrought mines had been overlooked, and the future was judged of by the standard of the past when that element did not exist. The incorporation of this new condition among the terms of the problem causes an essential change in the ultimate result, and will be our chief subject of consideration in the present essay."

It will be seen from the foregoing extracts that Judge Mason's style was clear and forcible and that his candor impelled him to the admission of having made mistakes when he saw he had fallen into them.

Of Judge Mason's three children, all daughters, two died in childhood, and his wife followed them in March, 1873. Later in 1873, his remaining daughter, Mary J., was married to Commander, now Captain George C. Remey, of the U. S. Navy. For some months before his death, Judge Mason's strength had gradually declined without the manifestation of any definite malady, and on the 25th of February, 1882, he expired at his farm a couple of miles from the city of Burlington.

Touching the estimation of Judge Mason's life and character we append a letter from the distinguished Iowa artist, George H. Yewell, Esq., who knew him intimately.

HILL VIEW, WARREN COUNTY, N. Y., }
September 4th, 1893. }

Judge Mason always made me think of a noble Roman; single minded, simple hearted, just, honest, temperate and patriotic; doing with an inflexible will what he thought was right, and careful of the rights of others. He was eminently a *just* man. He was a patriotic man, and an American to his heart's core. He was, I believe, a life-long democrat in the highest sense of the word. He was opposed to the war only, I believe, for the reason that he thought a war would mean the death-blow to a republican form of government. I remember that his letters to me at Paris just before, and at the time war was declared, seemed those of a man whose heart was nearly broken. In a letter to me at Paris, written from Burlington, Iowa, November 4th, 1861, he says:

"Our whole country is transformed into a military camp. Go into any of our towns and you see men in uniform moving about the streets, sometimes in companies or squads, sometimes singly or in numbers of two or more. A

sort of martial law prevails all over the country. Men are arrested and thrown into prison on suspicion, and a writ of habeas corpus which would never be disregarded in England is laughed to scorn. Several of the States—especially Missouri, Kentucky and Virginia are to a great extent laid waste. I know of no country on earth in a more deplorable condition than ours, and it does not seem to me to be improving. Men are flocking into the army from all quarters for the means of obtaining a livelihood. There is said to be half a million of men or more already in the service in the Northern States and nearly as many more in the South. There will be no difficulty in raising as many more if the means can only be provided to pay, feed, and clothe them. I am heart sick at the prospect before us, but hope in some unlooked-for way we may escape from our present troubles without individual or national ruin, though the probability of such result seems small. I have long since offered my services to the government whenever they are needed, but have not yet been called on and probably shall not be. I expect to spend the winter in Washington."

In this same letter he also writes:

"The Democratic party nominated me for Governor, but afterwards a third party styling itself the Union party, proposed to unite with the Democrats and go for Col. Merritt, who had just returned from the war with the smell of gunpowder upon his garments, and thinking that in this manner the Republicans would more probably be beaten I withdrew from the canvass."

(The Republican candidate was Kirkwood.)

In November, 1868, he wrote from Burlington to me in Rome:

"I scarcely expect to ever see a constitutional government restored in this country. Grant may, if he will, become a second Washington, but that is hardly to be hoped for, judging by the examples afforded by the world's history. The military power will hardly yield again to the civil. Theoretically it will do so, but not practically. The army will govern us for many years to come, and the maxims and principles which prevail in Europe will be substituted for those which our fathers vainly hoped had been established here for all generations. The republican day dreams of my youth and earlier manhood are at an end. A centralized government has taken the place of the federal constitution, and that central government must necessarily be imperial by whatever forms it is controlled. I am accommodating myself to this change as best I may."

In November, 1872, he writes again upon this subject, ending with this paragraph.

"I look upon the future of the republic with gloomy apprehension, but still I shall be glad to find myself mistaken."

I think he lived long enough to find that there was more vitality in our republic than he had been led to expect.

In this same letter, *apropos* of what I said about his being like an old Roman, is the following:

"I suppose that you are back again in Rome for the winter. I should like

for one season to breathe the same balmy air as that inhaled by the stalwart old republicans and patriots who have long been the theme of my admiration. Our winters are too severe; but then they are our own."

The great sorrow of his life came with the death of his wife in the latter part of March, 1873. About the middle of the following July his daughter was married to Captain George C. Remey, of the U. S. Navy. A few days later all three sailed for Europe, landing at Queenstown, visiting Ireland, Scotland and England, and going from there to Belgium, Holland, and up the Rhine into Switzerland. They came down into Italy where I met them first in Perugia and afterwards in Rome, which city and the surrounding country greatly interested him. He was especially drawn to the study of the unhealthiness of the Roman campagna, and, on arriving later in Paris, he wrote me a long letter giving his views regarding the cause of the malaria, and how to remedy the evil.

They sailed from Liverpool for home on the 3rd of January 1874. He at once entered into the subject of the resumption of specie payments, of which he wrote to me from Washington under date of February 7th, 1874:

"I am kept busy with various matters, chiefly among which is my plan for the resumption of specie payments in such a way as to create no disturbance in the relations of money and property, and to secure all the most essential advantages of a convertible currency from the date of the passage of the law on that subject. * * You expressed a wish to see a pamphlet I had prepared on this subject in 1872. * * * I will send you one if they arrive (from Burlington) as expected, from which you will see the general plan by which I expect to attain my object. I know I understand this matter better than any one in congress. It has been a study with me for many years, and I have made many improvements in the manner of elucidating it since the pamphlet was printed. * * * If I shall succeed in successfully solving the most important problem of the day I shall be tolerably well satisfied with myself; and if I can follow this up by other measures equally important which I have long had in view, and which will follow naturally from this, I shall feel that I have made a reasonably good use of the talent that was committed to me by the Great Father, and shall be willing, as far as this matter is concerned, to render my final account. * * * If I can secure to my country the objects I have in view, I shall envy no man the laurels gathered by the bloody hand of war."

He concludes this letter, —a long one in which he touches many subjects, — in a mood of sad tenderness, referring to his wife, and two young daughters who died sometime about 1853 within a few days of each other. Of his own departure he writes to me:—

"And when, at no very distant day, you shall learn that the dreaded passage which interposes between you and the unseen world has been accomplished by me, let no dismal thoughts take possession of your mind, but waft me your kind congratulations that apprehensions and agony have been exchanged for that rest and happiness which faith teaches us have been prepared for us on the shores of a happy hereafter.

"My thoughts are again with my wife and children. I wonder how they communicate with each other without the use of the material organs of speech and hearing. Perhaps they have to go through an infancy, and learn a new mode of exchanging ideas; and who can tell but that those little children who were taught the language of this world by their mother have since been repaying their obligations in this respect by giving her the benefit of their education during the more than twenty years that they preceded her in the other."

He then quotes the lines of Mrs. Barbauld ending with

"Give little warning,
"Say not good-night, but in some brighter sphere
"Bid me good morning."

Personally Judge Mason was a man over six feet in height, thin and somewhat angular. His movements were energetic and *direct*, and he carried himself erect, a habit no doubt formed during his military education at West Point, where he afterwards became a professor of mathematics. I remember he once told me that during his professorship at West Point he used to spend his vacations at his old home and birth place, Pompey, Onondago County, N. Y. In going across the country several changes had to be made. The last stage of his journey was made in a light wagon driven by a boy who carried the mail. This boy afterwards became the celebrated New York citizen, Leonard W. Jerome.

His mind was, naturally, a judicial one. He listened attentively, and arranged his thoughts, exercising judgment over what he was about to say before saying it, not given much to talking, but rather a reticent man; capable of being very interesting when he did talk, and with a quick sense of humor that brought with it a cheery smile and a twinkle of the eye. He was a pure man I never heard any but pure words come from his lips. He was, as I before said, a very *just* man:—just, merciful and kind-hearted. He had no bad or useless habits; used no tobacco or spirits, and I believe never drank coffee or tea until he was quite advanced in life. He was careful of money, economical and self-denying, and yet very few people knew how many young men he befriended, advised and assisted with money. I know of one, myself, for whom he did all of that and more, for to me he stood in the place of a father, giving me what was better than money or advice,—affection.

I will conclude with an extract from a letter written to me from Burlington, dated January 25th, 1852, a few months after I had begun my art study in New York, chiefly through his assistance and efforts in my behalf.

"I am anxious to hear from you again since you have been for some time in attendance at the Academy of Design. I hope all your expectations will be realized. I take great interest in your success, and am expecting something extraordinary as the result of your studies and efforts. Let nothing dishearten you. The pursuit is a noble one. I trust you will strive to stand in the front rank among artists. In your profession, as in all others, there must frequently be causes and occasions of discouragement, but perseverance and determination will be sure to carry you through triumphantly if your health does not fail

you.—How are your financial affairs? Let me know whether you need anything on that score. Your expenses are not great, but I hope you will not deny yourself anything necessary to your progress in your studies."

GEORGE H. YEWELL.

In conversation with Hon. Geo. G. Wright, of Des Moines, a few days since, he said:

You wish my estimate of a man dear to me.

Mason (Charles), Williams (Joseph), Wilson (Thomas), were our District and Supreme Court Judges for the Territory. They were succeeded in the State by Hastings, Kinney, Hall (J. C.), Greene (Geo.). Williams (Jos.), was also of the Supreme Court after the State was admitted. After that Norman W. Isbell, W. G. Woodward, and myself. Isbell resigned in 1856, and L. D. Stockton, of Burlington, took his place. He died in 1860, and I took his place, and among my other colleagues were Ralph P. Lowe, Caleb Baldwin, Jno. F. Dillon, C. C. Cole, Jos. M. Beck, Elisha Williams, of Clayton. The first State District Judges were Geo. H. Williams, James Grant, Davenport, Cyrus Olney, Fairfield, and Jas. P. Carleton, Iowa City.

I was admitted to the bar in Iowa under Judge Mason, on April 1st, 1841, at Fairfield. There were present at that time David Rorer, W. H. Starr, Rich. Reid, Weld (my first partner), W. H. Wallace, J. B. Teas, Thomas Gray (just admitted, I believe, though he may have been Deputy Clerk of the Courts), Samuel Shuffleton, Cyrus Olney, James W. Grimes, Richard Humphreys, Sam. W. Summers. Mason was from New York, and appointed by Van-Buren in 1838. He was a little awkward in his movements, and yet, a graduate of West Point, was always manly and dignified in manner. He was a most conscientious man, and his pole-star was to administer the law and justice according to law; and technicalities hampered him but little, as his natural acumen intuitively led. Very industrious, he was impatient of restraint and cut his way to his conclusions, often asserting what he believed law and justice dictated, regardless of precedents. If we consult Morris' and the first volume of G. Green's Reports, we shall see how active his brain, how large a share he took in settling the law in those early days. His was an aggressive mind—never behind others in important or advanced ideas in legislation. He was very positive in opinion and very inquiring in disposition. A member of the Commission reporting the Code of 1851, and the most active member of it, their report will stand a record in all its parts, of how ready he was to innovate upon the established law and strike into new paths. Among other things he was then abreast with the most advanced legislation at this time as to *property and personal rights of women*, proposed to abolish all laws for the collection of debts of over (I believe) \$100, and all usury laws. He always had sincere and positive convictions, was somewhat credulous, took what any one would say—where there was no reason to suspect—as correct, was confiding and the very soul of honor and integrity. Quick of speech—when excited not a little apt to stammer—he at times would fail in giving exact and clear expression to his views. He was better fitted for the bench than the bar, for a desire to

repress his rapidity of utterance caused him to hesitate in expression, and thus he was at fault as an advocate. And yet he grasped with readiness the law and the facts, and brushed aside non-essentials. Such a mind—intuitive, inquiring, laborious—was, as will be readily seen, just and well adapted to the position of Commissioner of Patents, a place held by him for years, and it may be doubted whether there was ever any better in that high office.

He was economical, saved his money, lived on his farm near Burlington, was not neglectful of money-getting, and died leaving a good estate to his only heir. As a man he was as much respected and esteemed as any of the early jurists and public men of our Territory and State. He was honest as a man and a judge, of the cleanest habits, had an utter abhorrence of the dissolute and intemperate, and exercised a most beneficial example on the side of morality.

RAILROAD LEGISLATION IN IOWA.



IT WAS said by one of the most sagacious of our public men that government in a republic was not an exact science, that it was simply a series of experiments undertaken for the public welfare and liable to modification whenever the results failed to secure the ends proposed; that the laws of the Medes and Persians were not fitted for the conditions of a free and progressive people. The truth of these propositions is clearly demonstrated in the railway legislation of the State of Iowa. During its existence as a Territory we have been unable to find anything like legislation on railroads, but in the first session of the General Assembly of the State we find under the head of "Incorporations" an Act to authorize general incorporation, approved February 22nd, 1847, the first section of which authorizes any number of persons to incorporate themselves for the transaction of any business that may be the lawful subject of a general partnership, including the establishment of ferries, the construction of railroads and other works of internal improvement.

They may make such regulations as they please in relation

to the management of their business not incompatible with an honest and legal purpose.

They may render their individual interests in the corporation transferable, the death of a member shall not terminate the corporation, they may sue and be sued in their corporate name and may exempt private property from corporate debts, and may hold, buy and sell real estate; all corporations for constructing railroads and other works of internal improvement shall file a certified copy of their articles of association in the office of the secretary. A notice was to be published in some newspaper in the county where the organization was, giving the name of the corporation and the principal place of transacting business, the general nature of the business to be transacted, the amount of capital stock incorporated, amount paid in and the times and conditions on which the remainder is to be paid. The corporation shall not be permitted to continue for more than twenty years, but may be renewed for a like time by the unanimous consent of the corporators. Intentional fraud in the transactions of the company shall subject the parties guilty to fine and imprisonment, and any party injured by such fraud may recover damages from the corporation. The payment of dividends that will leave insufficient funds to meet the liabilities of the company shall be deemed fraud. A failure to comply with the foregoing regulations renders the individual property of the members of the company liable for corporate debts. The Act closes with a section that seems to be in conflict with the foregoing and evidently was added by some one who was not fully in sympathy with the law.

Section 26 reads as follows: "The private property of each stockholder shall be liable for all debts of the corporation to the amount of stock owned by such stockholder at the time when such debts were contracted and also to the amount of stock owned by such stockholder at any subsequent time."

On January 24th, 1848, a joint resolution was passed instructing the Senators and requesting the Representatives in

Congress to procure from the government of the United States a grant of land for the construction of a railroad from Davenport by way of Iowa City, Monroe City, Raccoon Forks, to some point near Council Bluffs on the Missouri River in this State.

On January 22nd, 1848, a memorial was made to Congress asking for a grant of land to aid in the construction of a railroad from Dubuque through the counties of Dubuque, Jones, Linn, Johnson, Washington, Henry, and Lee to Keokuk. The memorial, in addition, asks for the improvement of the Upper and Lower Rapids of the Mississippi and styles that river "a great arm of the ocean upon which the surplus produce of the western farmer finds its way to feed the starving population of the old world," the object of this railway being in part to avoid the Rapids and to furnish pine lumber for a region that could not well be settled from the scarcity of timber. This project, which evidently got but little further than the memorial, was unpopular with the river cities between Dubuque and Keokuk and was generally afterward known as the "Ram's Horn."

An Act granting the right of way to the Davenport and Iowa City Railway Company was approved January 14th, 1851. This grants to the company the right of way through any street or alley of Iowa City from the eastern boundary to Center Market, and also a strip one hundred feet wide through Section 16 and any other land that may be owned by the State of Iowa. In obtaining the right of way for the railroad over the lands of individual proprietors the grant may be from individual owners, agents, or guardians, and neither acknowledgment nor record shall be necessary to the validity of the grant. In case of refusal to grant the right of way the judge of the District Court shall, on the application of either party appoint three disinterested free-holders who shall inspect the premises and assess the damages (if any) the owner will sustain by the construction of said road, and shall make report in writing to the clerk of said court, who shall file and

preserve the same; and if the company at any time before entering upon the land for the purpose of constructing the road shall pay to the clerk for the use of the proprietor the sum so assessed they shall be fully justified in constructing and maintaining their said road over and across said premises. The right of appeal is given, but the railway company shall not be liable for costs of appeal unless a greater amount of damages is recovered than the first award. In the case of non-resident owners notice is given by publication and the damages assessed as in the case of residents by the three disinterested free-holders.

On January 14th, 1851, an act was approved for the relief of the Rock Island & LaSalle Railroad Co., which was authorized to build a depot in the city of Davenport and carry freight and passengers across the Mississippi River between Rock Island and Davenport, and that when a railway was built westerly from Davenport towards the western part of the State that said company would have the right to purchase the depot and carry freight and passengers. This legislature granted the right of way to the Camanche & Council Bluffs, the Lyons Central, the Iowa Western, and the Dubuque & Keokuk roads by statutes which seem to be exact copies of the grant above quoted to the Davenport & Iowa City railroad.

A joint resolution approved January 5th, 1853, memorializes Congress for a grant of land from Burlington and Keokuk to some convenient point of junction east of the Des Moines River and thence west to the Missouri River at some point near the mouth of the Platte; another, approved the same day, asking a grant from McGregor Landing on the Mississippi in Clayton county to some point near the mouth of the Big Sioux River. On December 30, 1852, a memorial and joint resolution was approved asking a grant of land from Davenport by way of Muscatine to a point at or near Council Bluffs on the Missouri River. On January 5, 1853, a memorial and joint resolution was approved asking a grant of land for a railway from Dubuque on the Mississippi, by way of Fort Des Moines, to

a point on the Missouri at or near Kaneshville. The reason urged for the grant was the Act of Congress granting lands to Illinois and Missouri for similar purposes, and much stress is laid upon the fact that the lands owned by the General Government are exempt from taxation. On January 18, 1852, a General Act was passed granting to railroad companies the right of way. Very little change has been made in the provisions of this law. The first section authorizes the railroad company "to take so much land as is necessary for the location, construction and use of the road, and to remove and use for its construction and repair any earth, gravel, stone, timber, or other material on the land taken, *provided*, the land so taken otherwise than by the owner's consent, shall not exceed one hundred feet in width, except for wood and water stations, unless where greater width is necessary for excavation, embankment, or depositing waste earth." This proviso was attached to the authority to take the lands by condemnation at the instance of Gilman Folsom, a member of the House of Representatives from Johnson county. Mr. Folsom was a lawyer of great learning and of profound convictions, and among these was a belief that it was unsafe for the State to extend its power of eminent domain to any corporation beyond the absolute necessities of the situation. His reasoning was this: that for depots and stations these corporations could buy the grounds needed; if this could not be accomplished, the one hundred feet properly utilized would, while perhaps at some inconvenience, furnish the necessary facilities and the business could be done on the hundred feet right of way. The law has since been changed, authorizing the condemnation of additional station grounds, and it is now generally conceded that any fears of the abuse of this power were groundless. There are nearly one thousand railway stations in the State, and condemnation proceedings have been exercised in not more than six instances. Where, for any reason, the value of the land required for the road can not be agreed upon it shall be determined by commissioners

appointed by the sheriff of the county in which the lands are located. The commission shall be composed of six freeholders, unless a less number shall be agreed upon; they shall report to the sheriff the amount of damages found and a record of the same shall be kept. By payment to the sheriff of the amount of the award the railroad company may enter upon the lands. The right of appeal is reserved to either party. Suitable notice is provided for non-residents, the railway company is allowed to raise or lower any highway and authorized to carry their railroad across, over or under any railroad, canal, stream or water course where it may be necessary, and is required to so construct its crossings as not unnecessarily to impede the travel, transportation or navigation upon the railroad, canal or stream so crossed. The railroads shall be liable to damages in consequence of neglect of the provisions of the Act. The railroads are authorized to pass over, occupy and enjoy without payment of damages any of the school, University, saline or other lands of the State, provided no more land is taken than required for the necessary use and convenience of the corporation. "When any person owns land on both sides of any railroad the corporation owning such railroad shall, when required so to do, make and keep in good repair one causeway or other adequate means of crossing the same."

On January 25, 1855, an Act was approved which makes it lawful "for every railway company organized under the laws of this State to issue its bonds to secure the payment of money borrowed for construction or equipment, at such rate of interest as it may deem expedient, and may sell the same at such discount as may be necessary; and such bonds shall be legal and binding. That when any company shall have received, or may hereafter receive, the bonds of any city or county upon subscription of stock by such city or county such bonds may bear interest at any rate not exceeding ten per cent., and may be sold by the company at such discount as may be deemed expedient." In the decision of the State Supreme Court in

the Wapello case the writer says this section of the law was intended to strengthen the authority on which the city and county bonds had been issued to aid in the construction of railroads, but the decision denied the power of the Legislature to make a grant of this character.

On the same day an Act was approved which authorized any railway in the State to intersect, join or unite with any other railroad in an adjoining State on the State line or elsewhere as may be agreed upon; such railroads were authorized to merge or consolidate their stocks upon such terms as may be mutually agreed upon, provided the consent of three-fourths of the stockholders in amount shall be obtained. They are empowered to extend their lines into other States, and their rights and privileges over such extensions shall be the same as if in this State. The railroad company connecting with another road at the boundary of this State shall have the power to make such contracts and agreements with any such roads constructed in an adjoining State for the transportation of freight and passengers as the board of directors may deem proper.

LAND GRANTS.

On July 14th, 1856, the Railroad Land Grant Act was approved. The title of the law is as follows: "An Act to accept of the grant and carry into execution the trust conferred upon the State of Iowa by an Act of Congress entitled an Act making a grant of lands to the State of Iowa in alternate sections to aid in the construction of railroads in said State. Approved May 15th, 1856."

This law was framed by N. B. Judd, a prominent Chicago lawyer, who was at the time acting as the attorney of the Chicago & Rock Island Railroad. Very little change was made, the bill passing as it came into the hands of the committee. Ben Samuels, a prominent attorney from Dubuque, took charge of it in the House, and Mr. Coolbaugh, a leading banker of Burlington, in the Senate. Maturin L. Fisher was President of the Senate, and Reuben Noble Speaker of the

House. The General Assembly accepts the grant upon the terms, conditions and restrictions contained in the Act of Congress. The lands granted for the purpose of aiding in the construction of a road from Burlington to the Missouri River near the mouth of the Platte were granted the Burlington & Missouri River Railroad Company. Those to aid in the construction of a railroad from Davenport *via* Iowa City and Fort Des Moines to Council Bluffs were granted to the Mississippi & Missouri Railroad Company. Those from Lyons running as nearly as practicable along the forty-second parallel across the State to the Missouri River were granted to the Iowa Central Air Line Railroad Company. Those from Dubuque to the Missouri River at or near Sioux City were granted to the Dubuque & Pacific Railroad Company. The lines or routes of the roads were to be fixed by the first day of April following. The roads were each required to build seventy-five miles within three years and thirty miles in addition for each year thereafter. The gauge was fixed at four feet eight and one-half inches, and the roads to be finished in a style and of a quality equal to the average of other first-class western roads, and where intersected by other roads to make all turn-outs, sidings and switches as may be necessary for the transportation of all freight and passengers over either or any of the roads hereby mutually accommodated, and at rates not to exceed the regular charges on such roads. The rights of any claimant or occupant of any of the lands granted were protected and the company was required under certain conditions to deed lands to claimants. The companies were required to file written acceptance of the Act, and were required at all times to be subject to such rules and regulations as may from time to time be enacted by the General Assembly of Iowa. They were required to make an annual report to the Secretary of State and accept the grant with the conditions imposed and in no event to have any claim or recourse on the State of Iowa.

Nearly three and one-half millions of acres of land were by

this Act disposed of and not a dollar was expended in influencing the members or any one else. It may be doubted whether this could now be done without very considerable expenditure in this line. The lands when sold averaged probably from seven to eight dollars per acre. Lyons, Maquoketa and Anamosa were, by special Act, authorized to subscribe to the capital stock of any railroad corporation after an election had been held and the majority of the voters had approved of such subscription.

On January 28, 1857, an Act was approved supplemental to the Land Grant Act which authorized a disposition of the lands by mortgage or deed of trust for the purpose of securing monies for the completion of the roads, authorized the payment of interest not to exceed ten per cent. per annum and the issuing of bonds which might be sold at the best price that could be procured, provided the monies realized were applied exclusively to the construction and equipment of the roads. The rights of the State and Congress under the original grant were reserved. On the same day an Act was passed directing the treasurer of Scott county to pay to the treasurers of Cedar, Muscatine and Johnson counties a portion of the county tax collected from the non-resident stockholders of the Mississippi & Missouri Railroad for the years 1857 and 1858, so that each county shall receive such portion of the taxes collected from non-resident stockholders as the number of miles in each county is to the whole length of the railroad so constructed. On January 21, a joint resolution was approved asking Congress to repeal the duties on railroad iron, the resolution stating that the present duty was a serious burden upon the people of the State by reason of the increased expense of constructing railroads. On the same day a memorial of the General Assembly was approved asking the construction of a railroad from the western border of the State to the Pacific Ocean. In the light of history the following paragraph is at least interesting: "Your memorialists will not presume to dictate whether the General Government

should embark directly in the construction of so great a work or whether it would be more prudent to aid private enterprise in its construction by grants of land, mail contracts, etc." With regard to the route, "they regard the valley of the Platte River and through the South Pass of the Rocky Mountains as the natural highway to the shores of the Pacific from the middle and western States and the great emigrant route to Oregon and California."

On March 20, 1858, an Act was approved which confined the liability of the stockholder in a railroad company to the amount of stock held by him. The balance of the Act seems to be a repetition of the authority to borrow money by mortgage, to issue bonds, and for recording the mortgages. On March 22, 1858, an Act was approved "relating to the crime of placing obstructions on railroad tracks or removing any rail therefrom, or in any way to injure such railroad or do any other thing whereby the life of any one is or may be endangered; the punishment was confinement in the State penitentiary for life or any term not less than two years. On the same day an Act was approved which authorized counties to use swamp lands to aid in the construction of railroads; the proposition must be submitted to a popular vote, the State to be released from all liability for reclaiming the land.

On March 31, 1860, a joint resolution was approved asking a grant of land to aid in the construction of a railroad from McGregor to the Missouri River westward across the State of Iowa. By an Act approved March 7, 1860, the time for the completion of the first seventy-five miles of the Dubuque & Pacific Railroad Company was extended. By an Act approved March 17, 1860, the grant of lands to the Iowa Central Air Line Railroad Company was resumed, the reasons given that the company had failed to comply with the conditions of the grant and had utterly failed to construct any part of its road; and by an Act approved March 26, 1860, the grant was conferred upon the Cedar Rapids & Missouri River Railroad Company, the conditions being that forty

miles should be completed the first year and thirty miles a year for two years thereafter.

By an Act approved April 7, 1862, the Dubuque & Sioux City Company was required to release certain swamp, school and river lands on the line of their road, the compensation being an extension of the time fixed for completing their road. By an Act approved April 8, 1862, "Any railroad company shall on request permit any other railroad company to connect with and shall draw cars over its road at reasonable times and for a compensation not exceeding its ordinary rates. In case of a disagreement as to connection or rates the judge of the District Court may appoint three disinterested persons who shall determine the terms of connection and the rates and regulations necessary thereto. By an Act approved the same day the secretary, treasurer and general superintendent were required to reside in Iowa, that their offices shall be kept within the State at a place designated in the charter as the general business office of the company, at which office the original record, stock and transfer books and all the original papers and vouchers necessary to such company shall be kept. The treasurer was required to keep a record of the whole financial condition of the company which should be open at all reasonable hours for the inspection of any stockholder and any investigation instituted by the Legislature of the State. A report shall be made in the month of January of each year to the Secretary of State, showing the capital stock of the company and the amount paid thereon, the amount of bonds issued and how secured and all other indebtedness, the length of said railroad when completed, how much built and in use, the number of acres of land donated or granted, by whom, and what disposition had been made of them, the gross receipts, net receipts, and dividends and how disbursed, and such other facts necessary to give a full statement of the affairs and condition of said roads.

The board of directors may establish a transfer office in any other State in which may be kept duplicate transfer

books, but in no case can a transfer of shares be in force or binding until the same is entered in the original transfer book. On the same day an Act was approved "in relation to the duties of railroad companies" which required that each company make a report under oath to the Legislature, giving the amount expended in construction, equipment, depots and other buildings and miscellaneous expenses, the length of the road, number of planes in it with inclination to the mile, the greatest curvature of the road, the average width of grade and the number of ties per mile; that in the month of September of each year it shall fix its rates of fare for passengers and its rates of fare for freight, and shall put up in its station houses and keep posted printed copies of the same. When a railroad runs through improved or fenced lands the company shall make proper cattle-guards where they enter or leave such improved or fenced lands. At highways the company shall construct good and safe crossings. Failing to fence on both sides of its road against live-stock running at large the company is liable to the owner for the value of stock killed or injured, and for recovery it shall only be necessary for the owner of the property to prove the injury or destruction complained of, and in case the railway company neglects or refuses to pay the value after thirty days' notice it shall be liable for double the value of the property. Every railroad company shall be liable for damages sustained by any person, including its own employees, in consequence of any neglect of its agents, engineers or other employees. By an Act approved the same day, in relation to revenue, the railroads were required to make a sworn statement of the gross receipts of their roads for the year ending January first, and the Treasurer shall levy a tax of one per cent. on said gross receipts. The State Treasurer is to collect this tax and proportion one-half the amount among the counties through which the road runs in proportion to the number of miles of main track in the county. The tax herein provided shall be in lieu of all taxes for any and all purposes on the road bed, track, rolling-stock,

and necessary buildings for operating the road. By an Act approved February 18, 1864, railroad companies by their directors might issue construction and equipment bonds in sums of not less than fifty dollars, and by an Act approved March 12, 1864, to issue preferred stock, and change the corporate name of the company by the assent of two-thirds of the stockholders in amount, which change shall in no way affect the rights, powers or privileges of the corporation or its liabilities to third parties.

Chapter 86, laws of 1864, seems to indicate a strong desire on the part of the Legislature to facilitate the construction of railroads; it allows a drawback of fifteen per cent. on the gross earnings of any road or business coming to or going over any connecting road. The board of directors for the purpose of inducing the investment of capital in the extension of their road may enter into contract with parties furnishing the means, allowing the drawback, or may lease the road to those parties; this drawback may be mortgaged to secure construction bonds. The board of directors are authorized to make contracts for lease or joint running arrangements with connecting roads upon such reasonable and just terms as may be agreed upon by the parties.

An Act approved April 5, 1864, provides for the construction of railroad bridges across the Mississippi and Missouri Rivers; among the provisions of the Act are these: the supervisors of the county in which the bridge is located are to select the Iowa terminus, the company is authorized to select the place on the opposite bank, the plans must also be submitted to the supervisors for approval. The companies constructing these bridges may issue bonds and mortgage their property by consent of the stockholders, with the consent of the supervisors may construct roads for footmen and teams and charge rates of toll to be approved by them. One director must be a citizen of the State. No bridge shall be so located or constructed as to unnecessarily impair or obstruct the navigation of the rivers.

By an Act approved April 2, 1866, the railroad companies were authorized to issue preferred stock in payment of debts, which shall be entitled to dividends not to exceed eight per cent., the amount being limited to ten thousand dollars per mile. On the same date an Act was approved which is the first we have found so far of a stringent character and asserts the power of the State in the line of regulation and deprives the railroads of the power to protect themselves by contract, a right which seems to inhere to the transactions between individuals. It reads as follows: "That in the transportation of persons and property by any railroad or other company or by any person or persons engaged in the business of transportation of persons or property, no contract, receipt, rule or regulation shall exempt such railroad or other company, person or firm from the full liabilities of a common carrier, which in the absence of any contract, receipt, rule or regulation would exist with respect to such person or property." If this is understood, it follows that a railroad company may not relieve itself of liability even in a case where it carries goods at a very low rate under the condition that release from liability is an element in making the rate. At all events it seems to be the first positive assertion of power in the line of railway control. On February 11th, 1868, an Act was approved providing for the early construction of the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific Railroad from Davenport to Council Bluffs. The preamble states this corporation having purchased at a judicial sale the property, rights, etc., of the Mississippi & Missouri Railroad Company and consolidated with the Chicago & Rock Island Railroad, a company chartered under the laws of Illinois, desires to complete its road to the Missouri river as soon as practicable. Section 2 which is all of the Act having any special interest, provides that the road should be completed to a connection with the Union Pacific within two years, and that the lands heretofore granted must be applied for that purpose, that the company shall at all times be subject to such rules, regulations and

rates of tariff for transportation of freight and passengers as may be enacted by the General Assembly. It further provided that the proceeds of 49,000 shares of stock issued and sold by said company, by and under the direction of its executive committee (which shall be deemed and taken to be full paid shares) shall be applied to the construction, completion and equipment of the road, and further required that the board of directors of said consolidated company shall postpone the annual meeting of the stockholders for the election of directors until the first Wednesday of June, 1867, and this company shall signify its acceptance of this Act by filing in the office of the Secretary of State a written acceptance thereof within 90 days from the passage of this Act. In case the company failed to comply with the requirements, it forfeited its franchises and corporate rights, and all lands granted to aid in the construction of the road. The striking peculiarities of this legislation are the authority exercised by the General Assembly to apply certain funds belonging to the company to a specific purpose, the legalizing an issue of stock, the taking the control of the road out of the hands of the stockholders and retaining it for one year in the hands of the directors who evidently were not in sympathy with the owners of the property. The filing the acceptance seemed in the nature of a contract with the State and no attempt was made to set it aside although there seemed ample grounds to do so. March 27, 1868, an Act was passed (and became a law without the approval of the Governor) to enable townships, incorporated towns and cities to aid in the construction of railroads. This authorizes the township or city authorities wherever sanctioned by a popular vote, to levy a tax not exceeding five per cent. on the assessed value of property, to be collected by the Treasurer. The amount must be expended in the township or the one contiguous, after an equal amount has been expended by the railroad company.

Chapter 79, approved April 3, 1868, makes the lessees or others running or operating roads in the State liable for

injuries to stock in the same manner as provided for railroad companies. April 7, 1868, an Act was approved to enable corporations to take and hold real estate for the purpose of constructing and maintaining dams and reservoirs to accumulate and hold water to supply engines—the same rules apply to acquiring the property by condemnation proceedings as in the right of way.

By an Act approved April 12, 1870, where a right of way has not been used for ten years it will be regarded as abandoned and any other company may occupy the same; if the landowner has been paid for his land the amount of damages goes to the old corporation and not to the landholder. There is little else in the legislation of this year that differs from previous enactments.

Chapter 65, Laws of the Fifteenth General Assembly, approved March 21, 1874, provides that a failure to use a railroad track for five years shall be regarded as abandonment, and all rights and privileges over so much as remains unfinished shall accrue to any person or corporation who may enter the abandoned work.

As a result of the panic of 1873, the prices of all the products of the farm were very low, while the rates charged by the railroad companies remained about the same as before. The high prices during the war and the six or seven years following had made the rates paid a small percentage of the value of property shipped; the reduction in the value of farm products made the existing rates burdensome and the control of rates by legislation became a part and parcel of the political campaign of the fall of 1873. The Legislature that assembled in 1874 came to the subject of railroad legislation with views widely differing on many points from those that had general acceptance up to that time, and which the railroad companies maintained with great persistency until the courts settled many questions with regard to the powers of the Legislature and the rights and duties of corporations.

Up to this time practically all legislation had been for the

express purpose of facilitating the construction of railroads, and although some assertions of power had been introduced into laws enacted and some restraining clauses put in, they were rather in the nature of the injunctions of an indulgent parent for the guidance of a favored child than the positive orders of an unbending and stern parent whose temperament makes every action of his son censurable. Whether this be a correct diagnosis of the situation or not, the General Assembly prepared to exercise powers and authority that were at least questioned by the subjects of it, and over which a long and bitter contest was waged. The granger Legislature went into the contest with a fixed resolution to assert its powers and settle its rights. The title to Chapter 68, approved March 19, 1874, is "An Act to establish reasonable maximum rates of charges for the transportation of freight and passengers on the different railroads of this State." They were classified according to the amount of their respective gross earnings for the preceding year, class A all roads earning more than \$4,000 per mile per year, class B earning less than \$4,000 and more than \$3,000, and class C all roads earning less than \$3,000 per mile. The passenger fare was limited to three, three and one-half and four cents per mile respectively for the three classes. A classification and a schedule of maximum rates were adopted for the roads. Of these rates class A roads were entitled to ninety per cent., class B one hundred and five per cent., and class C one hundred and twenty per cent. It was claimed that the rates were oppressive and many of the corporations refused to put the schedules and classification into effect and continued the resistance until every resource to defeat the law had been exhausted. In the light of the experience of the present day the rates and classification, considering the excitement of the times and the struggle that was precipitated, were certainly reasonable and more favorable than might have been expected. They were copied in the main from the Illinois rates and were the production of a mind familiar with the cost of railroad service and disposed to

act justly. The courts sustained the legislation in Iowa and a number of other western States where the same questions were raised and the railways affected by this contest have been known from that day to this in the stock market as "granger roads."

Penalties sufficient to bankrupt any road that resisted the execution of the law were imposed, but we are not aware that any of them were ever collected. The State having asserted its authority and being sustained at all points by the courts of the State and nation, good naturedly omitted penalties and only insisted on future obedience. Should the railroad history of Iowa ever be written the session of the "Granger Legislature" will be dwelt upon as the most interesting and instructive of the entire series, the transition from the period of nurture and indulgence to control, absolute and unbending, so far as statutory enactments could make it.

Chapter 123, approved March 15, 1876, was passed to enable townships, incorporated towns and cities, to aid in the construction of railroads. This prescribed the method of notice and election, the duty of the board of supervisors, the method of collection of taxes, and limits the amount levied under the provisions of the law to five per cent. The law closes with a section in which is implied a doubt whether the question of legislative control is entirely settled. The section reads as follows: "All railroads in this State constructed by or with the aid of any taxes levied and collected under the provisions of this Act shall be subject to the control of the General Assembly thereof in regard to the management of the same and the charges for the transportation of freights and passengers thereon."

As before stated the Legislature showed a disposition to treat with leniency the failure to adopt the tariff of 1874, and by an Act approved March 24, 1876, relieved the companies from criminal prosecutions and provided that no greater sum should be recovered in any case arising under the provisions of the law of 1874, in any civil action or proceeding than the

actual damage suffered; this, however, based upon a sufficient bond and the further condition that the law would be complied with, the classification and schedules adopted. The provisions of this contract must be officially accepted within sixty days.

The Seventeenth General Assembly repealed the Act of the Fifteenth, and in the place of the tariff and classification fixed by statute, enacted the commissioner law. The reasons why this was done have been variously stated and the impression was at the time quite general that the law was too rigid and did not afford the companies the latitude necessary to conduct their business satisfactorily to themselves and their patrons; in other words, the general feeling was that regulation had been carried too far and that greater freedom of action should be given. Governor Larrabee, who was probably the most active of all the members of the Seventeenth General Assembly in favoring the repeal and who certainly knew as much about it as any one, if not more, denies this *in toto*, and claims that the legislation was due to the persistent pressure brought by the corporations who had recovered somewhat from the conflict of 1874, and were desirous of repealing that law. He states positively that the law was generally popular and its repeal was against the drift of popular sentiment.

This law placed the general supervision of all railroads in the State in a commission of three members appointed by the Governor, who were to hold their office for three years and whose duty it was to enquire into any neglect or violation of the laws of the State by any railroad corporation doing business therein. The relation of the Commissioners was that of an advisory board without power to execute any of its orders, nor was there any machinery by which their findings could be enforced except the publicity given by the action of the board. The railroads were forbidden to discriminate in their rates, their charges must be reasonable, the Commissioners on complaint were required to make investigations and report to the Governor. The law was mainly a copy of

the Massachusetts statute which had for some years, under the able administration of Charles Francis Adams, been very satisfactory in that State. It did not, however, fully meet the views of a very considerable number of people and it was but a very short time before the propriety of increasing the powers of the board was agitated. During the session of 1880, very little legislation was passed; the companies holding lands by Congressional and State grants were required to place evidence of their titles on record. Chapter 191, approved March 27, 1880, authorized the condemnation of lands outside the right of way, to straighten the course of ditches where streams crossed the road. It is stated that the intent of this Act was not to create an additional right to divert a water course from its natural channel, but simply to give the right to condemn the land necessary for the right of way in all cases whereby conveyance to the railroad corporation it would have the right to dig such channels or ditches. By Chapter 133, Laws of the Nineteenth General Assembly, approved March 17, 1882, towns and cities may procure and donate railway companies sites for buildings. Upon proper petition by the approval of freeholders, may vacate streets and alleys for this purpose, but no public grounds, or improved property without consent of the owners. The other legislation of this session is simply of a police character.

Chapter 24, Laws of the Twentieth General Assembly, approved March 20, 1884, requires railroad companies where the roads cross to unite in establishing and maintaining suitable station houses when so ordered by the Railroad Commissioners, and keep them warmed and lighted, with suitable conveniences for the transfer of passengers and baggage. Chapter 133, approved April 3, 1884, gives the District Courts power to enforce the orders, rulings and regulations of the board of Railroad Commissioners in matters affecting public rights; the court is required to give these matters precedence over other civil business. It had been regarded by many as a mistake that the commissioner law

provided no means for the enforcement of its findings. To empower the Commission to do this was to establish a new court, the theory of the law being that the rulings of the board would so thoroughly commend themselves to the common judgment, that power to enforce would rather weaken than strengthen the Commission; in other words, publicity was thought to be all that was necessary in matters affecting public right. This law was a decided step in the other direction. Chapter 190, approved April 18, 1884, authorizes railway companies to condemn lands for additional depot grounds with the certificate of the board of Railroad Commissioners that such land is necessary for the reasonable transaction of the business of the road present and prospective. This legislation overrules the theory early advanced by Mr. Folsom that the State should never delegate the power of eminent domain to corporations except in cases where the construction of railways is impossible or at least impracticable without its use. Theories one after another yield to experience and as yet apparently no evil results have followed.

I have generally omitted laws in the nature of police regulations and matters like the resumption and regranteeing of the public domain granted by Act of Congress, as these matters have long since been finally disposed of and are of no interest to one who is studying the development of railway legislation in the State. The session of 1888 is important as making a wide departure from former sessions following in its legislation, largely the interstate commerce law.

Chapter 28 of the Laws of the Twenty-second General Assembly, approved April 5, 1888, is entitled an Act to regulate railroad corporations and other common carriers, to increase the powers and define the duties of the board of Railroad Commissioners, to prevent and punish extortion and unjust discrimination, and to proscribe a mode of procedure and rules of evidence in relation thereto.

The provisions are broad and apply to all railway, express, car, sleeping car, freight and freight line companies, and to any common carriers of passengers and property by rail.

All charges for transportation of passengers or property and for the receiving, delivery, storage or handling the same shall be reasonable and just, and any charges not reasonable or just are prohibited and declared to be unlawful.

Special rates, rebates, drawbacks or other devices are deemed to be unjust discrimination although a less rate may be allowed per hundred pounds on a full car load than on less than a car load of the same kind of freight.

No preferences or advantages may be given to any person firm, corporation or locality. All lines shall afford equal facilities for the interchanges of traffic, shall switch cars, etc. to all other lines upon such terms and conditions as may be fixed by the board of Railroad Commissioners.

No greater charge shall be made for a longer than a shorter haul over any railroad, all or any portion of the shorter haul being included in the longer, and no charge for transporting freight to or from any point shall be greater than a just and fair rate as compared with the price charged for the same kind of freight transported to or from any other point.

Pooling of freights is forbidden, schedules of rates must be posted, no advance of rates may be made without ten days' notice, reduction of rates may be made without notice, combinations against continuous transit, break of bulk and other interruptions not made in good faith for some necessary purpose are unlawful.

In an action for damages the court may compel the attendance of witnesses, the production of books and papers belonging to the corporation, and the claim that it will criminate the person shall be no excuse for a refusal to testify, this evidence shall not be used against the person testifying in a criminal proceeding.

In case of a complaint against a carrier for some act in violation of this law by which parties are injured the Commissioners may investigate and report their conclusions as to what reparation should be made to the parties injured and if the carrier shall cease to violate the law and make reparation for

the injury done, in conformity to the findings of the Commissioners he shall be relieved from further liability.

Whenever a carrier refuses to obey any lawful order or requirement of the board of Commissioners, they may appeal to the District Court which may restrain by injunction any violation of law or disobedience to the order of the Commissioners; there is reserved however the right of appeal to the Supreme Court.

The board of Railroad Commissioners was empowered and directed to make for each railroad doing business in the State a schedule of reasonable maximum charges for the transportation of freight and cars, the authority to make rates includes classifications, and the schedules so made shall in all suits brought against any railroad corporation be taken in all the courts of the State as prima facie evidence that the rates therein fixed are reasonable and just maximum rates and charges for the transportation of freight and cars. The Commissioners are required from time to time to revise the schedules and copies of the same are to be posted where they are accessible to the public.

Whenever complaint is made by an individual, firm or corporation that the rate fixed by the Commissioners is too high the Commissioners are required to investigate, giving the railway company an opportunity to be heard as well as the party complaining. Upon such hearing so provided for the Commissioners shall receive whatever evidence, statements or arguments either party may offer or make pertinent to the matter under investigation; and the burden of proof shall not be held to be upon the person or persons making the complaint, but the Commissioners shall add to the showing made at such hearing whatever information they *may then have or can secure from any source* whatever, and the persons complaining shall be entitled to introduce any published schedule of rates actually charged by any railroad company for substantially the same kind of service in this or any other State, and the lowest rates published or charged by any railroad

company for substantially the same kind of service, whether in this or any other State, shall at the instance of the complainant be accepted as *prima facie* evidence of a reasonable rate for the service under investigation. Or if the railroad company is operating or has traffic connections with any other railroad company outside the State the Commissioners in determining what is reasonable shall take into consideration the rate charged for substantially similar or greater service by said company in any other State.

Penalties are attached for extortion, unjust discrimination as to rates, classifications and the use of cars. One hundred pounds is made the unit of shipments in less than car loads, the car load the unit for large shipments, so that any amount less than a car load must pay the hundred pound rate, and the party shipping one car is entitled to the same rate on his car as the party shipping one thousand cars is to each of his cars.

The railroad companies may handle free or at reduced rates property for the United States, the State of Iowa, municipal governments, for charitable purposes, to and from fairs, for their own employes, their families and their private property, also preachers of religion, the officer of any railroad company and the families of said officer dependent upon him for support.

The Railroad Commissioners, their secretary and such assistants and experts as they may require shall in the performance of their duty be entitled to free transportation. Ten thousand dollars was placed at the disposal of the Commissioners to aid in making investigations and prosecuting suits for the enforcement of this law.

At the same session the special qualifications for Commissioner were stricken out and the board made elective.

Railroad companies were required to make the names of their stations conform to the name of any incorporated town within whose limits it has a station and a penalty is affixed to a failure to do so.

An important law was enacted at this session which author-

izes cities of over seven thousand inhabitants to require the construction of viaducts over or under streets. This law requires the railroad companies to build the viaducts and the cities to pay the abutting damages, the question of the necessity for the viaducts to be determined by the Railroad Commissioners.

Chapter 17, Laws of 1890, approved April 8, 1890, provides for joint rates correcting what was claimed to be prohibited in the former law.

Chapter 18, approved April 5, 1890, requires all cars to be equipped with automatic couplers and power brakes within a specified time, and all locomotives to be equipped with driver brakes.

The Legislature of 1892 amended the law for putting on the automatic coupler and the power brakes extending the time, corrected an error in the joint rate law, extended the naming of railway stations to unincorporated towns, and authorized the railroad Commissioners to require the railroad companies in addition to the reports required by previous legislation to furnish such information as in their judgment may be deemed necessary and reasonable.

The foregoing gives an outline of the legislation of the State on railways. Matters that are of a police character have been omitted as well as penalties, but enough has been given to show the trend of the legislative mind from the genesis of the railway in the State through the various phases of public sentiment during a period of forty-six years.

Very early in the history of the State the Supreme Court construed a statute to authorize by a popular vote cities and counties to issue bonds and subscribe for the stock of railroad companies. The anxiety for the building of railroads involved most of the cities and counties in the eastern part of the State in indebtedness that it took years to pay. In 1862, the Supreme Court reversed its former ruling and denied the authority of cities and counties to issue bonds for this purpose, repudiation followed and years passed without the payment

of principal or interest. The Supreme Court of the United States when this question was presented, held that the State court having sanctioned the indebtedness by its decision that *bona fide* purchasers were protected, or in other words, the State court being on both sides of the question that parties having in good faith furnished the cities and counties money on the faith of the first decision should have their rights protected.

The Constitutional Convention of 1857 limited State indebtedness to five per cent. on the valuation except in cases of war and invasion, and also limited in the same manner the indebtedness of cities and counties. It is probably owing to these provisions that the State and the counties are generally in good financial condition. These safe guards were generally at the time understood to have been adopted through the influence of Governor Grimes and Senator Coolbaugh, who though neither of them were members of the convention had great influence through the State with the leading members of their respective political parties. Whether this be correct or not there can be no question as to the wisdom of those provisions. At a period when men were disposed to run wild on railroad schemes, these wise provisions kept indebtedness within limits that our people without serious burdens upon themselves have been able to meet.

The railroad legislation up to 1874 was nearly all enacted with the intent to furnish the railroad companies all the assistance that could be rendered and it would be superficial in us to criticise it. These men in their day acted generally for the best interests as they existed at the time. The legislation of 1874 was a revulsion, and while some propositions were carried to extremes it developed the relation of the State to the corporations and settled the scope of the powers of the State. It was one of the experiments made for the public welfare. The reaction from this lasted several years, to be again followed by the legislation of 1888, and the reforms of the interstate-commerce law. Since that time there seems to be a

tendency in the other direction and a kindlier feeling seems to be growing. It is probable that the experiments will end in a system of railway management and control which, while not working injustice to capital invested, will further as far as practicable, all the material interests of the State.

PETER A. DEY.

Iowa City, October, 1893.

EARLY RECOLLECTIONS OF IOWA CITY.



HAVE been greatly pleased and highly entertained by reading Prof. Shambaugh's "Contribution to the Early History of Iowa," and as I was myself one among the early settlers of your beautiful city and county, nearly all of the persons therein named, together with most of the incidents related, were personally known to me.

I was a resident of the city during the first session of the Legislative Assembly held in the Butler building, also during the first held in the new, and I was a member of the two last sessions of that assembly held there, as well as a looker-on at the proceedings of the first General Assembly of the new State, in addition to attending several sessions of the Supreme Court of the Territory and State, and all of these opportunities, with a residence of two years in the city, made me familiar with the men and things connected with its first history, all of which rendered the reading of the "contribution" doubly interesting to me.

Most, if not all the men therein named, have no doubt, passed away to the silent shore, while many of the incidents connected with them are forgotten, and as one who still survives them, and who knew them long and well, I can bear testimony to their high character and sterling worth, while to me their memories will be ever green.

My brother and I took the contract from Judge Trimble to furnish the rock for the foundation of the old jail, and we

had in our employ for a time a half negro by the name of Brown, who with his wife resided in the city, and he was a strong, powerful man, and withal a desperate character of the very worst type. One morning after the jail was completed, I was in the law office of Gilman Folsom, when a Mr. Gardner from Old Man's Creek, entered and related that he had a large quantity of bacon that he had been smoking in an old house on the creek, stolen the night before, and I at once suspected Brown, and taking Mr. Gardner with me to the office of Justice Hawkins, he swore out a search warrant, and the justice authorized me to serve it, and taking Gardner and my brother with me we entered Brown's house unexpectedly to him, and while my brother covered him with a pistol, I began the search, and found a dozen or more of smoked hams, shoulders and sides under the bed with a curtain in front to hide them, all of which Gardner said were his. From the large quantity stolen it was evident that Brown had help, and I afterward found a lot more bacon in the house of a man named Hines, which Gardner also claimed to be his, and of course Brown and Hines were both held under heavy bonds to await the action of the grand jury, and failing to give them they were both sent to the new jail. Now at this time there also lived in the city two brothers by the name of Hoge, one of whom showed me his commission as a Mormon elder, and we had employed one of them with Brown in the quarry, while the other did but little work, and got his food and lodging wherever he could procure it. There were also living in the city at this time two other men, whose names were Wallace and Green, and all four of them were single men. Green did nothing that I ever knew of, but Wallace was a worker, and seemed to be a very nice young man. Now at this time that grim old chieftain Poweshiek, with several wives and daughters, paid the city a formal visit, camped down on the bottom, tied his horses' fore feet together, and turned them out to graze, and here he remained for several days with his wives purchasing their outfit, and tak-

ing in the city generally. He was a very large, heavy man, good looking, every inch a chief, and very popular with the white man.

One morning early the old chief came up into town and reported that four of his best horses were stolen from him in the night, and on this news the excitement in the city was great indeed. Judge Lynch had only a short time before this adjourned his court, and yet in spite of all his judgments faithfully carried out by his sheriff "Larruping" John Adams, here were four more horses stolen right under John's nose. Upon looking about and counting noses, it was found that Green, Wallace, and the two Hoge brothers were missing, and suspicion fell upon them. Now at this time there was a desperate canvass in the county for the office of sheriff, and the "Locofocos" had nominated the old sheriff, Sam Trowbridge, while the Whigs had put forth Walter Butler, and in my hearing¹ some one said to Butler, "catch them thieves and bring them and the horses back or withdraw from the canvass," and in less than half an hour Butler had selected his men, and with fast horses was on the trail, and in about ten days he had overhauled them crossing the Missouri line into Arkansas. With the thieves it was, as they supposed, a race for life, and they too had the very best of horses, and the chase was a long one; but Butler was too much for them, and he returned after about fifteen or twenty days with all of the horses and with Wallace and the two Hoge brothers, but Green had made good his escape. The horses were returned to the old chief, and the prisoners sent to jail to keep company with the negro, Brown, and Hines, until either Judge Lynch or Judge Williams should determine their fate, and now there are in that jail five of the most desperate villains that had ever made a track on Iowa soil. No one knew the construction and weak points of that jail so well as the negro Brown, for he had not only assisted my brother and me, about the foundation, but he had attended the masons while laying up the brick walls, and he had a wife in the city who could

supply him with all the tools he needed, and he was therefore the right man in the right place so far as the thieves were concerned. The jailer at this time I think was a man by the name of Pierson, a good, honest, easy-going man, with little or no force, and one night while he was sleeping, the prisoners cut a hole through the ceiling, and once up it was but the work of a moment to cut out only one brick in thickness of the gable with a small crowbar, and one by one they all descended to the ground, were at liberty, and not one of the five was ever caught again.

The two Hoge brothers were afterwards hung at Muscatine for murder, the negro Brown was shot and killed in Missouri by the vigilants, and what became of Green, Wallace and Hines I never knew.

Walter Butler was at that time a man of nerve and energy, brave as a lion, big-hearted, and generous to a fault, and it was a very easy matter for him in those days to pick up in a moment a troop of men as brave and resolute as himself. With all of his popularity he was defeated in his race for sheriff, and I think this had a sad effect upon him, for I heard of his death not long afterwards. I have thus traced out some of the most exciting criminal incidents of those early days.

SAMUEL MURDOCK.

Elkader, Iowa, Aug. 23, 1893.

THE DEATH OF MRS. SALTER.



ON THE 12th of June last, a most shocking accident occurred in the city of Burlington. While the Rev. Dr. Salter, in company with his wife and a couple of lady friends were taking an afternoon ride in a surry, along the shady drives of Aspen Grove cemetery, passing near where some men were grubbing up a dead tree, quicker than thought, the roots of the tree snapped and it fell across the carriage and Mrs. Salter was instantly

killed. Mr. Salter was severely hurt while the other occupants of the carriage escaped unhurt.

Sudden and unanticipated death is a severe shock to friends at any time, but it was doubly so under circumstances of this character. The death of Mrs. Salter was more than a family bereavement, a whole church mourned her loss, and a whole city sat in the shadow of deep sorrow at her departure, and in his affliction Dr. Salter had the sympathies of the numerous readers of his frequent contributions to the pages of the HISTORICAL RECORD. For almost half a century she has been an efficient and loving helper of one of Burlington's most faithful and learned church pastors, and to be thus snatched suddenly from his side must have overwhelmed him with a grief nearly inconsolable.

In the life and prosperity of Dr. Salter the HISTORICAL RECORD has more than a passing interest. As an intelligent and interesting historical writer, he has been a valued and voluminous contributor to its pages. At the fifteenth annual meeting of the State Historical Society, held June 23d, 1873, he delivered the annual address, commemorative of the two hundredth anniversary of the discovery of Iowa by Marquette and Joliet. Born and educated in New York, the doctor came to Iowa during her territorial days, when he was just out of his minority and was entering into the period of hopeful and promising manhood, and entered into missionary labors on the ragged edge of civilization, in its western advancement and progress.

Chosen to a pastorate of one of the churches in the metropolitan city of Burlington in 1856, and a continued occupant of its pulpit for the past thirty-seven years, he has left an impressive stamp, not only on the congregation that listened to his learned and excellent discourses, but on the whole community of which he has thus long been a member.

The fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man being the basis of his creed, he has exerted an influence that has been widely extended, and of the most beneficial character.

Believing that his whole labors should not consist in discussing abstruse questions of polemic theology, or that he should confine himself exclusively to the pulpit and pastoral duties, he has been a contributor to general literature, being among other works the author of "The Great Rebellion in the light of Christianity," and "The Life of James W. Grimes." For this latter work alone he has placed the people of the State under great obligations to him. H. W. LATHROP.

REVIEW.

BY J. L. PICKARD, LL.D., PRESIDENT STATE HISTORICAL
SOCIETY OF IOWA.



HIS year is one of review in all departments of human activity. This is specially true in the field of historic research. The State Historical Society of Iowa has a right to share in this work of review even though it has not made a very full record for itself

It is gratifying to those, who have labored unselfishly and without compensation for years, to record progress far beyond what could reasonably have been expected from the small means at their command.

From 1857 to 1880 the regular annual appropriation by the State was.....	\$ 500 00
Since 1880 it has been	1,000 00
An average for thirty-seven years.....	689 19
Two special appropriations have been made—one in 1868 of.....	6,000 00
And one in 1892 of.....	1,000 00
These special appropriations have increased the annual average sum at the disposal of the Society to.....	878 38
Out of this insignificant sum the Society has been compelled	

to pay rent, custodian's salary, fuel, and expressage upon exchanges, postage, binding of paper files, and the maintenance of a quarterly journal for nearly twenty-one years, viz.: "Annals of Iowa," from 1863 to 1875, and IOWA HISTORICAL RECORD, from 1885 to 1893. For the greater part of these twenty-one years the editorial management of the journals has been in the hands of Dr. F. Lloyd at a merely nominal salary part of the time. For the past nine years Mr. M. W. Davis has devoted his time to the correspondence and to exchanges.

The character of the journals may be learned from the fact that of 5225 pages of printed matter, 2597 pages are devoted to historical subjects upon all possible lines connected with the Territory and State. Eleven hundred and seventeen pages are given to biographical sketches of men and women who have helped to make Iowa, illustrated by sixty-three portraits. Five hundred and seventy-eight pages are given to memoranda of the civil war in which Iowa nobly participated. The remaining pages are given to special addresses (355 pages) and to brief personal notices, book reviews and proceedings of the Society.

The character of the historical work and the biographical work may be judged from the list of contributors in which appear the names of Hon. T. S. Parvin, Dr. W. Salter, N. H. Brainerd, C. W. Irish, Jno. P. Irish, Col. Albert M. Lea, Capt. N. Levering, Rev. Father Jno. F. Kempker, Bishop Perry, Hon. Charles Negus, Judge Wilson, Senator J. F. Wilson, Hon. Charles Aldrich, Judge G. G. Wright, Hon. H. Clay Dean, Col. S. P. Curtis, Judge McDill, Mrs. Austin Adams and Mrs. J. M. Love, Suel Foster, Dr. A. B. Robbins, Governor Kirkwood, Hawkins Taylor, Eliphalet Price and many others.

Among the biographical sketches accompanied by portraits, will be found those of Governors Lucas, Lowe, Chambers and Grimes, Berryman Jennings, Iowa's first public school teacher, Judges Love and Adams, Curators James Lee and

S.C. Trowbridge, John A. Parvin, Thomas Hughes and others prominent in Iowa Annals.

LECTURES.

Anniversary and other lectures have been given by Hon. T. S. Parvin, Hon. Charles Negus, Hon. F. H. Lee, Hon. H. C. Dean, Rev. Dr. G. F. Magoun, Rev. Dr. W. Salter, Hon. Hiram Price, Prof. S. Calvin, Chancellor McClain, Dr. C. M. Hobby, J. L. Pickard and B. F. Shambaugh, A. M., part of which have been published for distribution and for exchange.

EXCHANGES.

Exchanges are regularly maintained with the Historical Societies of the United States, and with several European Societies, numbering nearly seventy in all. Nearly complete files of over fifty prominent newspapers of the State are preserved and bound for convenient reference. Of these newspaper files there are nine hundred volumes, some of which it would be impossible to duplicate, and which are of incalculable value to students of the State history.

LIBRARY.

The Society's Library now numbers fifteen thousand volumes, obtained chiefly by gift from the State, the General Government and private individuals. A few rare volumes have been purchased out of a small fund of \$400 bequeathed the Society.

PAINTINGS, ENGRAVINGS AND PHOTOGRAPHS.

But few paintings have been secured. Photographs of every Governor of the State have been obtained, and of every United States Senator from Iowa and of many other prominent men. Photographs of members of the Constitutional Convention of 1857 taken from ambrotypes, which are also in possession of the Society, are put up in albums for convenient examination.

FLAGS.

Flags borne by Iowa regiments during the civil war numbering thirteen in all are kept in a glass case for inspection.

Twelve confederate flags captured by Iowa men are in the collection of war relics, one of which is the first flag raised in South Carolina after her secession.

Among war relics will be found one of John Brown's guns, the one used in Kansas, chains taken from the neck and legs of slaves, a confederate wooden mortar, pikes, swords, guns, etc.

MUSEUM.

The museum contains nearly 5,000 specimens of miscellaneous character obtained by gift.

The rooms of the Society are opened only two days in each week because of lack of funds wherewith to pay a permanent custodian.

Students are admitted at other times for private study.

The State University under whose auspices the Society is placed by Legislative act is unable to aid the Society, even though students find here sources of information not available elsewhere. A small fund at the disposal of the Society for the employment of a custodian who should be in attendance every day would be of great value to students gathered here from all parts of the State.

DEATHS.

HERMAN MORSE, aged 85 years, died April 24, 1893, at Independence, Iowa, where he had resided forty years.

WM. M. STONE, formerly Colonel of the 22d Iowa Volunteers, lately Governor of Iowa, and more recently Commissioner of the General Land Office, died at Oklahoma City, O. T., July 18, 1893, in his 67th year. His name is illustriously associated with the uneven even number 22—the number of his regiment was 22, and the day of the month was 22, when in May, 1863, he led it in the charge at Vicksburg. A more extended notice of him, written by Hon. H. W. Lathrop, will appear in the next number of the RECORD.

NOTES.

EXCEPT Alaska, Vermont, West Virginia and Wisconsin, Iowa is the only Territory or State in the Union without a permanent military command, the only Federal military forces within our borders being the few United States army officers acting as professors of Military Science in the State University and some of our colleges. The Hawkeye State does not need watching.

EX-UNITED STATES SENATOR GEO. G. WRIGHT and the late Governor Ralph P. Lowe were on the State Supreme Bench together. The clerk of the court was T. F. Withrow, whose wife assisted him in copying the opinions of the court. The hand-writing of the two judges mentioned, measured by a Spencerian standard of penmanship, was execrable—difficult or impossible to decipher. It was hard to say who should wear the belt for the worse hand, and they themselves were constantly in jocular contention on this point. At an evening party, where all were present, the ever-recurring topic being on again, Judge Wright (who had learned that Mrs. Withrow had said she could copy his writing as easily as Lowe's) shrewdly proposed to leave the question for final arbitration to the lady copyist. To the discomfiture of Judge Lowe, who had readily assented, she gave her decision against him; and when, being pressed for a reason, she said—"Because Judge Wright always continues the sense," the laughter was boisterous and the future Governor's overthrow complete.

WE have received from Col. Cornelius Cadle, the Recording Secretary, the "Report of the Proceedings of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee at the twenty-fourth meeting, held at St. Louis, Mo., November 16th and 17th, 1892." This is a neatly printed and durably bound octavo volume of 155 pages, beautifully illustrated with portraits of Gen. Wm. T. Sherman and Col. L. M. Dayton, and an engraving of the Society's Badge. The work, besides being the record of a single meeting, with its motions, resolutions, addresses and

speeches, some of the latter containing flights of thrilling eloquence, is also, through an appendix, a history of the Society from its first organization at Raleigh, N. C., in 1865. It is a book worthy a place in any library and highly creditable to Col. Cadle, the compiler, who in this has been as accurate and faithful as in the war he was brave and intrepid.

THE 24th Iowa was one of the few Iowa regiments which not only marched on land but sailed the seas. Having fought under General Grant in the western armies, in the autumn of 1863 it was ordered to take transport at New Orleans and sail up the coast to Baltimore, and from there go by Washington City to join General Sheridan's troops in the Shenandoah Valley. Gen. Ed Wright, now of Des Moines, was then its colonel. On reaching Washington he reported to the proper commander, who sent an aide to direct Col. Wright to bivouac in the street where he found him. In the presence of the aide Wright drew up his men in line and without further ceremony ordered them to break ranks and stack arms. The young aide expressed his surprise that the colonel did not throw out a guard. "Why," asked the colonel, "is there any danger of attack?" "No," answered the aide, "but won't your regiment straggle away?" On the colonel's assurance that they would not, the aide allowed one of his worst passions to subside, warning the colonel he would be held responsible for the consequences of what seemed to him a breach of discipline, not knowing the "staying" qualities of Iowa soldiers. The 24th Iowa had "staid" before at Champion's Hill and Vicksburg and it afterwards "staid" at Fisher's Hill and Winchester. It is only by way of peroration that we add that it "staid" through the unrefreshing bivouac on the stony street of Washington, and when it saw the first beams of the rising sun glittering on the silvery dome of the capitol the next morning it was ready to march off to re-inforce Sheridan in the Shenandoah.

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Iowa historical record

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